

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

PHILADELPHIA: OCTOBER, 1853.



OCTOBER.

"Of all the months that crown the year,
Give April unto me."

So sung the poet. But Spring, with her fitful smiles and tears, we like not half so well as serene October. At no time is the landscape so beautiful in our eyes. And when the dreamy Indian Summer comes, how pleasant to go forth among the fields—to linger in the many colored woods, and listen to the subdued, but eloquent voices of nature! The leaf comes rustling to your feet; the flower shrinks withering to its

stem, or scatters its faded petals over the ground, yet, you know that the leaves and flowers are not lost—that they will come again with a fresher greenness and sweeter fragrance.

In the pleasant morning, with what an elastic step you clamber the hill side, or go tripping over the brook, bearing your forehead to the cool airs, and drinking in beauty and health. And when, wearied at last, you sit down on some rocky ledge, comes not up from the record of memory, these exquisite lines of Bryant, in which you

recognize a deeper meaning than was ever apparent before:—

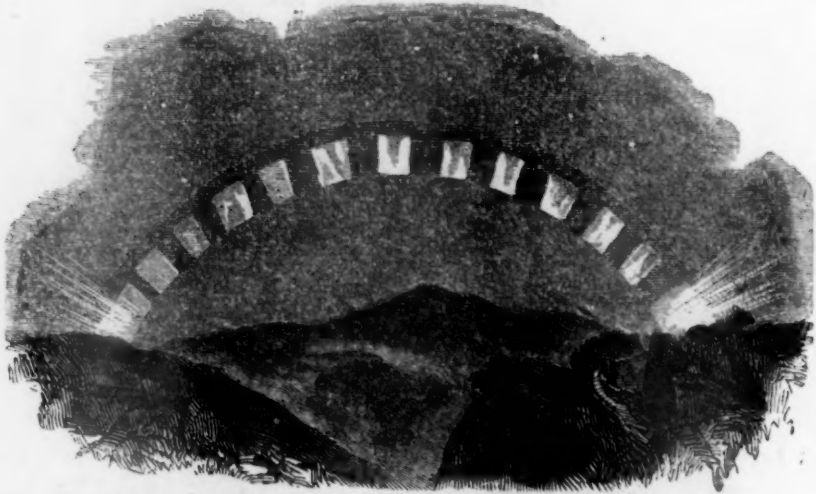
OCTOBER.

Ay, thou art welcome, heaven's delicious breath!
When woods begin to wear the crimson leaf,
And suns grow weak, and the weak suns grow
brief,
And the year smiles as it draws near its death,
Wind of the sunny South! Oh, still delay

In the gay woods and in the golden air,
Like to a good old age, released from care,
Journeying in long serenity, away.

In such a bright, late quiet, would that I
Might wear out life like thee, 'mid bowers and
brooks

And, dearer yet, the sunshine of kind looks,
And music of kind voices, ever nigh;
And when my last sand twinkled in the glass,
Pass silently from men, as thou dost pass.



AURORA BOREALIS.

Of all optical phenomena, the Aurora Borealis, or the Northern day-break, is one of the most striking, especially in the regions where its full glory is revealed. The site of the appearance, in the north part of the heavens, and its close resemblance to the aspect of the sky before sunrise, have originated the name. The "Derwentwater Lights" was long the appellation common in the north of England, owing to their display on the night after the execution of the unfortunate Earl of that name.

The appearances exhibited by the Aurora are so various as to render it impossible to comprehend every particular in a description that must be necessarily brief and general. A cloud, or haze, is commonly seen in the Northern region of the heavens, but often bearing toward the East or West, assuming the form of an arc, seldom attaining a greater altitude than 40 degrees, but varying in extent from 5 to 100 degrees. The upper edge of the cloud is luminous, sometimes brilliant and irregular. The lower part is frequently dark and thick, with the clear sky appearing between it and the horizon. Streams of light shoot up in columnar forms from the upper part of the cloud, now extending but a few degrees, then as far as the zenith, and even beyond it. Instances occur in which the whole hemisphere is covered with these coruscations; but the brilliancy is the greatest, and the light the strongest in the North, near the main body of the

meteor. The streamers have in general a tremulous motion, and when close together present the appearance of waves, or sheets of light, following each other in rapid succession. But no rule obtains with reference to these streaks, which have acquired the name of "the merry dancers," from their volatility, becoming more quick in their motions in stormy weather, as if sympathizing with the wildness of the blast. Such is the extraordinary aspect they present, that it is not surprising the rude Indians should gaze upon them as the spirits of their fathers roaming through the land of souls. They are variously white, pale red, or of a deep blood color; and sometimes the appearance of the whole rainbow as to hue is presented. When several streamers emerging from different points unite at the zenith, a small and dense meteor is formed, which seems to burn with greater violence than the separate parts, and glows with a green, blue, or purple light. The display is over sometimes in a few minutes, or continues for hours, or through the whole night, and appears for several nights in succession. Captain Beechey remarked a sudden illumination to occur at one extremity of the auroral arch, the light passing along the belt with a tremulous, hesitating movement toward the opposite end, exhibiting the colors of the rainbow; and as an illustration of this appearance, he refers to that presented by the rays of some molluscous animals in motion. Captain Parry notices the same effect as a common

one with the Aurora, and compares it, as far as its motion is concerned, to a person holding a long ribbon by one end, and giving it an undulatory movement through its whole length, though its general position remains the same. Captain Sabine likewise speaks of the arch being bent into convulsions, resembling those of a snake. Both Parry, Franklin, and Beechey, agree in the observation that no streamers were ever noticed shooting downward from the arch.

The preceding statement refers to the Aurora in high Northern latitudes, where the full magnificence of the phenomenon is displayed. It forms a fine compensation for the long and dreary night to which these regions are subject, the gay and varying aspect of the heavens contrasting refreshingly with the repelling and monotonous appearance of the earth. We have already stated that the direction in which the Aurora generally makes its first appearance, or the quarter in which the arch formed by this meteor is usually seen, is to the Northward. But this does not hold good of very high latitudes, for by the expeditions which have wintered in the ice, it was almost always seen to the Southward, while by Captain Beechey, in the Blossom, in Kotzerne Sound, 250 miles to the Southward of the ice, it was always observed in a Northern direction. It would appear, therefore, from this fact, that the margin of the region of packed ice is most favorable to the production of the meteor. The reports of the Greenland ships confirm this idea; for, according to their concurrent testimony, the meteoric display has a more brilliant aspect to vessels passing near the situation of the compact ice, than to others entered far within it. Instances, however, are not wanting of the Aurora appearing to the South of the zenith in comparatively low latitudes. Lieutenant Chappell, in his voyage to Hudson's Bay, speaks of its forming in the zenith, in a shape resembling that of an umbrella, pouring down streams of light from all parts of its periphery, which fell vertically over the hemisphere in every direction. As we retire from the Pole, the phenomenon becomes a rarer occurrence, and is less perfectly and distinctly developed. In September, 1828, it was observed in England as a vast arch of silvery light, extending over nearly the whole of the heavens, transient gleams of light separating from the main body of the luminosity; but in September, 1827, its hues were red and brilliant. Dr. Dalton has furnished the following account of an Aurora, as observed by him on the 15th of October, 1792:—"Attention," he remarks, "was first excited by a remarkably red appearance of the clouds to the South, which afforded sufficient light to read by at 8 o'clock in the evening, though there was no moon nor light in the North. From half-past nine to ten there was a large, luminous, horizontal arch to the Southward, and several faint concentric arches Northward. It was particularly noticed that all the arches seemed exactly bisected by the plain of the magnetic meridian. At half-past ten o'clock streamers appeared, very low in the South-east, running to and fro from West to East. They increased in number, and began to approach the zenith apparently with an accelerated velocity, when all on a sudden the whole hemisphere was

covered with them, and exhibited such an appearance as surpasses all description. The intensity of the light, the prodigious number and volatility of the beams, the grand intermixture of all the prismatic colors in their utmost splendor, variegating the glowing canopy with the most luxuriant and enchanting scenery, afforded an awful, but at the same time the most pleasing and sublime spectacle in nature. Every one gazed with astonishment, but the uncommon grandeur of the scene only lasted one minute. The variety of colors disappeared, and the beams lost their lateral motion, and were converted into the flashing radiations. The Aurora continued for several hours."

A correspondent of the National Intelligencer, writing over a year since, offers the following remarks on the causes of the Aurora. He says:

"A vast number of theories and hypotheses have engaged the attention and ingenuity of philosophers regarding the Aurora Borealis. Among other things, it has been ascribed to particles thrown off from the sun's atmosphere, to reflections of the sun upon the polar ices, to broken up comets and to electricity in vacuo; while in an earlier age it awakened superstitious terrors, being deemed ominous of war, pestilence and famine, and a fearful supernatural precursor of the Day of Judgment.

"The revelations of science have brushed away those delusions, and late experiments and discoveries show that it is an atmospherical phenomena, that all the elements necessary to account for it exist in the air, and are regulated and governed by atmospherical laws, as plainly as the rainbow, or the hues which glow in the evening sky.

"The basis or 'substrate' of the Aurora is unmistakably a light, thin, transparent vapor, approaching the condition of the cloud, called Cirrus, by meteorologists—each stratum peculiarly susceptible of magnetic influences.

"Mr. Faraday, in his recent explanation of the power and force of electro-magnetism, states that 'the magnetic force invests the earth from pole to pole, rising in one hemisphere, and passing over the equatorial regions into the other hemisphere, which completes its circuit of power.'

"These 'lines of magnetic force' rise at greater angles in the high than in the equatorial latitudes. In the higher latitudes they encounter, and act upon, and irradiate the vaporous media which form the basis of the Aurora Borealis—while the coruscations—the fantastic motions—the sunny hues—the almost heat lightning glances, and the prismatic colors, are due to the electro-magnetic light reflected on the watery part of the vapor, and the chemical agitations of the elements in the mysterious meteorological processes.

"It appears from the foregoing data that the Aurora Borealis consists of a translucent humid vapor, analogous to and not higher than the clouds; inflated, condensed, spread abroad and otherwise modified by gases and chemical affinities, and illuminated by a 'meteorological process evolving Electro-Magnetic Light.'"

A man is in the sight of God what his habitual and cherished wishes are.



THE MACCARONI EATER.

I think, says F. C. Woodworth, in his notes of travel in Italy, beggars are more plenty in Naples than any other Italian city I visited. That's saying a good deal, I am quite well aware, and possibly it is saying a little too much. It may be that Rome will consider herself entitled to the palm in this respect. If so, rather than be at the expense of having the census of the *lazzaroni* population taken in the two cities, so as to be enabled to decide the case accurately, I would yield so far as to acknowledge that there were six beggars in one city to every half-dozen in the other.

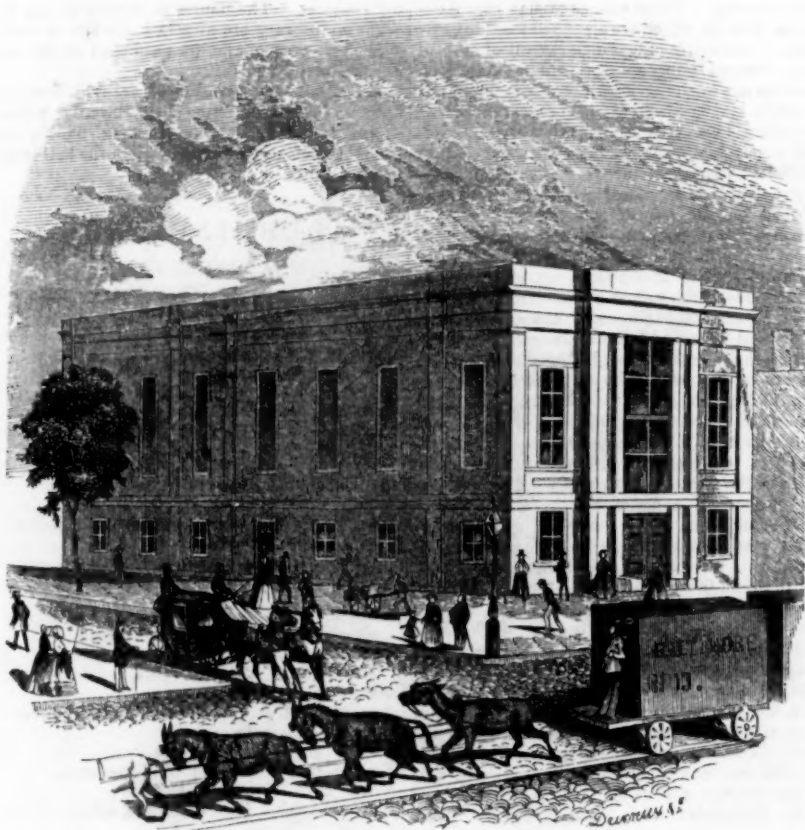
Many of the *lazzaroni* of Naples, I am sorry to say, do not scruple to steal a little, now and then, if they do not get a competent support by begging. One day I took a long promenade in the city, and visited portions of it where I never had been before. I was soon lost, but I did not care for that. I wandered on, intent only on seeing what sights of interest there were to be seen, well knowing that when I wished to find my way out of that labyrinth of short, narrow, dirty lanes, I could easily do so by means of one of the cabs which abound in every part of the city. Well, I saw quite strange, curious sights, though I had to pay for them rather more dearly than I anticipated. Several beggars, that

looked as if they might have been cannibals, (though there is an old and I suppose a good adage that "you should never hang a man for his looks") accosted me at different times, and one or two of them, I recollected afterwards, approached pretty near me before I could get out of their way. I had in my coat pocket, when I went into that district, a new silk handkerchief, one which I had purchased in Europe, and which, consequently, I valued very highly. But when, after emerging from that district, I felt for the handkerchief, behold it was gone! Some beggar had filched it from my pocket. My loss, I suppose, may be regarded as an illustration of the fact that all valuable knowledge is more or less expensive.

A curious set of people are the *macaroni-eaters*. "But does not everybody eat macaroni in southern Italy?" you ask. Yes, almost everybody. "Then why do you call a particular class of people *macaroni-eaters*? why not call them all so?" I will tell you. There are certain people, of both sexes—generally men rather than women, though—who eat *macaroni* for the amusement of spectators. You will find them at every corner, almost; and if you wish to see an exhibition of their inimitable skill, you pay a *grano* or two (not more than a couple of cents general-

ly) for a dish of macaroni; the *professor* takes it, and in an almost incredibly brief space of time, it disappears. Your macaroni-eater is very primitive in his habits. With him, such a thing as a knife, fork, or spoon, is quite superfluous. "But, did you pay for such an exhibition as this?" Candor compels me to reply that

I did. I confess to having invested the sum of two cents in macaroni, which a half-starved fellow ate, in his best style, for my edification and his own. If you will promise not to laugh at me for the investment aforesaid, I will give you a portrait of this macaroni-eater, in the very act of performing the feat.



THE ACADEMY OF NATURAL SCIENCES.

The "Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia" was formed on the 25th of January, 1812, and incorporated by an act of the Legislature of the State of Pennsylvania, on the 24th of March, 1817.

The object of the Institution is to cultivate the Natural Sciences exclusively, and to diffuse a knowledge of them amongst the people. Of the 409,000 inhabitants of Philadelphia, about 150 only are now engaged in this laudable enterprise, which is little known and little understood by the community. Its members include representatives of almost all vocations; clergymen, physicians, lawyers, merchants and mechanics, who devote simply leisure moments to the study of natural history. For this purpose they have formed a

museum and library of books on the natural sciences and on the arts. At this time, the museum contains nearly 150,000 objects of natural history, and the library almost 14,000 volumes.

The "Hall of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia" is forty-five feet front on Broad street, and one hundred and fifteen feet on George street, with an elevation of fifty feet. The style of architecture is plain and unpretending; and, as already intimated, the exterior remains unfinished for want of funds, all the resources of the Society being required to meet the current expenses incurred for preserving the objects in the museum, binding, books, warming and lighting, etc. etc.

The visitor is admitted at a door on Broad

street, and ascends a flight of stairs, on the left hand as he enters the vestibule. He finds himself in a spacious saloon, one hundred and ten feet in length and forty-two feet broad, lighted from the roof and tall windows at the east and west extremities. Three ranges of galleries, supported on light and graceful iron columns, surround the apartment. The walls are hidden by glass-cases, filled almost to overflowing with specimens of natural history. Three ranges of flat cases occupy the floor, in which are arranged fossil organic remains, illustrative of that department of natural science termed palæontology. The American specimens are in the southern, and the foreign in the middle and northern range of cases; the whole constituting a collection of more than 60,000 individual specimens. Among them are some of great rarity and interest. There are several of those gigantic fish-lizards, called ichthyosaurians, imbedded in massive limestone; teeth and bones of the mastodon, of elephants, of an extinct species of bird, found in New Zealand, called the *Dinorisis*; impressions of coal-plants, etc. etc. On the southern side of the hall is a collection of skeletons and parts of skeletons of mammals, birds, reptiles and fishes; and the extraordinary collection of human skulls, brought together here from all parts of the world, by the late Dr. Samuel George Morton, so extensively known for his publications in various departments of the history of the human race. On the northern side is a collection of mammals, representing about 200 species of the various quadrupeds. The cases on the galleries are occupied by the extraordinary collection of birds, which is three times more extensive than that of the British Museum: it contains at this time 27,000 specimens, of which no less than 22,000 are labeled and beautifully mounted, and as well displayed as the want of space will permit. Among the mammals are a specimen of the polar bear, obtained during the voyage recently made under the command of Capt. De Haven, in search of Sir John Franklin, and a fine male specimen of the Rocky Mountain sheep, a very rare animal, this being, it is believed, the second specimen ever brought to this city; the first was obtained by Capt. Lewis, during his famous expedition with Clarke to the Rocky Mountains, more than thirty-five years ago.

Besides the collections alluded to, there are others of great interest which are not exhibited for want of space. The collection of crustaceans or crabs, and that of reptiles, are equal to any in Europe. The specimens of shells number 25,000; and of minerals more than 4000; but they are not at present accessible to the public for want of room to display them. The herbarium or hortus siccus, contains 46,000 species of plants.

The value of the library is not easily estimated by the number of its volumes. It contains many works which are not possessed by any other library in the United States; and on this account is often visited by scientific men from a distance.

The Society meets every Tuesday evening throughout the year; and publishes periodically a journal of its proceedings, which is circulated among the learned societies of all parts of the world.

Since the year 1828, the museum of the Academy has been open gratuitously two afternoons in every week; tickets of admission on Tuesday and Friday afternoons, from one o'clock, P. M., till sunset, are furnished on application to any member of the Society.

The Institution is sustained by the annual contributions of the members, and by donations from those generous persons who are friends of natural science. The names of donors to the museum and library are attached always to whatever they present, and are published in the journal of proceedings.

A full history of this most valuable but little known institution has been recently printed; copies of it may be obtained at a trifling cost, from the door-keeper on days when the hall is open to the public.

BURNING BUSH.

A FARMER'S LAY.

BY THOS. E. VAN REBBER.

Year after year yon barren hill,
Haunt of the plaintive whippoorwill,
Unfit for pasture and for plow
Has reared aloft its sterile brow,
Each Spring-tide with wild violets blooming,
Each rosy Summer eve vocal with nighthawk's
booming.

But, lo, to-night,
Most cheering sight!
My children from my porch in wonder gazing,
See light on light,
Each one more bright,
Along the barren hilltop upward blazing.

Along the sedge and sallow grass,
Now looming large, now almost hid
Behind some quivering pyramid,
I see tall forms pass and repass,
Tossing on heaps of sassafras
Old gnarled roots and thorny briars,
To feed the fires,
And build the pyres,
The funeral pyres of yellow Barrenness;
And as each lofty pile outflashes
It leaves behind most fertilizing ashes.

All this the farmer views with pleased emotion.—

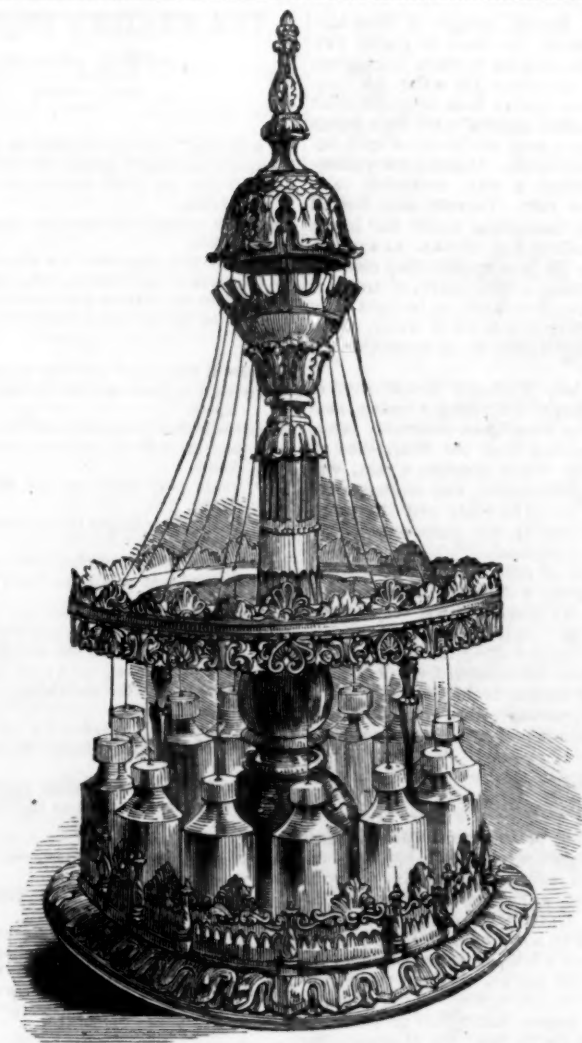
But, mark! how ever higher—higher—
All alone

One fiery cone
Shoots spirally aloft with corkscrew motion,
Madly whirling
Fiercely twirling

Amidst frantic
Blasts and currents round it eddying,
Ever more and more gigantic,

Till having reached its stature full,
Its own red column firmly steadying,
It stands for a moment immovable.
Oh, how its bowing brothers court it!

And as some mighty Mind
Rising above its kind,
Itself creates the circling gust
Which lifts it towering from the dust,
So does that fiery shaft,
As if with sense of power it madly laughed,
Itself create the stormy currents that support it.



DR. MERRYWEATHER'S TEMPEST PROGNOSTICATOR.

WEATHER SIGNS.

Farmers and watermen of the past generation were noted as weather prophets; and though science in its pedantic and oracular boyhood laughed at their prognostications, and at best gave them credit for being only shrewd guessers, their weather-signs rarely failed. Now, scientific men are beginning to admit the facts known to these old readers in Nature's book, and to give scientific reasons for facts once denied.

At the scientific convention, which recently held its session at Cleveland, Ohio, Mr. William H. Thomas, of Cincinnati, read an essay, in which he referred to the indications of weather,

as shown by animals, insects and plants. This essay was full of facts and scientific explanations. Birds, it asserted, invariably show, by the way they build their nests, whether a season is to be windy, or otherwise. If the former, they thatch the nest, between the twigs and lining. If the latter, they omit these precautions. If a dry season is in prospect, they build in open places. If a wet one, they choose sheltered spots. A careful observation of these peculiarities will afford, Mr. Thomas says, a certain criterion, early in Spring, of the coming weather. Snails also reveal, by their habits, whether rain may be

expected or not. Several species of these animals invariably ascend the stems of plants two days before a rain, in order to place themselves on a leaf, there to imbibe the water, for they never drink. Other species have tubercles, that rise from their bodies, generally ten days before a rain, there being a pore at the end of each tubercle to imbibe the water. Others grow yellowish white just before a rain, returning to a darker color after rain. Locusts also foretell rain, by sheltering themselves under the leaves of trees, and in hollows and trunks, as soon as, by the changes in the atmosphere, they discover that rain is impending. Most leaves of trees are also barometers, for, if a rain is to be light, they turn up so as to receive their fill of water, while, for a long rain, they double so as to conduct the water away.

Another member, Professor Brooklesby, of Hartford, read a paper, describing a spring, near his residence, whose waters rose invariably before a rain. He suggested that the diminished atmospheric pressure which precedes a rain, was the cause of the phenomenon, and recommended that observation should be made, over the whole country, to ascertain if the phenomenon was general, or only exceptional.

One of the signs of rain, observed in the country, is this:—During a drought, the margins of streams remain dry almost to the very edge of the running water. But, shortly before a rain, the moisture will spread along the surface of the ground, away from the stream, for a distance of several inches, or feet, according to the grade of the bank, and the porous nature of the soil. Diminished atmospheric pressure is, no doubt, the cause of this.

The most singular weather prognosticator is that invented by a Dr. Merryweather, of England, and exhibited at the World's Fair, London.—Above is a drawing of this curious affair, which shows an arrangement of twelve bottles, each containing a leech, and each having an open tube at the top. From a piece of whalebone in the opening of each bottle proceeds a brass chain, communicating with a bell hung in the top of the apparatus. When a tempest is approaching, the leeches rise in the bottles, displace the whalebone, and cause the bell to ring. After a year's experience, the Doctor found that no storm escaped notice from the leeches. Dr. Merryweather has also satisfied himself that it is the electric state of the atmosphere, and not the occurrence of thunder within human hearing, which affects the leeches, and causes them to rise to the top of the bottles.

The editor of the Springfield Post says:—"A man who leaps into the matrimonial maelstrom now-a-days, often marries more than he stipulates for in the contract. He not only weds himself to a woman, but a laboratory of prepared chalk, a quintal of whalebone, eight coffee bags, four baskets of novels, one poodle dog, and a lot of weak nerves that will keep four servant girls and three doctors around the house the whole time. Whether the fun pays for the powder is a matter for debate."

THE WEATHER PROPHETS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

See Engraving.

I.

"It will rain," said old Gaspar, as upward his eye
He turn'd, and gaz'd long at the threatening sky—
"It will rain, for since morning an east wind has
blown,
And swift through the damp air the light scud has
flown.
I know by this sign what the weather will be
On to-morrow: so, Edward, take counsel of me,
And let not the reapers put sickle in grain,
For sure as the day come, 'twill rain—it will rain!"

II.

"I know it will rain," said the sober old wife;
"This sign I have noticed throughout my whole
life—
When the leaf of the maple turns white in the breeze,
And the elm and the willow grow pale 'mid the
trees,
Few hours pass away ere the clouds, sweeping
high,
Pour forth their bright treasures of rain from the
sky.
Last night a wide circle was cast round the moon,
Sure sign of wet weather—'twill visit us soon."

III.

Thus spoke the old couple; and Ned, lazy wight,
Believed—for he wish'd to—the prophecy right;
And away to the town for a rare frolic sped,
With thanks for the dark clouds that hung over-
head;
While Gaspar still gazed at the thick mantled sky,
Till he saw the rain falling—though with fancy's
eye—
And his dame at the window still linger'd, to see
The leaves turning white on the old maple tree.

IV.

Sure enough, on the morrow down pour'd the free
rain,
While rush'd the east wind through the golden
topp'd grain.
Old Gaspar was right, and his weather-wise wife
Her sign had read truly once more in her life.
"I knew it—I knew it!" said he, looking wise.
"I knew it," said she, turning up her gray eyes.
And "I knew it!" "I knew it!" throughout the
dark day,
Old Gaspar and dame, self-complacent would say.

V.

Thus could they foretell, from the face of the sky,
From the turn of a leaf, from the wind passing by,
If in sunshine the morning would smile on the
earth,
Or clouds, bending sadly, weep over its birth.
But the signs of the times they could never dis-
cern,
Although in light written wherever we turn.
In the old-fashion'd way they were plodding life's
round,
Believing no better one ever was found.

VI.

In books, Gaspar saw but a cunning device
For wasting both money and time; and the price
Of a newspaper ever had scrupled to pay,
For he'd call it the throwing of so much away.

His taxes he settled with grumbling; but most
At his school-tax he grumbled, for that was all
lost—
He had paid for Ned's figures t' the hard Rule of
Three,
And that had 'most ruin'd the lad, he could see.

VII.

Years and years pass'd along, and old Gaspar grew
older,
And his weather-wise dame felt the winters grow
colder;
While Ned farm'd the land in the old fashion'd way,
Content with a ton, to the acre, of hay;
Content if the old, worn-out ten-acre field,
Ten bushels of corn to the acre would yield;
And content, when a rainy day came, to ride down
And have a good time, as of old, in the town.

VIII.

To the last, though life-weary, and feeble, and bent,
Old Gaspar, the weather-signs noted intent;
But he saw not a sign of dark days drawing nigh,
Though the tokens were many and plain to the eye:
Farm wasted, stock dwindled, house tottering to
fall,
And Ned a worse wreck, and more wasted than
all—
For rainy days spent in the town, only led
Into drinking, and evils much worse, lazy Ned.

IX.

From the sky, from the tree, from the wind they
could tell,
Whether sunshine or tempest were coming, right
well:
But forgot, amid all—very strange, but yet true—
That on rainy days Ned must have something to
do.
Books, papers, and pamphlets, Ned found not at
home,
So, to kill time, on stormy days, forth he must
roam;
And, as that old fellow, whom Satan we name,
And load at all times with all manner of blame,

X.

For idle ones ever has work ready plann'd,
Ned enter'd his service—a right willing hand.
Such service is paid, but, like apples which grow
By that sea whose dark waves over lost cities flow,
At first the bright wages seemed gold in the clasp,
But turn'd in a moment to dross in his grasp.
And on these poor wages, Ned toil'd, strange to
say!
For the cheating old rascal full many a day.

XI.

At last the old farmer and dame sank to rest—
Not calmly, 'mid sunshine, on Nature's soft
breast;
For storms, unforeseen, swept across their dark
skies,
And tears dimm'd the light of their weary old
eyes.
Mid strangers, in sadness, life's waves ebb'd
away—
Mid strangers, unwept, in their death-sleep they
lay—
And strangers stood, tearless, above the green sod,
While the preacher committed their spirits to God.

XII.

Where was Ned? From the home he had wasted,
estrang'd!

In the service of evil most grievously changed!
He wept not, he thought not, he cared not for
those

Whose hearts he had smitten with bitterest wo-s.
For him they had read not the weather-signs
well—

Storms came that their wisdom had fail'd to fore-
tell:

This truth, when too late, e'en by them was de-
scribed—

And they mourn'd o'er their error; and, mourning
it, died!

THE VINTAGE.

See Engraving.

There have long existed pleasing, and in some
sort poetical, associations connected with the
task of securing for human use the fruits of the
earth; and to no species of crop do these pictu-
resque associations apply with greater force than
to the ingathering of the ancient harvest of the
vine. From time immemorial, the season has
typified epochs of plenty and mirthful-hearted-
ness—of good fare and of good-will. The an-
cient types and figures descriptive of the vintage
are still literally true. The march of agricultural
improvement seems never to have set foot amid
the vines. As it was with the patriarchs in the
East, so it is with the modern children of men.
The goaded ox still bears home the high-pressed
grape-tub, and the feet of the trader are still red
in the purple juice. The scene is full of beauty,
and of tender and even sacred associations. The
songs of the vintagers frequently chorussed from
one part of the field to the other, ring blithely
into the bright summer air, pealing out above the
rough jokes and hearty peals of laughter shouted
hither and thither. All the green jungle is
alive with the moving figures of men and women,
stooping among the vines or bearing pails and
basketfuls of grapes out to the grass-grown cross-
roads, along which the laboring oxen drag the
rough vintage carts, groaning and cracking as
they stagger along beneath their weight of purple
tubs heaped high with the tumbling masses of
luscious fruit. The congregation of every age and
both sexes, and the careless variety of costume,
add additional features of picturesqueness to the
scene. The white-haired old man labors with
shaking hands to fill the basket which his black-
eyed imp of a grandchild carries rejoicingly away.
Quaint broad-brimmed straw and felt hats—
handkerchiefs twisted like turbans over straggling
elf-locks—swarthy skins tanned to an olive-
brown—black, flashing eyes—and hands and
feet stained in the abounding juices of the precious
fruit—all these southern peculiarities of costume
and appearance supply the vintage with its plea-
sant characteristics. The clatter of tongues is
incessant. A fire of jokes and jeers, of saucy
questions, and more saucy retorts—of what, in
fact, in the humble and unpoetic, but expressive
vernacular, is called "chaff"—is kept up with a
vigor which seldom flags, except now and then,
when the but-end of a song, or the twanging
close of a chorus strikes the general fancy, and
procures for the *morceau* a lusty *encore*. Mean-
time, the master wine-grower moves observingly

from rank to rank. No neglected bunch of fruit escapes his watchful eye. No careless vintager shakes the precious berries rudely upon the soil, but he is promptly reminded of his slovenly work. Sometimes the tubs attract the careful superintendent. He turns up the clusters to ascertain that no leaves nor useless length of tendril are entombed in the juicy masses, and anon directs his steps to the pressing-trough, anxious to find that the lusty treaders are persevering manfully in their long-continued dance.

The reader will easily conceive that it is on the smaller properties, where the wine is intended, not so much for commerce as for household use, that the vintage partakes most of the festival nature. In the large and first-class vineyards the process goes on under rigid superintendence, and is, as much as possible, made a cold matter of business. He who wishes to see the vintages of books and poems—the laughing, joking, singing festivals amid the vines, which we are accustomed to consider the harvests of the grape—must betake him to the multitudinous patches of peasant property, in which neighbor helps neighbor to gather in the crop, and upon which whole families labor merrily together, as much for the amusement of the thing, and from good neighborly feeling, as in consideration of francs and sous. Here, of course, there is no tight discipline observed, nor is there any absolute necessity for that continuous, close scrutiny into the state of the grapes—all of them, hard or rotten, going slap-dash into the *cuvier*—which, in the case of the more precious vintages, forms no small check upon the general state of careless jollity. Every one eats as much fruit as he pleases, and rests when he is tired. On such occasions it is that you hear to the best advantage the joyous songs and chorusses of the vintage—many of these last being very pretty bits of melody, generally sung by the women and girls, in shrill treble unison, and caught up and continued from one part of the field to another.

Yet, discipline and control it as you will, the vintage will ever be beautiful, picturesque, and full of association. The rude wains, creaking beneath the reeking tubs—the patient faces of the yoked oxen—the half-naked, stalwart men, who toil to help the cart along the ruts and furrows of the way—the handkerchief-turbaned women, their gay red-and-blue dresses peeping from out the greenery of the leaves—the children dashing about as if the whole thing were a frolic, and the gray-headed old men tottering cheerfully a-down the lines of vines, with baskets and pails of gathered grapes to fill the yawning tubs—the whole picture is at once classic, venerable, and picturesque, not more by association than actuality.

This which people call the *real* world, is not real to me; all its sights seem to me as shadows, all its sounds echoes. I live at service in it, and sweep dead leaves out of paths, and do errands as I am bid; but glad am I when work is done, to go home to rest. Then do I enter a golden palace, with light let in only from above; and all forms of beauty are on the walls, from the seraph before God's throne, to the rose-tinted shell on the sea shore.

LITTLE BENNY'S GRAVE.

BY BRAINARD WILLIAMSON.

Make him a grave on the mountain side,
Dig him a grave not deep nor wide,
Little wants he a grave far down,
Who walks on high with a starry crown!
Yet dig ye a grave for his boyish frame,
And raise ye a white stone to his name!

Throw up the earth by his mountain home,
The loose, bright pebbles, the sandy loam,
Hollow it neatly, cut down the clay,
Here let his child-dust slumber for aye,
Where the grey granite cliffs, looming above,
Shall watch him silently, watch him in love!

Now heave in the clouds, heave them down light!
Hide away all that is dear to our sight;
Men of strong arms, cover up neatly
That we still love and cherish so sweetly;
Gather the loose earth, solemnly, slowly,
And place it above the bed of the lowly!

Winds of the crag, blasts of the gorges,
Holding, at nightfall, Winter's wild orgies,
Shriek not above him, hushed on his pillow,
Move not the pines and stir not the willow,
Cease ye the revel, and pass ye his headstone
Muffled and silent, for 'tis the dear dead's stone!

Go now, ye parents, go now, ye mourners,
Stand not longer at the small grave's corners,
Stay the tear-fountains, haste ye, make certain,
When Death draws aside Immortality's curtain,
That ye meet your bright boy, that your arms
May enfold him
Close to your bosom, and for ever behold him.

A SOFT PILLOW.

Whitefield and a pious companion were much annoyed, one night, at a public house, by a set of gamblers in the room adjoining where they slept. Their noisy clamor and horrid blasphemy so excited Whitefield's abhorrence and pious sympathy, that he could not rest.

"I will go in to them, and reprove their wickedness," he said.

His companion remonstrated in vain. He went. His words of reproof fell apparently powerless upon them. Returning, he laid down to sleep. His companion asked him rather abruptly—

"What did you gain by it?"

"A soft pillow," he said, patiently, and soon fell asleep.

Yes. "A soft pillow" is the reward of fidelity—the companion of a clear conscience. It is a sufficient remuneration for doing right in the absence of all other reward. And none know more truly the value of a soft pillow than those parents, whose anxiety for wayward children is enhanced by a consciousness of neglect. Those who faithfully rebuke and properly restrain them by their Christian deportment and religious counsels, can sleep quietly in the day of trial.

Parents! do your duty now, in the fear of God, in obedience to His law, at every sacrifice, and, when old age comes on, you may lie down upon a soft pillow, assured of His favor who has said, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

THE VIRTUE OF VENTRILOQUISM;

OR, MICK MURPHY AND THE GHOST.

An incident occurred in the hotel of one of the picturesque marine villages which skirt Lake Ponchartrain, on a certain occasion, last summer, that effectually served to dispel the listless ennui too prevalent in such cases. Among the guests there, for the time being, was one Michael Murphy, an eccentric, good-natured soul, from what used to be, *par excellence*, the land of potatoes, but which now may be called the potato-less land. He had been on a "spre" in the city, and went over the lake to dispel the fumes of his debauch, and take salt-baths and soda-water at the same time.

All this became known to a ventriloquist, who paid a flying visit to the place, and who had such command over his voice that he could make it do anything, from the squeaking of a pig under the gate to the singing of a mocking-bird. Believing that Michael was just about that time in an impressible state, in a reformatory mood, he thought he would, through the medium of his art, endeavor to effect a change in his morals. With this view, he booked his name for a bed in the same room with Michael, and about twelve o'clock at night—that hour the superstitious mind has so fraught with terrors—he "pitched his voice" outside of the door, saying, in a kind of trombone tone—

"Michael Murphy! Michael Murphy! are you asleep?"

"Who's that?" said Michael, much startled at the sepulchral tone in which the query was put, and the time of putting it.

"Ask me not, but answer," said the ventriloquist, still continuing his ghost-like accent.

"Well, what have you got to say?" said Michael.

"Much of which I want you to take notice," said the ventriloquist, or rather the ventriloquist's voice.

"Oh, clear off," said Michael, "or else I'll give you your tay."

"Better you had continued to take tea than to break the pledge, as you have done," said the voice outside the door.

"What is all this noise about?" said the ventriloquist, speaking from the bed.

"Some dirty blackguard, that's outside the door there," said Michael, "interfering with what's none of his business."

"Why don't you drive him from it?" said the ventriloquist, speaking from the bed.

"I wish he'd dare," said the voice of the ventriloquist, speaking outside of the door.

"I'll let you see I dare," said Michael, jumping up, seizing his hickory, and hurriedly opening the door, ready, on sight, to knock down the annoyer.

"Give it to him," said the ventriloquist, from the bed.

"I believe it's the old boy himself was in it," said Michael, "for I don't see a sowl here."

"It's very mysterious," said the ventriloquist, from the bed.

"I wonder," said Michael, "if there's any evil spirits in this country?"

"I don't know," said the ventriloquist, "but they say the ghosts of departed Indians haunt the place."

"Oh, that's no Indian ghost," said Michael, "for it spoke as good English as I do myself."

"And a little better, Michael," said the voice, as if it proceeded from one standing by his side.

"Och," said Michael, "what are you at all, at all?"

"No evil spirit, but your guardian genius," said the voice.

"A mortal queer genius you are," said Michael, "that can be heard and not seen."

"Get into bed, then," said the voice. "I have something to say to you."

"You won't do anything bad to me?" said Michael.

"Nothing," said the voice.

"Honor bright?" said Michael.

"Honor bright," said the voice. "You know you have been a hard liver."

"That's a fact," said Michael.

"You have broke the pledge," said the voice.

"Thru as praychin," said Michael.

"And did other bad things," said the voice.

"More than I could ever keep tally of," said Michael.

"Then will you pledge yourself to me, that you'll change your mode of life?" said the voice.

"I'll do anything you ask me," said Michael.

"Then you promise never to drink a drop again?" said the voice.

"Not as much as would bathe a wren's bill," said Michael.

"Then I'm off," said the voice, "but, remember, if ever you attempt to break it, I'll be present and punish you through life."

"Who is that with whom you are holding conversation?" said the ventriloquist, speaking again from the bed.

"Nobody at all," said Michael, "barin' some mighty polite, invisible gentleman, that seems to take a great deal of interest in my welfare."

"Oh, you're dreaming," said the ventriloquist, continuing to speak in *propria persona*.

"Faix, it's like a dream, shure enough," said Michael.

The next morning, a friend asked Michael to take his bitters. He consented, but, just as he took the glass in his hand, the voice of the ventriloquist, who was present, was heard above his head in the air, crying out, "Touch it not, Michael Murphy—remember your promise!" It was enough—Michael would taste not.

"The pleasure of wine with you, Mr. Murphy," said a gentleman at the dinner-table.

"With pleasure, sir," said Michael; but just at that moment a voice was heard to issue from a corner of the room. It was that of the ventriloquist, who sat by his side uttering his admonitions.

Thus the thing went on for a week, till Michael was then and for ever made a teetotaler of. He now industriously minds his business, enjoys good health and prospers. In relation to the circumstances under which he became a teetotaler, he says he never had the pleasure of seeing his best friend.



TAKING CARE OF NUMBER ONE.

"Every one for himself." This was one of Lawrence Tilghman's favorite modes of expression. And it will do him no injustice to say, that he usually acted up to the sentiment in his business transactions and social intercourse; though guardedly, whenever a too manifest exhibition of selfishness was likely to affect him in the estimation of certain parties with whom he wished to stand particularly fair. In all his dealings, this maxim was alone regarded; and he was never satisfied unless, in bargaining, he secured the greater advantage, a thing that pretty generally occurred.

There resided in the same town with Tilghman—a western town—a certain young lady, whose father owned a large amount of property. She was his only child, and would fall heir, at his death, to all his wealth. Of course, this young lady had attractions that were felt to be of a most weighty character by certain young men in the town, who made themselves as agreeable to her as possible. Among these was Lawrence Tilghman.

"Larry," said a friend to him one day—they had been talking about the young lady—"it's no use for you to play the agreeable to Helen Walcott."

"And why not, pray?" returned Tilghman.

"They say she's engaged."

"To whom?"

"To a young man in Columbus."

"Who says so?"

"I can't mention my authority; but it's good."

"Engaged, ha! Well, I'll break that engagement, if there's any virtue in trying."

"You will?"

"Certainly. Helen will be worth a plum when the old man, her father, dies; and I've made up my mind to handle some of his thousands."

"But certainly, Larry, you would not attempt to interfere with a marriage contract?"

"I don't believe any contract exists," replied the young man. "Anyhow, while a lady is single I regard her as in the market, and to be won by the boldest."

"Still, we should have some respect for the rights of others."

"Every one for himself in this world," replied Tilghman. "That is my motto. If you don't take care of yourself, you'll be shoved to the wall in double quick time. Long ago, I resolved to put some forty or fifty thousand dollars between myself and the world by marriage, and you may be sure that I will not let this opportunity slip for any consideration. Helen must be mine."

Additional evidence of the fact that the young lady was under engagement of marriage soon came to the ears of Tilghman. The effect was to produce a closer attention on his part to Helen, who, greatly to his uneasiness, did not seem to give him much encouragement, although she always treated him with politeness and attention whenever he called to see her. But it was not true, as Tilghman had heard, that Helen was engaged to a young man in Columbus; though it was true that she was in correspondence with a gentleman there named Walker, and that their acquaintance was intimate, and fast approaching a lover-like character.

Still she was not indifferent to the former, and, as he showed so strong a preference for her, be-

gan, gradually, to feel an awakening interest. Tilghman was quick to perceive this, and it greatly elated him. In the exultation of his feelings, he said to himself—

"I'll show this Columbus man that I'm worth a dozen of him. The boldest wins the fair. I wouldn't give much for his engagement."

Tilghman was a merchant, and visited the east twice every year for the purpose of buying goods. In August, he crossed the mountains as usual. Some men, when they leave home and go among strangers, leave all the little good breeding they may happen to have had behind them. Such a man was Tilghman. The moment he stepped into a steamboat, stage, or railroad car, the every-one-for-himself principle by which he was governed, manifested itself in all its naked deformity, and it was at once concluded by all with whom he came in contact, that, let him be who he would, he was no gentleman.

On going up the river, on the occasion referred to, our gentleman went on the free-and-easy principle, as was usual with him when in public conveyances; consulting his own inclinations and tastes alone, and running his elbows into any and everybody's ribs that happened to come in his way. He was generally first at the table when the bell rang; and, as he had a good appetite, managed, while there, to secure a full share of the delicacies provided for the company.

"Every one for himself," was the thought in his mind on these occasions; and his actions fully agreed with his thoughts.

On crossing the mountains in stages (this was before the railroad from Baltimore to Wheeling was completed) as far as Cumberland, his greedy, selfish, and sometimes downright boorish propensities annoyed his fellow-passengers, and particularly a young man of quiet, refined, and gentlemanly deportment, who could not, at times, help showing the disgust he felt. Because he paid his half dollar for meals at the taverns on the way, Tilghman seemed to feel himself licensed to gormandize at a beastly rate. The moment he sat down to the table, he would seize eagerly upon the most desirable dish near him, and appropriate at least a half, if not two thirds, of what it contained, regardless utterly of his fellow-passengers. Then he would call for the next most desirable dish, if he could not reach it, and help himself after a like liberal fashion. In eating, he seemed more like a hungry dog, in his eagerness, than a man possessing a grain of decency. When the time came to part company with him, his fellow-travellers rejoiced at being rid of one whose utter selfishness filled them with disgust.

In Philadelphia and New York, where Tilghman felt that he was altogether unknown, he indulged his uncivilized propensities to their full extent. At one of the hotels, just before leaving New York to return to Baltimore, and there take the cars for the West again, he met the young man referred to as a travelling companion, and remarked the fact that he recognized and frequently observed him. Under this observation, it seemed to have something sinister in it, Tilghman felt, at times, a little uneasy, and at

the hotel table, rather curbed his greediness when this individual was present.

Finally, he left New York in the twelve o'clock boat, intending to pass on to Baltimore in the night train from Philadelphia, and experienced a sense of relief in getting rid of the presence of one who appeared to know him and to have taken a prejudice against him. As the boat swept down the bay, Tilghman amused himself first with a cigar on the forward deck, and then with a promenade on the upper deck. He had already secured his dinner ticket. When the fumes of roast turkey came to his eager sense, he felt "sharp-set" enough to have devoured a whole gobbler! This indication of the approaching meal caused him to dive down below, where the servants were busy in preparing the table. Here he walked backwards and forwards for about half an hour in company with a dozen others, who, like himself, meant to take care of number one. Then, as the dishes of meat began to come in, he thought it time to secure a good place. So, after taking careful observation, he assumed a position, with folded arms, opposite a desirable dish, and awaited the completion of arrangements. At length all was ready, and a waiter struck the bell. Instantly, Tilghman drew forth a chair, and had the glory of being first at the table. He had lifted his plate and just cried, as he turned partly around—"Here, waiter! Bring me some of that roast turkey. A side bone and a piece of the breast"—when a hand was laid on his shoulder, and the clerk of the boat said, in a voice of authority—

"Further down, sir! Further down! We want these seats for ladies."

Tilghman hesitated.

"Quick! quick!" urged the clerk.

There was a rustling behind him of ladies' dresses, and our gentleman felt that he must move. In his eagerness to secure another place, he stumbled over a chair and came near falling prostrate. At length he brought up at the lower end of the table.

"Waiter!" he cried, as soon as he had found a new position—"waiter, I want some of that roast turkey!"

The waiter did not hear, or was too busy with some one else to hear.

"Waiter, I say! Here! This way!"

So loudly and earnestly was this uttered, that the observation of every one at that end of the table was attracted towards the young man. But he thought of nothing but securing his provender. At length he received his turkey, when he ordered certain vegetables, and then began eating greedily, while his eyes were every moment glancing along the table to see what else there was to tempt his palate.

"Waiter!" he called, ere the first mouthful was fairly swallowed.

The waiter came.

"Have you any oyster sauce?"

"No, sir."

"Great cooks! Turkey without oyster sauce! Bring me a slice of ham."

"Bottle of ale, waiter," soon after issued from his lips.

The ale was brought, the cork drawn, and the bottle set beside Tilghman, who, in his haste, poured his tumbler two-thirds full ere the contact of air had produced effervescence. The consequence was that the liquor flowed suddenly over the glass, and spread its creamy foam for the space of four or five inches around. Several persons sitting near by had taken more interest in our young gentleman, who was looking after number one, than in the dinner before them; and, when this little incident occurred, could not suppress a titter.

Hearing this, Tilghman became suddenly conscious of the ludicrous figure he made, and glanced quickly from face to face. The first countenance his eyes rested upon was that of the young man who had been his stage companion; near him was a lady who had thrown back her veil, and whom he instantly recognized as Helen Walcott! She it was who stood behind him when the clerk ejected him from his chair, and she had been both an ear and eye-witness of his sayings and doings since he dropped into his present place at the table. So much had his conduct affected her with a sense of the ridiculous, that she could not suppress the smile that curled her lips: a smile that was felt by Tilghman as the death-blow to all his hopes of winning her for his bride. With the subsidence of these hopes went his appetite; and with that he went also—that is, from the table, without so much as waiting for the desert. On the forward deck he ensconced himself until the boat reached South Amboy, and then he took good care not to push his way into the ladies' car, a species of self-denial to which he was not accustomed.

Six months afterwards—he did not venture to call again on Miss Walcott—Tilghman read the announcement of the young lady's marriage to a Mr. Walker, and not long afterwards met her in company with her husband. He proved to be the travelling companion who had been so disgusted with his boorish conduct when on his last trip to the east.

Our young gentleman has behaved himself rather better since when from home; and we trust that some other young gentlemen who are too much in the habit of "taking care of number one" when they are among strangers, will be warned by his mortification, and cease to expose themselves to the ridicule of well-bred people.

EG LANTINE.

I wear a thorny crown? Yes, but the wreath,
The sweet-briar wreath doth precious odor bear,
And make me oft forget the thorns that tear
The surface, which it heals with balmy breath.

The poet's wilding! Now its buds unsheath,
At May's soft touch to shed a fragrance where
No heavy sweetness may pervade the air,
Etherealised to fit the couch of death.

The poet's wilding-wreath! by Heaven wove
To soothe the sufferer on a stony path,
Which yet its downy-soft oases hath,
With many a finger-post to point above.

Ay, 'tis a thorny crown! yet its rich breath,
Hallows the sick-room, and makes welcome, Death!

May 11th, 1853.

A. P. C.

HOW THE WATER BOILED AWAY FROM THE POTATOES.

BY J. B. NEWMAN, M. D.

I am residing, for the summer, with my family in a retired and very romantic place in Connecticut, seven miles from a railroad depot, and some thirty in all from New York city. The distance from the depot makes the weather an object of some consideration in visiting the city. Yesterday was a fine, clear day, pleasant for either walking or riding, there being sufficient breeze to moderate to comfort the heat of the sun. Quite exhilarated by these circumstances, I declared at dinner my determination to go early the next morning to New York, as it was just the weather for travelling.

"You cannot go to-morrow," said my aunt, gravely; "it is going to rain."

"I see no signs of it," said my wife; "wind like this often continues for days together without any storm."

"I do not judge from the wind, but from a sign that never fails, and that is, the boiling entirely away of the water from the potatoes, this morning."

"Did you put in as much water as usual?"

"About the same. You laugh, I see; but it will rain to-morrow, in spite of your laughing."

Incredulity did make us merry, and each one began to recount tales of country superstitions generally. In the course of the conversation, some one told a story of an English gentleman, well known in the scientific world, who, while on a visit to a friend, started, one morning, on a hunting expedition, but missed his way, and inquired of a lad tending sheep to direct him. The boy showed the desired path, but told him it would rain shortly, and he had better return home as soon as possible. The gentleman, observing no signs of the predicted storm, ridiculed the boy's notions, and proceeded. In the course of two hours, however, he was retracing his steps completely drenched, and found the boy eating his dinner in a little hut near where he had left him. Curiosity as to the source of the knowledge which he had found thus verified prevailed over his desire for speedy shelter, and he stopped his horse, and offered the boy a guinea to enlighten him on this point. The boy took the guinea, and pointed to the closed flowers of the Scarlet Pimpernel, some plants of which happened to be growing near the hut. The gentleman himself had written about this very fact, mentioning that its open buds betokened fair weather, and its closed flowers abundance of rain, and hence its title to its common name of Shepherd's Weather-Glass. Fully satisfied, he rode on.

We all allowed that there was some sense in this sign, and that it could be ascribed to the instinct with which Nature endowed her children, to guard them from injury.

"But are there not," said my aunt, "some contrivances made to foretell rain? I have seen a long glass tube filled with quicksilver, to which there was a dial-plate attached, and the rise and fall of the quicksilver regulated the hand on the

dial, so that changes of weather could be told. I do not see why the boiling away of the water from the potatoes may not be as good a sign as the rise and fall of the quicksilver."

Again there was a laugh at the comparison of the water around the potatoes with the handsomely-finished and expensive philosophical instrument termed a barometer.

The weather continued as pleasant as before, so last evening I packed up my carpet-bag, and made the necessary preparations, requesting them to wake me at five o'clock, and have the carriage ready in time to convey me to the depot.

I awoke this morning, and all was still in the house. Quite pleased to be beforehand with them, I looked at my watch, and with some difficulty, on account of the dim light, found it to be fifteen minutes after six. Much surprised at not having been called, I jumped up, and threw open one of the blinds of the window, but directly closed it again, as a driving rain poured in. The reason why I had been permitted to sleep on was evident enough. I dressed, and went down to the breakfast-table, where sat Aunt H. enjoying her triumph.

On my return to my study, forced as it were by circumstances to do so, I began to reflect on the boiling away of the water from the potatoes, and tried to discover whether the ensuing rain was mere coincidence, or due in some way to cause and effect; whether in reality connected with it or not. The result of my deliberations, and subsequent conviction of the connection of the phenomenon with rain, I will now proceed to give.

The pressure of the atmosphere, which is about fifteen pounds to the square inch, forces many substances to retain the liquid condition that would, were that pressure removed, assume the form of gases. Of this, ether is an example.

Chemistry assumes that all matter is made up of exceedingly small particles called atoms, and that around every atom there are two atmospheres, the inner one of attraction and the outer one of repulsion. Bodies exist in three forms, as solids, liquids and gases. When the attractive force predominates, the form is a solid; when the attractive and repulsive forces are balanced, the form is a gas. Caloric, or the principle of heat, is considered by many, and perhaps rightly so, as synonymous with the repulsive force. Hence an increase of heat will make the solid become fluid, and the fluid becomes gaseous. Thus ice changes to water, and water to steam.

The atmosphere, by its pressure, assists the attractive force in the same manner that heat assists the repulsive, the pressure and heat, of course, acting in opposite ways. Whatever then, would lessen the amount of pressure, would enable the heat to act more powerfully. A certain amount of heat, under the ordinary pressure of the atmosphere, is required to convert water into steam. The less the pressure, the less the heat required; but if the same amount of heat is applied to the same quantity of water, under such circumstances, the more rapidly it will be evaporated, or, in other words, boiled away. It is evident enough then, that if the atmospheric pressure is less at

at times preceding rain, the water will boil away more rapidly than usual from the potatoes.

I was frequently puzzled in my boyish days by the assertion in scientific books that the air is lighter in rainy than it is in dry weather. It seemed to me as if the air at such times should be heavier, as, in addition to its own substance, it holds suspended abundance of heavy clouds, which must surely increase its weight. For many years the problem remained unsolved in my own mind, as it is yet unsolved, perhaps in the minds of many who read this. At last the thought occurred to me, that as the weight of the air *per se* must remain the same at all times, taking it as a whole, did it not really contain more moisture in solution in clear than in rainy weather? And such is really the fact. As water, by the addition of salt, can be made dense enough to float an egg, and as the more the brine is diluted with fresh water, the deeper will the egg sink in it; so is the air, by holding water in solution, rendered dense enough to float clouds at a great height, and the greater the amount of water it loses, the lower do the clouds fall. This very dryness of the air is, in fact, one of the many circumstances that cause rain.

The air then is lighter, the pressure consequently less, and the unusually rapid evaporation of water from the potato-pot is as good and trustworthy a sign of approaching rain as the falling of the mercury in the barometer; and thus the cook in the kitchen may foretell as confidently as the natural philosopher in his cabinet. And yet more, for nature is bountiful: even where the apparatus of the kitchen and the cabinet are denied, she furnishes, without expense to her faithful observers, means even more certain; for the shepherd boy has an unerring guide in the Scarlet Pimpernel.—*Plow, Loom and Anvil.*

FINGER-MARKS.

Some time since, a gentleman, residing at Cambridge, employed a mason to do some work for him, and among other things to thin whiten the walls of one of his chambers. This thin whitening is almost colorless till dried. The gentleman was much surprised, on the morning after the chamber was finished, to find on the drawer of his bureau, standing in the room, white finger-marks. Opening the drawer, he found the same marks on the articles in it, and also on a pocket-book. An examination revealed the same finger-marks on the contents of the wallet, proving conclusively that the mason, with his wet hands, had opened the drawer, searched the wallet, which contained no money, and then closed the drawer, without once thinking that any one would ever know it. The thin whitening, which chanced to be on his hand, did not show at first, and he probably had no idea that twelve hours' drying would reveal his attempt at depredation. As the job was concluded on the afternoon the drawer was opened, the man did not come again, and to this day does not know that his acts are known to his employer.

Children, beware of evil thoughts and deeds! They have all finger-marks, which will be revealed at some time. If you disobey your pa-

rents, or tell a falsehood, or take what is not your own, you make sad finger-marks on your character. And so it is with any and all sin. It defiles the character. It betrays those who engage in it by the marks it makes on them. These marks may be almost if not quite colorless at first. But even if they should not be seen during any of your days on earth—which is not at all likely—yet there is a day coming in which all finger-marks or sin-stains on the character “will be made manifest.”

Never suppose that you can do what is wrong without having a stain made on your character. It is impossible. If you injure another, you, by that very deed, injure your own self. If you disregard a law of God, the injury is sadly your own. Think of it, ever bear it in mind, children, that every sin you commit leaves a sure mark upon yourselves.

Your characters should bear a coating of pure truth. Let truthfulness ever be manifest. Beware of sin—“and be sure your sin will find you out;” for it makes finger-marks which, even should they not be seen by those around you on earth, will yet be seen, to your condemnation, at the bar of God.

IMPRISONED REPTILES.

Not long since, says the Scientific American, a number of specimens of mineral and animal products were received at the Smithsonian Institute, Washington, from New Mexico, and among other things was a horned lizard, accompanied by a letter from Judge Houghton, of that Territory, stating that the animal was taken alive from a block of stone, so solid as to preclude the entrance of the smallest insect; the lizard lived forty-eight hours after it was released from its long imprisonment. The letter states that this lizard must have been in the position in which it was found since the commencement of the formation of the rocks, and which, if true, must make it a very old animal indeed. Many stories have been reported of toads and lizzards having been liberated alive from solid rocks, and it is a prevalent opinion that they were enclosed while alive by the rock forming over them. We have seen a stone ourselves from which a toad was liberated of this antideluvian type, but not different in any respect from the present species. The place from which the animal was taken was somewhat hollow, and appeared to be a snug, strong nest, but as part of the rock was broken up before we saw it, we could not tell whether there was, or was not some entrance into it. Geologists have no faith in toads or lizzards being enclosed alive in solid rocks—the rocks forming over them. On this subject, Dean Buckland, the celebrated zoologist, remarks:—

“There is,” he says, “a want of sufficiently minute and accurate observation in those so frequently recorded cases, where toads are said to be found alive within blocks of stone and wood, in cavities that had no communication whatever with the external air. The first effort of the young toad, as soon as it has left its tadpole state, and emerged from the water, is to seek shelter in holes and crevices of rocks and trees.

An individual, which, when young, may have thus entered a cavity by some very narrow aperture, would find abundance of food by catching insects, which, like itself, seek shelter within such cavities, and may have increased so much in bulk as to render it impossible to go out again through the narrow aperture at which it entered. A small hole of this kind is very likely to be overlooked by common workmen, who are the only people whose operations on stone and wood disclose cavities in the interior of such substances, as the case of toads, snakes and lizzards, that occasionally issue from stones that are broken in a quarry, or in sinking wells, and sometimes even from strata at the bottom of a coal mine, the evidence is never perfect to show that the reptiles were entirely enclosed in a solid rock; no examination is ever made, until the reptile is first discovered by the breaking of the mass in which it was contained, and then it is too late to ascertain, without carefully replacing every fragment (and in no case that I have seen reported, has this ever been done), whether or not there was any hole or crevice by which the animal may have entered the cavity from which it was extracted. Without previous examination, it is almost impossible to prove that there was no such communication. In the case of rocks near the surface of the earth, and in stone quarries, reptiles find ready admission to holes and fissures.”

LUDICROUS BLUNDERS.

General knowledge is unquestionably necessary for the lawyer. Ludicrous mistakes have frequently occurred through the deficiencies of some of them in this respect. We have heard an anecdote somewhere of an eminent barrister examining a witness in a trial, the subject of which was a ship. He asked, amongst other questions, “where the ship was at a particular time.”

“Oh!” replied the witness, “the ship was then in quarantine.”

“In Quarantine was she? And pray, sir, where is Quarantine?”

Another instance given by Mr. Chitty, of the value of general knowledge to the lawyer, is worth citing. It is well known that a judge was so entirely ignorant of insurance causes, that after having been occupied for six hours in trying an action on “a policy of insurance upon goods (Russia duck) from Russia, he, in his address to the jury, complained that no evidence had been given to show how Russia ducks (mistaking the cloth of that name for the bird) could be damaged by sea water, and to what extent.”

An anecdote has been told of a learned barrister once quoting some Latin verses to a brother “wig,” who did not appear to understand them. “Don’t you know the lines?” said he; “they are in Martial.”

“Marshall,” replied his friend, “Marshall—oh! I know—the Marshall who wrote on *underwriting*.”

When this anecdote was related to a certain judge of the Court of Review, he is reported to have said, “Why, after all, there is not much difference between an *underwriter* and a *minor poet*.”

THE TRUE REVENGE.

BY REV. EDWARD C. JONES, A. M.

"When one asked Diogenes, how he might be avenged of his enemies? he replied, to be yourself a good and honest man."

When vaunting malice opes its bitter scroll,
And fixes fangs of venom in the soul,
Roused by the sense of wrong, how soon we burn,
The foul aspersion on our foe to turn.
What! shall we take *such* weapons to retrieve
Assaults upon our peace? Shall angels grieve
To see us put aside the coat of mail
Which Innocence bequeaths, and then assail
The dark designer, with his own mean dart?
No, bring not to the contest *such* a heart,
Measured in scales of paltry selfishness,
Which proving *him* so little, prove *thee* less:
Rise up afresh to duty. Clear thy brow—
Smooth off its wrinkles, be a Giant now.
Steadily resolved, give every hour to good;
Let Honor have "its mark and likelihood."
Walk thou with Justice; and with meek-eyed Peace
Go arm-in-arm—bid works of Love increase.
Let honied accents round thy pathway fall—
Words of unwonted gentleness to all.
Be the true central light of Home. Fill up
With fireside charities, thy being's cup.
Abroad, be courtesy thy end and aim;
Be swift to eulogize, and slow to blame.
Still move *confidingly* among the throng;
Nature, unwarped, is just, and final wrong
Will not be done thee. Beautiful and true,
Thy rounded orb of Goodness, *must* pierce through
By its inherent lustre, vapory clouds,
Nor own a mist, which *finally* enshrouds.
When insects settle on the birdling's wings,
In the clear sunshine, still she mounts and sings;
One flapping of her pinion, bright and gay,
Has brushed the elfin multitude away;
And, poised against the clouds, far up the height,
She seems to mingle with the Infinite;
So, shall, at last, the Lilliputian throng,
Who traffic daily in the mart of wrong,
Be brushed from Virtue's swift and tireless wing,
Disarmed their malice—vain their menacing;
While the calm Victor rises on our view,
Link'd with the Beautiful, the Good, the True.

IS IT ANYBODY'S BUSINESS?

[The following is submitted, for the consideration of all whom it may concern, by a member of the "Mind Your Own Business Society," with the hope that it may be productive of good results.]

Is it any body's business
If a gentleman should choose
To wait upon a lady,
If the lady don't refuse?
Or—to speak a little plainer,
That the meaning all may know—
Is it anybody's business
If a lady has a beau?

If a person's on the sidewalk,
Whether great or whether small,
Is it anybody's business
Where that person means to call?
Or, if you see a person
As he's calling anywhere,
Is it any of your business
What his business may be there?

The substance of our query,
Simply stated, would be this:
Is it anybody's business
What another's business is?
If it is; or if it isn't,
We would really like to know,
For we're certain if it isn't,
There are some who make it so.

If it is, we'll join the rabble,
And act the noble part
Of the tattlers and defamers
Who throng the public mart;
But if not, we'll act the teacher,
Until each meddler learns
It were better in the future
To mind his own concerns.

SWEET ELLEN LEE.

BY MARY GRACE HALPINE.

Incline your ear to me, brother,
My heart is beating low;
I have a mournful tale to tell,
A mournful tale of woe,
Of a little maiden that we loved,
In the days of long ago.

You knew sweet Ellen Lee? whose cheek
Sham'd the young rosebud's glow;
Whose tiny, merry, restless feet
Went tripping to and fro?
That bounding step is still, that cheek
Is like the winter's snow—
The little maiden that we loved,
In the days of long ago.

My head is drooping wearily,
My breath comes faint and slow;
A heavy weight is on my heart,
A heavy weight of woe;
For low the little maiden lies,
We loved so long ago.

Sad memories come rushing back,
With steady mournful flow;
She may lie cold and pale, brother,
But I cannot make her so;
She stands before me now, as then,
In her young beauty's glow—
The little maiden that we loved,
In the days of long ago.

THINK OF ME.

Go where the water glideth gently ever,
Glideth through meadows that the greenest be;
Go, listen to your own beloved river,
And think of me!

Wander in forests, where the small flower layeth
Its fairy gem beneath the giant tree;
List to the dim brook pining as it playeth,
And think of me!

And when the sky is silver-pale at even,
And the wind grieveth in the lonely tree,
Go out beneath the solitary heaven,
And think of me!

And when the moon riseth, as she were dreaming,
And treadeth with white feet the lulled sea,
Go, silent as a star beneath her beaming,
And think of me!

PATIENCE WORTHINGTON AND HER GRAND-CHILDREN.

BY MRS. MARY A. DENISON,
AUTHOR OF "BETTY AND NELL," "HOME PICTURES," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

PATIENCE WORTHINGTON AND HER GRAND-CHILD,
LITTLE MARY.

"The Lord hath seen good to afflict thee, sister. At such a time as this, words are vain things; though out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. Therefore, I say unto thee, 'the Lord doth not willingly afflict the children of men.' 'Why art thou cast down, oh! my soul, why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise Him who is the health of my countenance and my God.' And yet thou hast been familiar with the Scriptures from thy youth up: apply, therefore, the consolations thou hast found therein to the wound in thy heart. As for the child, may the Lord keep her and spare her to bless thy declining years. Let us pray."

The fervent and sonorous "amen" of the good man echoed through the large old-fashioned parlor. He arose circumspectly from his knees, wiping them carefully with his snowy handkerchief. With his customary precision, he placed his hat over his still luxuriant though grey-sprinkled locks, methodically latched and unlatched the door of the venerable house, and with measured gait moved down the prim walk leading to the road.

Patience Worthington sat motionless, her head bowed upon the soft, wavy curls of the child who had fallen asleep on her bosom. Not a sob shook her frame. In strong anguish the soul is still, gathering up its mightiest energies to resist the complete enervation of sorrow. But an hour before, she had seen the pale sunshine streaming across the white brow of her youngest born; and even to this moment the dull, heavy sound of the clods, as they rattled upon her coffin, echoing through the old house.

Perhaps another hour passed, and only for the slight movement of the foot, grand-mother and child might both be locked in soothing slumber. All at once the huge chimney clock doled out six heavy chimes. The solitary sunbeam had crept to its sole outlet over the door, a moment playing there, and a twilight darkness began to gather in the farther corners, creeping gradually to where the bereaved one sat, and the unconscious child slept, knowing not, poor little one, the full weight of sorrow which bore so heavily on the heart of the stricken mother.

Aroused by the shrill voice of the clock, and hearing quick footsteps in the outer room, Patience Worthington, as she was still called, though the hair had turned to grey upon her brows, lifted the sleeping babe, kissed her forehead, and, bending her tall form, carried the child up to its little chamber, and laid her upon a bed. Standing, for a moment, she looked round upon every separate thing; lifted a scrap of paper upon which a trembling hand had traced a few lines, and, reading it with compressed lips,

laid it carefully aside in a little drawer filled, apparently, with relics.

Then she went slowly down stairs, paused at the foot to lean her head for one moment against the side of the staircase, giving vent to a groan which, though low, issued from the very depths of no common spirit, and, striving to banish the gloom somewhat from her fine face, she entered the cheerful kitchen.

Cheerful, because a great, glowing fire blazed and sparkled in the immense chimney. The black jambs flushed red with the light, and the white oaken floor shone with unwonted polish. In the centre, her little round table was set, spread for the evening meal, and the bright, ruddy face of Susy Mann, a neighbor's daughter, crimsoned with exercise, gleamed upon her, thoughtlessly smiling as if there was no ache in her heart to banish responsive cheerfulness.

"I'm sure I thank you, Susy," said Patience, making even the cloth at one of the corners; "I did not know you were here. I am afraid you have taken your mother's time," she said, in a constrained voice, for the rosy cheeks and general happy expression of the girl's face, jarred sadly on her own life-wearied spirit.

"I was not wanted at home, ma'am," said Susy, rather timidly. "Mother told me perhaps I had better come in and help you, and so I came. The minister was here, and I thought I wouldn't disturb you. Shan't I pour the tea for you? or—maybe you'd rather be alone," she added, noticing the deep sadness mantling the face of the widow.

"I had rather you would leave me, Susy, though I thank you for your attention. Tell your mother that I have a deep sense of her many kindnesses, both to myself and—Mary—" the word trembled out from between her pale lips. "I have great reason to be thankful for all my mercies yet. I trust I may be able to repay my friends," she added, suddenly resuming a haughtiness that seemed more in keeping with her lofty bearing. "Good night, Susan, and thank you."

The girl walked home, serious, and evidently unhappy. "I do think it's the hardest thing in the world to do a favor for Patience Worthington," she exclaimed, as she entered the room where her mother and the rest of the family sat. "When she thanks you, it gives you cold chills, and as for being grateful for any little kindness, I'm sure, if she says so, she don't mean it."

"O! Susy, it's cruel to talk that way, when she has just had so much sorrow."

"Well, hasn't she brought it all on herself? Mother, that's what you have always said. Do tell us now what the reason was. I never could think what made Mary so weary-like and sorrowful, and so fearful in the presence of her mother."

"Pride is the bane of Patience Worthington," remarked Mrs. Mann, quietly. "When we first moved here, she was a beautiful woman, in the prime of life, with four sweet daughters and one son. The latter died when he was only twenty, the most inflexibly haughty boy I ever saw. His sisters were all self-willed and as lofty as himself—all but Mary, the one who was to-day buried. Two of the girls married well, that is,

they obtained rich husbands, of their mother's choice more than their own, and, living unhappily, became the prey of melancholy. One died in an insane hospital; the other lies where Mary was carried to-day. Beatrice, the only child living, had the self-will to marry just as her inclination prompted. An Italian singer saw and loved her, a penniless adventurer, with almost every virtue but that (in the world's estimation) of wealth. He was as high-spirited as Patience herself. He claimed her daughter fairly, offering her a comfortable home. In her estimation, it was an insult not to be overlooked, and he received a formal though not angry reply. Patience never condescended to anger. The result was an instant separation of mother and daughter, for Beatrice clung to the lover of her choice. They were married from this house, and that is the reason why Patience has never been more intimate with me. They left immediately for some Southern city, since which time I have only occasionally heard from them. I am inclined to think that the husband is dead, though I don't know why I should."

"Well; and Mary, what of her? I am sure she must have seen deep, deep sorrow."

"And she has; deep sorrow, indeed, poor child; a sorrow that has been worse than death to her mother; a sorrow that must and will humble her pride, if anything earthly can. She was a pliant creature, fatally worshipping her mother, blindly relying upon everything she said, and feeling, with a trusting confidence, that she could in reality do no wrong. Led by her into a marriage that seemed, in every worldly point of view, unexceptionable—for one who claimed to be an English nobleman sought her hand in marriage—she was carried from home by her husband, and, in a foreign land, it is said, learned that she was no longer a wife. The man had deceived her, bitterly, cruelly; and, deserting the poor child, she was forced to accept charity, and lived wretchedly poor, till some benevolent person brought her across the water, a broken-hearted mother, to reach her home, and die."

"And does everybody know this?"

"Yes, and I fear many rejoice. God knows I could not, if the woman had been my bitterest enemy. But when the children were young, they were not allowed to associate with others of the village. They were taught to consider themselves in all respects their superiors. This, of course, fostered a spirit of hatred, not only among the young, but the parents took an inveterate dislike to the family. As my great-grandfather was a nobleman in England, she thought me good enough for her company on that account," continued Mrs. Mann, smiling a little, "but I always knew my family-tree was the object of her attentions, not myself. We were never very intimate. It was chiefly on account of her distance and superciliousness that she was and is still called Patience, instead of Mrs., Worthington, the people thus signifying their contempt of her aristocratic airs. Poor woman, she is to be pitied."

"And that sweet little Mary?"

"Ah! that sweet little Mary will be but another victim, I fear, if her grand-mother's life is

spared. I sincerely hope the Almighty will change the heart of this proud woman."

CHAPTER II.

ALL ALONE WITH THOUGHT.

After she was left alone, Patience Worthington drew a chair up to the table, and sat moodily down. The tea was smoking beside her, in a little silver pot that had been used in her family for four generations. With an absent air, she poured some of the sparkling beverage into the single cup, and then, instead of drinking it, leaned her head upon her hand, and closed her eyes.

What were the visions of that lonely creature, who, by assuming an ascendency over the mass of God's creatures around her, had isolated herself as completely as if her home were a parched desert, so far as human sympathy was concerned? Did memory call up the form of that poor husband, who, ever patient and kind, had ruined himself for her sake, by living far beyond his means? Did she think how often and earnestly he had expostulated with her to subdue that dreadful pride that made her defiant to God and unjust to man? Did she remember the words he used in his last sickness, "It may be, Patience, the Lord will punish us in our children?"

There was but one left—Beatrice. Where she was the widow knew not. It might be, in that hour of her softening, could she have reached her, she would have taken her back to her heart and home.

Unable to taste a mouthful of her supper, Patience Worthington arose mechanically, and proceeded to clear off the table. A stranger might have read her mental suffering in her rigid brow, her grey eye, but stranger or friend would hardly venture to offer her sympathy. One instinctively felt that her joy or her grief was her own, and that she was satisfied that so it should be; that, in the language though not the spirit of Scripture, she wished no one to intermeddle with her sorrow.

Her very appearance did, as Susan Mann described it, cast a chill over one's heart. She was very tall, very erect. Her features, once beautiful, were thin and pinched; her eye cold, keen and hard; her brow finely formed, from which the silken white hair was smoothly parted, and folded high upon the back of the head. She wore no cap, because caps were so common. Her very dress seemed made of materials that were never seen on other people. Her collars were her own fashion. Her ways were all different from those of her neighbors, or your neighbors, reader; they were born of pride, had been fostered by pride, and confirmed in pride.

Yet, withal, she was not wholly disagreeable, for she so seldom smiled that when she did, it gave her face almost an irresistible beauty, and warmed the heart up as with a flash of heart-lightning. All her children, but Beatrice, she could make conform to her wishes with that singular smile. But for days and days she had not relaxed in the stern, thoughtful sorrow of her face; and, as she moved about the old kitchen now, stately and unbending, there was some-

thing almost awful in the immobility of her features.

Gradually, the darkness had come on. Without, it was draping the whole sky in gloom; within, the fitful glow of the fire danced oddly on the walls, and seemed sometimes to set the ancient furniture in motion.

It was the very last day in September, and the morrow was the Sabbath. The fall-sprites had made rapid progress, and changed all the fields to a sombre brown, and on *her* grave was no green thing. The widow thought of this as she drew her stand, with the Bible upon it, nearer to the fire, and then, as was her wont, leaning her brow upon her hand, the vision of her children passed before her. Singly they came. First Isabel, with her dark beauty and flowers upon her queenly head—her smile, scornful when it was not sweet, and passing sweet, like her mother's, when it was not scornful; then Clara, with her little childish ways, and a susceptible heart, that it took long years and great patience to spoil. Next Henry, by whose untimely death her soul was almost rent from the body; Henry, who, most of all, resembled her in mind and form, and who had almost spurned to bear that common lot of death. Beatrice, frank, sunny-tempered, but wild, defiant, and determined, stood before her with a strange sadness drooping on the downcast brow and heavy lids; but she melted away, and in her place knelt the lamb of the flock, "canny Mary," the true, pure-hearted child with her soft, pensive beauty, and her willing, winning way. Could it be that she was asleep in that dreamless rest! that a coffin enclosed and the black earth covered her? Should she hear no more the ringing of her little bell, and hastening up, hear that dear head tenderly upon her bosom, never again? It could not be; she had seen the tremulous light fade from her blue eyes: she had herself pressed down the waxen lids, and, after severing one golden curl, laid the shiny tresses back, thread by thread, till, like the sculptured marble, they almost seemed to blend into the snowy whiteness of her brow.

And yet another phase of thought; she was with her again. Yes, even by her side, hemming a white frock for her little Mary. How fast her slender fingers flew; how the flash of the fire brightened up the stray curls that had before been in the shadow! How mournfully sweet was her smile, and her gentle acquiescence, "Yes, dearest mother!" The past was forgotten—Mary was with her, not in the lonesome grave, but with her, *with her*—her soul was light again—when, at a sudden sound, the widow sprang from her chair. It was no delusion—it *could be* no delusion. "Mother! mother!" called a silvery voice, and the door shook with the beating of a hand. "Mother! mother!" and again the door shook and trembled.

The blood ran chillily round her heart, thrilling every vein with a fear new and strange.

"God help me! What is it?" she cried aloud, in her wild agitation.

"It's I, mother," echoed the little voice, so calmly that it acted like magic upon the startled woman. She drew a deep breath, threw open

the door, and caught little Mary in her arms, as she murmured—

"I had forgotten you, child."

"It's all dark up stairs. Where's mother?" asked the little one, folding her arms about that withered neck. "It's all dark up stairs."

"It's all dark here, poor child—dark all around us; dark in my heart," murmured Patience, for the first time since her daughter had died, bursting into tears. The child sat mute with surprise; she seemed to have forgotten her momentary question, in the mystery of this new emotion. The feelings of an adult are interpreted by his thoughts. The thoughts of a child are interpreted by its feelings. Little Mary had always *felt*, till now, that there was a wide, wide distance between her grand-mother and herself. Kisses, caresses, had not lessened it; but tears, blessed tears, opened her heart, young as she was, to a new love, and now the clasp of her dimpled arms interpreted warmth and intensity.

In a few moments, when all was still, looking up again, she said—

"Where is my mother?"

"Have you forgotten so soon?" whispered Patience, laying her wet cheek on the little girl's yellow hair.

"I didn't hear her up there," murmured the child, very plaintively: "it's all still up there—and dark—I put my hand over, but couldn't feel mamma's face. I went all about the bed, and couldn't find mamma anywhere."

The flame brightened, flashed up, and sank down again into the red coals. Little Mary watched it with unsteady glances. The brightness in her eyes was only the reflection of the fire. They moved slower and more slowly, were fixed for a moment, then the lids drooped, closed, the fair head fell back, and the child slept again, before her grand-mother had answered her question, "Where is my mother?"

CHAPTER III.

THE FIRST SABBATH AFTER THE FUNERAL.

Sunday proved dreary and rainy. The few crimson flowers that had clung to the vines, laid spotted and beat into the earth by the storm. The vines themselves with their yellow leaves curled, clicked against the casement as the wind shook out their summer vigor. The fields, the hedges, the hills, the sky, all were grey and dismal; the apples had been gathered in, so the trees in the near orchard no longer sheltered the golden fruit under their coverts of emerald. It was a very cheerless Sabbath morning to the happy, the young-hearted; but to her who knew where the winds sighed most mournfully, and where the little brown tufts of withered verdure bent closer over a bosom she loved—it was a terrible day.

Little Mary sat in her high chair opposite her grand mother, slowly eating the bread and milk from her silver cup—Patience Worthington had never parted with her family plate,—when, with a low knock at the door, Susy Mann came in.

"Mother sent me over," she said—she always said that, for a sort of make welcome—"to ask you if you would like to use the carriage to-day.

No one is going but father and I," she continued, stroking back little Mary's curls, for the child had got down, being fond of Susy, and stood clinging to her dress.

"Mrs. Mann is very kind, very kind indeed," said Patience, measuring out her words. "It is true, it *does* rain, but then I will not put you to the trouble—I can wear my clogs, and leave Mary at home. Mary, it isn't pretty to hang on to Susy's dress, child—I won't trouble your folks to come round."

"O! it's no trouble, no trouble in the least," said Susy, now holding the white hand of little Mary, who kept her serious blue eyes fixed on her face. "Mother told me to tell you there would be plenty of room, great plenty, and then we can take little Mary."

"My mother's dead," said the sweet child in a sorrowful voice, while her coral lips quivered, "my mother's dead."

Susy bent down and kissed her, shutting her eyes hard to keep back the sympathetic tears, while Patience walked hurriedly to the closet.

"I know it dear," at length she found voice to say.

"They carried her away, and they wont bring her back again; and I don't want to stay here alone," she sobbed out.

Susy wiped her eyes with her apron, and thought how gloomy the great kitchen looked, and how sad it was for that little child to be companionless as it were, with nobody but her strange, stately grand mother, moving about like a ghost. Patience Worthington swallowed her pride at the sight of her weeping grand-child.

"Stop crying, Mary," she said, "and you shall go: I am obliged to Mrs. Mann for her kindness. I will be ready when the carriage calls. Once I had a carriage of my own," she murmured with a bitterness indescribable, as Susy went out—"yes"—she folded her arms and stood gazing from the little window, "and a husband of my own, and children of my own—and where are they now? Gone, gone, gone—oh, poverty! oh, death! I hold a grudge against ye both: ye have spoiled my beautiful possessions; ye have laid the mould upon my heart's treasures."

For a moment she bowed her head to hide the struggle that convulsed her features: then sweeping her hand over her face, she raised it defiantly, smiled with a scornful lip, and muttering "Broken but not bent," she carried Mary up stairs to prepare her for church.

She had read her Bible that morning: a practice she had not once omitted since the day she was ten years of age; and now she was sixty; she could repeat the psalms from beginning to end without misplacing a preposition, and yet, oh! human blindness, she could not apply a single rebuke, nor adopt a single promise. She knew not Him who said, "I will be with thee in six troubles, and in the seventh I will not forsake thee."

Floating in the hazy air came the chime of the bells: Patience Worthington had folded her shawl in its precise triangular fashion, and her long veil, old but spotless, hung almost to her feet, under which her tall figure shot up to an unearthly stature. Yet black though it was, and thick

withal, the sharp glances of her grey eyes pierced through, and the outline of her white forehead and the pale shade of her hair, took a more ghastly hue from its duskiness. Little Mary had a strip of black ribbon tied around her straw hat, but there was more of mourning in her blue eyes—she was very young, but she missed her mother.

They were soon seated in Mr. Mann's carriage, and driving slowly up the hill that intervened between home and the meeting-house.

Never looked the church-yard so dismal as when they passed it this morning. The rain was dripping from off the brown slabs, dripping from the naked branches of the oaks, and the mournful plumes wet and drooping of the weeping willow, dripping all over the stone wall. Not a bird was abroad. Now and then a squirrel darted out from some black nook: the ground all soaked and bare, heaped in some places, and in others hollowed, bore the marks of recent footsteps, in which water had settled all along its narrow path.

There under two mounds, one of them freshly made, near the eastern corner, laid a Clara and a Mary. The widow turned her glance away to the leaden sky, but as was the chamber of little Mary the preceding night, "*it was all dark up there.*"

The old grey minister dwelt eloquently upon the beautiful character of the dead; but not once did Patience Worthington lift her eyes to the high pulpit: though to a stranger there was something in the pastor's mien and face that alone might command attention. He was one of the old pilgrim stock, and the tallest man in the parish, as Patience Worthington was the tallest woman.

In the breadth of his full face dwelt a somewhat heavy expression, but when he turned, as it was his habit frequently to do, the stern, almost classic severity of his profile was a fitting and refined study for an artist.

There was grandeur in every feature: in the stately curve of his brow, massive and bare at the temples, in the perfect outline of his full grey eye, and when as he rounded a sentence, he was apt to compress his lips and raise slightly his noble head, one would involuntarily compare him with some ancient Roman. Yet it must be confessed that nature had done more for the casket than the gem. Minister Farrell was not far removed from an ordinary preacher, though in the best and most sterling qualities of nature and religion, he was as perfect as poor humanity can be.

It was well known that an unfortunate attachment was the cause of his single blessedness, but of that we will say farther hereafter.

Many a sweet word was spoken from a distance to the bright little creature who walked so slowly and shyly up the narrow aisle after service, her white hand hidden in the folds of her grand-mother's dress. From a distance we said, for Patience Worthington spoke to, was spoken to by none but the pastor, who murmured a very few words in a low tone, and held out his hand to Mary. But the child shrank behind her grand-mother; she only remembered him as the man who stood with immovable face above the body of her dead mother, when everybody else was weeping, and prayed with uncovered head, not that God would send her back to bless her child, but as *her* little mind comprehended, would keep

her for ever away from those that loved her so much more than it seemed even He could.

There was but few at church that morning. After the congregation was dismissed, some staid in the porch—old meeting-goers who were willing rather to lose their warm dinners than the afternoon service. The rest hurried out through the driving rain, either to their country vehicles, or gathering up their garments, moved quickly on to the low-roofed cottages in the vicinity.

Within their snug carriage sat Patience Worthington and little Mary, comfortably ensconced on the wide back seat. Patience sat with her head bowed, spoke not, scarcely moved; little Mary looked eagerly out and listened to that sound thrilling to the heart of every child, the heavy pattering of the drops, as they showered against the canvas covering.

At the top of the hill, the antique gable of Worthington house came slowly in view, covered with scarlet vines, torn roughly by the wind, and showing many a mark of ruin on the unpainted surface beneath. The mansion was very old—at the back entrance propped up; but the front still bore evidence of the taste that had once distinguished it as a pleasant residence, and the ornament of the village. The windows were latticed, the cornices elaborately carved, jutting over the top and nearly meeting at the centre, the heavy ornamental porch by which the little black door was almost hidden. At every window there hung a narrow white curtain, looped and fringed; at each window also, the running woodbine clambered over and thrust its ambitious tendrils against the diamond panes, tapping there all day and all night when there was a breeze.

In by-gone times some sweet young face had often looked forth from those windows into the road, delighting the passer-by with its beauty; but how like a dream those visions of youth and loveliness seemed on such a day as this, as one gazed at the desolate old home!

Is it not so, that wherever time spoils, it is with the master touch of an artist? Over all the ravages, when years have done their round of duty, he throws a mantle of shadows and ivy. The very mould in unsightly crevices catches beauty from the dew-laden winds, and in yellow, blue, and brown, its sinuous length creeps up stained walls.

The plot before Worthington house was still freshly green. November left beauty without, where death had been desolating within. The vines were spotted in red and purple, and twining about the old-fashioned pillars and over the porch, looked like withering garlands of summer flowers. A blue settle stood stily against the wall. With every gust, showers of faded leaves swept from the great elm, and coiled in circles tremulously verging away, away, till they fluttered beyond the protecting trunk, and were beaten and discolored by the rain.

Patience and her little grand-child stepped out and hurried under the porch. With an air which she strove to make agreeable, the former thanked kind farmer Mann, and as both disappeared beyond the gloomy entry, Susy shuddered, saying to her father, "I had almost rather die than live with Patience Worthington."

Patience did not go out again that day. Her darling had been eulogized—her pride satisfied. What earthliness yet lingered in the heart of the old preacher, had prompted him to say much in honor of the dead; and perhaps one, the very least of his reasons was, that Patience Worthington might listen and be pleased. But the subject was worthy all his pathos—he had loved gentle Mary Worthington, and the memory of her great trial softened his voice and added a charm to his manner that was wanting on ordinary occasions.

And so the stricken mourner sat in that lonely chamber, sacred to the memory of her lost one, with her arms folded vice-like over her bosom, thinking—thinking. Thought chased thought, and mingled as did the great round drops upon the window-pane.

Little Mary sat looking her picture-book through again and again; then moved uneasily about, first standing at the window to watch the driving storm, and after that with her dimpled arms thrown over the white counterpane, stepping slowly up along by the side of the bed where her dear mother had laid, and earnestly gazing at the vacant spot where that sweet pale face had been; where the two, meek, faded blue eyes had so often smiled upon her.

A long time elapsed, and her dreamy glances were riveted upon the pillow; she had folded one dimpled hand, and leaning her cheek upon it, she stood there very still, while a strange, sad expression gathered over her face. Suddenly she gave a long drawn sob, and turning towards her grandmother, burst into tears.

"Are you sick, Mary?" asked Patience, rising in alarm.

The child shook her head; her little coral lips quivered with grief, as she exclaimed in her peculiar plaintive voice,

"My mother's dead."

"She is happy and in Heaven, dear; she is very much happier than we," said Patience, lifting her upon her knee.

But the sobs came stronger and faster; she lifted her blue eyes streaming with tears to her grand-mother's face, as she murmured, half in fear, "My father's dead, too; is my mother dead, too?"

Patience Worthington started: a gesture of passion silenced the trembling child; a gleam of hatred shot from her dark eye; she gathered Mary to her bosom, and closed her arms as if she could have folded them all over her. "Your father—your father," she muttered between her clenched teeth: "Poor child! may God shield you from knowing who was your father."

CHAPTER IV.

THE PRESENT AND THE PAST.

All the week after Sabbath, was glad, bright weather; Patience Worthington performed her round of duties with no apparent diminution of interest; but had one looked intently upon her brow, he might have seen a few more faint wrinkles indented there, and her hair was a lighter, whiter silver. Little Mary at times regained all her natural vivacity. She was a remarkably

happy child, and in her brighter moments you might almost see a brilliant little mirth dancing in her blue eyes. Patience had already begun to glory in her beauty. After every visit the child made to the lean old cow in her half broken shed, or to the chickens, whose play-ground and food-ground was the area of a large corn-field, or to the one pig, that grew fat off the poor leavings of Patience Worthington's scanty meals, and the heaps of luscious desert that farmer Mann sent stealthily over by his bare-footed boy every evening; the fond grand-mother would call the child in, and with her neat little basin be-side her, and comb in hand, re-arrange the soft curls that the wind had thrown over her fair cheeks. The child was sunshine in the old house, and Patience with all her stately ways, and lonely, sorrowful moments, could not resist the artless appeals to her whole love; she was compelled to caress her, for the child's spirit was so tender, a look would call up *tears*, a harsh word almost break her heart.

She would sit in her grand-mother's lap, would lay her beautiful head upon her bosom, and some way, always over the heart, as if she knew that place by right should be hers; she never wearied of lisping all her little love, for she transferred her affections entirely upon this cold, haughty woman. If the latter did at times lift her with a quick, harsh manner from her knee, because a terrible thought checked the current of her warmer impulses, stopped the tide almost of life itself, and placing her impetuously in her chair, or upon the floor, leaving her there wondering, sought her chamber to walk herself into calmness, the timid, asking manner of the dear child on her return, revived the old tenderness, and she would exclaim,

"Mary, little Mary, thou art a joy and a pain to me; but for thy mother's sake, little Mary, I will forget the pain, and thou shalt seem to me even as she did;" while the child understanding that through a broken cloud the sun was drifting, opened her little heart to its light and warmth, and ran dancing through the old rooms till a smile crept to the pale lips of the poor widow; something like the smile of the olden time.

Since Mary's death, minister Farrell had called quite often at Worthington house. His good heart really pitied the desolate widow. He fancied that she was changed; for she talked more of her children, calling up memories with which he was connected, and dwelling upon their various excellencies as long as the old man would listen.

And twice she had asked him to stop to supper—she had not done that for long years before; the last time she had urged him in so gentle a tone, that he consented with all the stammering bashfulness of a youth in the first flush of timid love. Thoughts that for twenty-five years had not troubled the calm surface of his heart, flitted to and fro like boats sharply tossed upon troubled waters, as he sat in the low parlor, looking alternately at the rustic pictures on the walls, and through to the sombre tints on the bushes, when the wind looped up for a moment the tremulous gauzy curtain. He heard the measured footsteps of Patience as she was arranging for tea in the kitchen, and insensibly emotions, that he had

deemed crucified, kindled at the smouldering fire of his affection.

For, twenty-five years ago, he had loved Patience Worthington with a passion so intense that it threatened to overbalance reason. He had first seen her at school, when her father came, that stern, straight old man, and requested that his only child might, for various reasons, sit by herself.

It seemed but yesterday that the old deacon stood upon the moss-covered step of that little school-house, his long white locks falling over a coat-collar of precise make and pattern. And just by his side stood Patience, beautiful Patience, haughty Patience Worthington; her little feet buried in bright clover buds, her graceful head—from which hung masses of clustering tresses, curling thickly on her shoulders—perched disdainfully a little on one side.

Her flashing dark eyes followed the swaying of a white cambric sun-bonnet—a very queen among the flowers she stood, while envious whisperings went on at the window where many a bright face peeped out. Haughty Patience Worthington, who deemed the earth honored with the press of her footstep, and wondered why flowers sprang not up in her pathway to do her homage!

He remembered how he had stood as the stately creature entered, forgetting the nearly finished exercises, following her languid motions with his eyes, and scarce breathing as she took the seat to which he pointed; then recalled by the smothered mirth of his young-lady pupils, how dreamily he recommenced his task; rectifying no mistakes, noting no misdemeanor, while his glances would stealthily wander to where she sat, with that strange, defiant loveliness that craved half hate, half admiration.

It seemed but yesterday that he had dismissed school, and overheard his oldest scholars declaring that they would not suffer that intolerable, vain Patience Worthington to eclipse them; nor should she be entitled to the least consideration on account of her beauty, or her father's wealth; that they would be on the watch to torment her, and lay plans to thwart her progress. Perhaps that was the reason why he determined to watch assiduously over his new pupil, and to make up by his twofold interest for the coldness which his pupils, with jealous school-girl spirit, had determined on manifesting towards her.

Perhaps that was the reason—there might have been another.

Every day his heart beat with the wildest hopes, when that proud young face sparkled through the little dark door-way. Towards him she was unaccountably gracious; she must have been blind indeed not to have read his devotion in the very deference with which he offered her the merest trifle; and her first conquest assumed more consequence from the fact that her school-mates felt no congeniality of taste or sympathy with her; so she gloried in reigning pre-eminent in his domain, and by her cutting speeches and withering sarcasm, so alienated all but one over-fond heart, that they never felt again the rebound of what kindly feelings they might have cherished spite of their prejudice, when she first came among them.

He gave her a moss rose-bud one summer's night. They were leisurely walking across the fields towards home. The heavens were serenely beautiful—so was Patience. She threw her hat carelessly back; the soft winds spread the shining masses over her shoulders, and clasped them around her white throat. To the enamored schoolmaster, she looked more than angelic; truth glanced from the depths of her clear eyes; and a brilliant light seemed mysteriously evolving therefrom.

Never was the schoolmaster so transcendently happy. To him the vast field glittered as if the stars in all their yellow splendor had dropped down, and tipped each glittering grass-blade. A warm glow at his heart made him long to break out in rapture, and tell how glorious every object appeared, more especially the lovely creature at his side.

But his emotions grew too sacred for language: they welled to the tip of his tongue, and then crept softly back to the fountain that sent them forth, to give silent happiness, to impart a delight that only the spirit sense can fully experience.

The next day a moss-rose—the bud of the previous twilight—peeped from the rich ringlets of the favorite pupil; and the sight gave young master Farrell a hope that had never before dared even unfold to the faintest petal.

"Why do you wear the rose?" he whispered, while his temples crimsoned, and he dared not lift his eyes.

"O! for the sake of the giver, to be sure."

The simple sentence leaped out laughingly, but those rosy lips closed afterwards, with an expression of contempt. But the expression (the manner was all unnoticed) flashed like fire through his brain; sank burning into his heart. *For the sake of the giver.* Would she thus trifle with him if she loved him not? Would she dare thus encourage him? Noble-minded himself, he would not allow a possibility of deception in that fair young being. She a coquette—scarcely more than a child? He would cast the thought from him. He was beloved, and by the most glorious creature in the world; whose very pride made her seem a prize worth braving death to obtain.

All that day pupils and master were bewitched. Everything went wrong, and yet everything seemed right. At evening Patience and her young tutor walked home together again, and the rash man dared to say what his lips had better have for ever sealed, unless he had been a deeper student of the heart. But how often does a man in love pause to study that most complex of all human things, a woman's nature?

Bitterly was he refused; haughtily was the daring act resented.

It was just such another radiant evening—the stars as bright, the moon as yellowy soft, the grass twinkled with dew-drops, the birds skimmed across the field, with short, sharp twitterings; a few white clouds sailed from the burning censurers of the still faintly crimsoned west—and Patience, her tall form drawn superbly regal to its utmost height, looked twice the queen she ever had in her loftiest moments of pride.

But with her own beautiful lips she had woven

a pall for his spirit, and it would have been the same to him, had the landscape been shrouded in the darkness of a cloudy midnight. His first eager gift of pure and undeffiled love had been contemptuously flung back upon his heart; and that mocking laugh! and those cutting words!

"Mr. Farrell, do you remember who you are?"

Yes, too well he remembered: an indigent schoolmaster, doomed perhaps to be unknown to fame: a poor young man, with nothing in the world but a fine figure, a handsome face, and a small trunkful of clothes and books.

For a moment indignation superseded every tenderer emotion.

"I am a fool!" he exclaimed passionately, "for what I have done this evening."

"I think you are," she replied, with a light, mocking laugh: "but as you own it like a man, there's a chance of your improvement. Good night."

He remembered how he had stood like a pillar of granite, watching, with a swelling heart, the stately movements of that overweeningly proud creature. He could see, as the wind lifted her ringlets, the beautiful arch of her white neck; and while still almost stunned with the conviction that she had been a cold-hearted coquette, he could have worshiped her.

Chilliness and darkness settled down upon his spirit: at a long, long distance he followed her to her home. Worthington house was, then in its glory: the vines were trained by a skilful hand, and the warm flush of bright red roses, clustering here and everywhere, imparted a softness to the outlines of the cream-painted building, that made it a most picturesque object. Near there he flung himself down, where, secluded from all observation, he could look into the cold, dark entry, across whose floor bright bridges of light were flung from room to room, for there was much company at Worthington house, and all the windows were a-blaze. He heard the merry, thrilling laughter, that had always been such rich music to his heart; there was not a tone unaltered; it leaped up and died away as naturally as ever: and all the while the great elms, with their waving arms, that looked spectral in the moonlight, threw the soft outlines of their shadows even to the pretty porch. The rose-bushes leaned up to the lattices, and the tall, blue lilies swung their bells, and threw their perfume faintly on the air; and the provoking bird, upon the bough overhead, chirped its shrill "Katy-did" monotonously.

He could not reason definitely why, but he seemed to feel as if the elms should be blasted, the roses withered, the lilies bruised and broken, and the songs of birds hushed for ever.

He did not move as Patience came to the door, and, standing outside, leaned her head back against the column that supported the porch. He only thought how dazzling she was, with that silvery moonlight falling on her white forehead, and throwing here and there a bright gleam upon the midnight tresses that curled over and mingled with twining tendrils, and glossy green leaves.

Had she gone out to where he laid, he would

have remained there still, and perhaps have told her that he meant to till he died.

She danced out twice to the great elms, now throwing her white arms gracefully upward, then holding her bright garments from the dew, flung a few trilling notes up to the "Katy-did," then vanished, like a dazzling vision, into the house with her cousin.

A feverish fire crept to the poor schoolmaster's brain, as he lay with no desire but that of death, and with that feeling of utter forlornness which the first bitter love sorrow throws over the spirit: that feeling that the soul is sinking, and no hand to stay it up.

Again that merry laugh thrilled him. It seemed nearer. He sprang to his feet, and leaped his burning head against the trunk of a great elm. He threw his arms around it; its kindly shaggy body was like a friend to him. There shone a light in the chamber which Patience occupied. She had thrown up the curtain, and he could see her, standing in the centre of the room, unlooping the blue ribbon that girdled her waist.

She threw back her hair, and gathering its masses together with one hand, knotted it to the top of her head, while the curling tips fell branching over like a coronet. So still was the night, that every few moments he distinguished her words, and with a painful shinking, he fixed himself in an attitude of attention.

"Did you ever hear anything so ridiculous?" and then gushed out a peal of derisive laughter. The answer was undistinguishable, but again that voice reached him—"Why! he is only our country schoolmaster; I marry him? ha, ha, ha!"

Strangely did his passionate love blend with anger toward the cruel girl who could jest about so holy a thing, and bandy his name with contempt before strangers.

"I will hate her! I will hate her!" he gnashed between his teeth; but just then he looked upward; she was leaning from the window, reaching with her little white hand and round, full arm, after the catch that fastened the blind back—pressing away at the same time the clinging vine ambitious to clasp her forehead.

Groaning, the schoolmaster shut his eyes, and when she was locked away out of his sight, he turned from Worthington house, and walked home with faltering steps.

The next day, nor the next, nor ever again, did Patience go to the country school: the master's pale face and listless demeanor was likely to be accounted for after their own fashion by the roguish scholars, and teacher Farrell's name became a by-word among them.

After a few weeks he gave up his task, and went back to the home of a relative, there to prosecute his studies. Sorrow, though it refined the dross of his nature, did not call up his energies, nor strike out the vigor of his intellect into bolder relief. His was one of those timid minds that droop under an ungenial atmosphere, though the sun of prosperity might have called into kindlier being, the elements that make great men. As it was, he was destined never to be great.

It is strange how, in different characters, genius will develop itself. Some minds, sur-

rounded by all the elegancies of art, the love of dear friends, will only grow into a healthy maturity; while others, in the wretched rooms of city homes, with creaking tables and broken-backed chairs, and while the wind whistles to them from dingy corners, create a paradise from utterly barren material, and call into glowing, living beauty the most delightful master-pieces of imagination. Of the latter class was not schoolmaster Farrell.

Five years passed, and he returned to the village of Westerlin, a minister of the Orthodox church: returned to find Patience married to a young lawyer, and the mother of two beautiful girls. He never loved again; he schooled his heart to stoical indifference, and became almost as a stranger to the proud being who had once been in all his thoughts.

These pictures had passed through the minister's mind, till the past had become so blended with the present, that when Patience again stood before him, he gazed upon her for a moment with all the tenderness of old.

The light had grown grey, save where the pink flush on the horizon sent now and then a faint rose-hue that tinted the shadows in the parlor. The minister did not much observe the grey locks, the faded cheeks. He only saw the white hands, the eyes bright as in youth.

How comfortable the old kitchen looked as he entered it! The blazing fire, the neatly covered footstools, and yellow shining floor, seemed fitly accompanied by the table, with its quaint silver dishes and delicate food.

Patience noticed that he acted strangely at supper, when he stirred his tea with the little indented sugar tongs, and attempted to cut butter with his fork; she thought the good man had grown exceedingly absent-minded, and quite pitied him for lifting the preserve saucer to drink his tea from, and in his embarrassment spilling the syrup over his immaculate linen. Though proud, she was woman-hearted; with her own hands she dipped the delicate finger-cloth in water, and erased the stain; so the minister's heart beat a quicker march than ever to the recollection of early days.

They stood together after supper, watching the last purpling tints of the sun upon the hills. A comely couple they were—both tall, both still very handsome in their old age. The widow had forgotten, it may be, that she was better than other flesh and blood—or who knows whether the spirit of coquetry can live in the bosom of sixty? The suggestion is not a pleasing one.

Minister Farrell, in the newly-awakened warmth of tenderness, dropped his measured accents, and spoke cheerfully—perhaps briskly.

The old, true love! how it had rushed back in a living torrent upon his heart! What a tide of sacred emotions it had called forth!

Silently, and unawares, he gazed at Patience, long, earnestly; and a second time came the impulse strong upon him, to pour out that tide, and pray her not to reject him now. How happy they might live together, forgetting all the sorrows of the past, thanking God for the joys of the present! But he became painfully conscious that the widow drew her head up more stiffly—that

the old defiant pride, which he had learned so well how to interpret, gloomed down upon her features; that a coldness was gradually settling between them into a gulf that he never might cross. He felt the reaction upon his own nerves; his limbs relaxed—his brow bent downwards, thoughtfully, a change passed over his features, like a brief, but strong struggle—and he was calm again.

Little Mary bounded in, shouting something about "beautiful flowers," a fragrant bunch of which she held in her hand. In his heart the old minister thanked God for this timely interruption: with one smothered sigh, he bent low, and kissed her rosy cheek.

A moment ago, he could have fallen upon his knees before the woman he had once so madly loved—now, with his formal voice, and ceremonious manner, he bade her good night, lifted his broad-brimmed hat, and choking down once more and for ever, all his new-born feelings, he passed along the garden-walks, without deviating from the straight middle path, and as slowly as when he had first visited Patience Worthington and her family as their spiritual guide.

In three short hours what an experience had that old man passed through! How new joys, like fresh flowers, had opened to his view, to fade while they blessed him; he had lifted the marble slab from the tomb of the past—but only to find that tomb filled with the ashes of dead hopes.

He never spoke of love in connection with Patience Worthington again!

CHAPTER V.

THE BROTHER'S VISIT.

For ten years, Patience Worthington had held little or no correspondence with the family of her only brother. They were rich, and lived in a style so much beyond her means, even in the first years of her marriage, that she declined all visits, until a coldness had gradually grown between them so frigid that they were as formal as strangers.

And yet in her heart there was love for her brother, though she scarcely knew it. For her sister-in-law, she in reality cared little. She had once been a belle, was always extremely fashionable, and had mortally offended Patience, long ago, by some sarcastic allusion to her circumstances.

How this proud woman had hoped that, in her children, she might yet rival her brother—and they were (all but one) dead.

It was Winter. The hills, roads and fields glistened in white light, fanciful fustoons hung from all the naked branches—from the eaves, over the door-ways, on the black porches—wherever a cottage was in view, the sparkling crystal had taken grotesque shapes: here of a face, there of a limb, so one might trace out any vagary to please the most picturesque imagination.

In a very small, snug room, leading from the kitchen, Patience had laid the brightest carpet the house afforded, (and that is not saying much for distinctness of hue or pattern), she had brought hither and arranged old and shining furniture, and withal made a com-

fortable sitting-room in which, with little Mary, she might pass the cold weather. It was a pleasant place, save that it looked out upon the shattered barn, once fragrant with high-stacked hay and clover, but now forlorn and dilapidated. To tell the truth, much of the interior had been cut away for firewood—for Patience Worthington was very poor this winter.

She had fashioned over some of her old clothes to suit Mary's delicate form. The child grew dearer to the widow day by day. With her sweet words of hope, and large, mournful blue eyes, she was to her now more a joy than a pain; and very seldom the thought of her parentage gave her one pang.

Still, Mary, as she became older, was not a child to be vain of. One would quietly love her without asking why, or what peculiar charm wrought upon the sympathy. She glided unobtrusively into the heart without craving much attention, yet mutely asking for a corner there—and she invariably shared the best.

Patience Worthington was in perplexity; her pig had sickened and died just as he was in good condition to kill; her little hoard of money was fast disappearing, and, at times, with the silver on her table, there was but scant food to place upon it.

If it was not that the kind Susy Mann insisted upon sending a quart of new milk, every day, into her little favorite, the poor child would often have gone hungry to bed.

Thanksgiving day was near, and no prospect of a feast.

It was a sad disappointment to Patience Worthington, for she had ever been accustomed to distinguish that day, in commemoration of the many happy family gatherings that once met beneath the old roof. Pride alone kept her from sinking at the thought of coming destitution. One day she had turned the matter over in her mind many times, and at last placing the frock she was busy upon in little Mary's hands to keep her from following her, she went slowly up stairs into what had been her daughter's chamber; opening the little bureau drawer, took from thence one shining piece of gold of considerable value. With a sort of loathing touch she held it, and gazed thoughtfully upon it; then all the sternness of her haughty character concentrated upon her features.

"No," she exclaimed aloud, "the spirit of my child would haunt me if I used that accursed gold. He gave it her when he left the poor child in her misery, and she would have starved before condescending to purchase one loaf of bread with the money polluted by his touch. 'No! honest means shall buy my little Mary bread—or we will live upon faith and cold water.'"

A heavy rap at the door startled her from her reverie. Well she knew whose it was, for many a mournful ceremony had made her familiar with his loud knock—old John Ingolls, the sexton's. She hurried down. The aged man handed her a letter, saying—

"Something for you, Miss Worthington, I expects—a letter; you see son Bill, he brought it in town somewhere about five, and I jist waited to

milk old Bess afore I fetched it round; guess it's from Bostin."

"It is," answered the widow, looking at the post-mark, and then at him as if she expected him to vanish; but he stood still, rather hesitating, now gazing up to the sky, then at her, then at his feet.

Presently, he said, with many a little cough between—

"Well, you see, Miss Worthington, hem—son Bill he—he paid a little suthin—'twan't but a trifle—but—every leetle sort's helps in a big family like mine are, and—I—hem—raly wouldn't valley it, but—you see son Bill he paid the matter of a shillin' or so—cause you see it's staid a smart lot at the office, and so on."

Poor Patience! the blood rushed over her face, and tingled in her ear-tips. A shilling! she had not a cent, and should *she* avow her penury to this poor sexton? Her self-possession almost forsook her. It was a galling thing to her pride—to know herself thus poverty-stricken. Fortunately, she recollected herself, and catching her breath, said—

"I happen to have nothing smaller than a gold bit, Ingolls; but I will not forget you. I will send the change round, and, perhaps, a trifle more, to-morrow or next day."

She would not have told the story of that gold bit for worlds—how a cruel deceiver had thrust it upon a broken-spirited creature, and bade her seek the home she had deserted for him.

The grey-headed sexton nodded his acquiescence, but muttered, as he left the door—

"I don't know as nothin' would take that high way out of her. If she was a beggar, she'd stand up to the rack jest so, and her father afore her. The old man used to be so powerful proud that folks said if death didn't make an apology for takin' him off, he'd knock him down. I raly believe the old king did wait for him some time, and so on. Snug enough, now, though, old Squire Worthington—right in the next lot to old Joe Simpkin, too—wonder if the old men 'ill speak together resurrection morning?"

Patience hurried to her little room. Mary, roguishly laughing, was spoiling her work, clipping with the scissors and snarling the thread, but her grand-mother was too much engaged with her thoughts to notice the mischief she was about. The sun shone yellowly in and laid all over the little room—the west was deeply crimsoned. Coming from out the still cold of the air, the present atmosphere seemed most grateful to her chilled frame. Patience Worthington grew lighter hearted as she threw wood on the genial blaze, and sat down, while the coals glowed with a redder lustre, to unfold her letter.

The signature was—as she surmised—her brother's; but she had not read many lines before a deathly paleness overspread her cheeks. Covering her face with her hand, she leaned back in her chair, quite overcome.

For the letter stated, in these words, that—

"Beatrice, her daughter, having deceased, had left her little child, then seven years of age, in their charge, and they had adopted it.

"That Mrs. Worthington, her sister-in-law, being in failing health, contemplated a voyage to

Europe, and desired to have as little care upon her mind as possible; therefore, she knew no one with whom she could entrust the child with a better conscience. She desired to know if her grand-mother would undertake the care of young Beatrice during their absence, however long it might be, stipulating that she should have, monthly, a handsome sum to defray expenses, and as the masters, who would come out regularly, were already compensated beforehand, she would have nothing to do in the matter of her education."

It was a strange kind of letter—neither cold nor warm; but its contents rankled in that sensitive heart—weighed upon—almost crushed the spirit within her. She had hoped, had prayed in self-lauded humiliation, that Beatrice might yet bless her with her presence, although she had said to her, "Choose your path—go from me—let us never conflict again;" and this news of her death was a terrible blow.

So pale, so motionless did she sit, with crossed hands, from one of which the letter hung mournfully, like the faded banners of her hopes in her desolate heart, that Mary, who had been on the point of springing towards her, and sitting on her knee, as was her wont, looked at her grand-mother wonderingly, and, with finger on her lip, moved shyly all round the room, standing at last before her, mute and tearful, till terror made the tears come, and she sobbed aloud.

To this outburst of grief, Patience Worthington answered nothing—for nothing moved her any more, it seemed. She only arose, muttering that strange defiant expression, "Broken, but not bent," with accents that seemed to proceed from no human source, and, taking the child by its little hand, she led it, shrinking and trembling, up the narrow stairs, robed it in its little white night-dress, made her repeat, between her sobs, "Our Father;" then, without a kiss, or one expression of endearment, she left the motherless child to grieve herself to sleep in the chamber where so often it had seemed "all dark to her."

So she went slowly to the room below stairs, and sat down again mechanically. Her features assumed the rigidity of an iron profile.

Fold by fold the magnificent curtain of evening shook out, with its stars, from the drapery of the gloomy west. The blue of the hills melted into violet and purple, till, in the grey mist floating between them and the sky, their soft outlines were lost. But as evening wore on, grandly they loomed up again, a silvery light flickering along their edges.

The moon shimmered between rifts of broken clouds, and sent sometimes a thin, faint ray into the lonely sitting-room. It mocked over the stern face of the sorrowful woman, and struck out her motionless form like a statue of bronze that might make one shudder to look at.

Still and melancholy she sat with her thoughts. She lighted no lamp. She heeded not how, one by one, the embers died out, and the ashes fell dead—white, like a shroud covering their fading crimson from her sight.

The chill air gathered the cold from the valley without; insidiously it crept in at every corner. She felt not the cold then, nor till she was so

numb that her feet almost refused to bear her weight.

The bell tolled one from the church tower. She heard it and saw three young brides moving up the sombre aisles, shining in youth, beauty and their rich bridal dresses. She heard it: and again saw the trappings of funerals that ended in the old burial ground.

As always in her terrible vigils of thought, her children had been about her; as always, Remorse, with his spear to thrust in her side, and his gall to press upon her lips, had stood close by her, defiant in mien as the angel of death—and like him as remorseless.

What wonders she tottered to her bed, and then dared not whisper her formal prayers. Was it not through her own sin that she was childless?

A glorious morning succeeded. Patience was awake at dawn; restless and unhappy, she did not rise till long after her usual hour. There was but one thing that seemed like the faintest approach to a solace—that was the thought of soon beholding the little Beatrice. The warm mother's heart had decided the question of the child's adoption, immediately. As she dwelt upon the thought, the little oasis brightened; gladness, beauty and freshness lingered in sunny spots upon it. The timely compensation would enable her to pass the winter in comfort, when she had been dreading the stern battle with want.

A few lines were hastily written. The proud woman traced them with trembling fingers. Strangely enough, she could not even bring herself to say "dear brother," or "dear sister," or give any other expression of tenderness she was past feeling. Indeed, the spirit of her note breathed the genuine haughtiness of her character; had she been conferring a princely favor, she could scarcely have couched it in colder or more studied terms.

In a week her brother came. He was a worn-out looking man, with little of his sister's selfness of manner. He had gathered wealth, but it was at the expense of a fine constitution. He drove up in a splendid establishment, drawn by four spirited grey horses. Patience met him on the threshold; he kissed her forehead, took her proffered hand and entered the parlor formally, without noticing Mary, who sedulously kept behind the skirts of her grandmother's gown, and then sitting in a dark corner, gazed at the dark looking man with an unequivocal expression of fear.

After a little conversation, during which he expressed some emotion, he described the manner of Beatrice's death. She had blessed her mother with her dying lips, but for some reason of her own, did not wish her to know of her decease at that time. Her husband had then been dead a year, and thus at this last stroke the little Beatrice was an orphan. Struck with her beauty, and having no children of their own, they had adopted her; "But," he continued, pressing his pallid forehead with his fingers, "my health is miserable, my wife is sick nearly all her time, and has consequently little chance to attend to Beatrice. The child has been left with nurses and teachers, and nearly spoiled; should we carry her to Europe, the event of our sickness or death,

would throw her upon strangers; so after due deliberation, we have thought our easiest plan would be, to give her into your keeping; besides she needs a companion, and I hear—is it true—that Mary left a little girl. I would have attended the funeral, but unfortunately I was confined to the house by illness."

"Come here, Mary," said Patience, in a subdued tone.

Her brother started, as the timid little thing, whose thoughts had been wandering back, came slowly towards him. He was pleased with her gentle face, and drew her nearer.

"My dear," he murmured, laying his hand upon her golden curls, "how would you like a little cousin to live with you?"

But Mary had no thought, no care for the future; during his brief statement, the memory of the past had been busy with her little heart; she stood for a moment with the tears gathering in her eyes, and then sobbed forth that old, sad plaint:

"My mother's dead."

"Poor child, poor child," exclaimed the merchant, hastily bending down and kissing her white brow—"something—a—not exactly right; isn't it so, sister?—false marriage, or something of that sort, wasn't it?" he asked in ejaculatory sentences, looking toward Patience. "Well my little one," turning to Mary, "cheer up, we'll have a bright merry cousin here for you to play with next week, there—there; and here is something for you;" he placed a shining gold coin in her slender hand, the glittering beauty of which soon claimed all her attention.

"I should like to go over the old house," he said, rising and nodding to Patience. "I believe it is nearly twelve years since I was here. I have been rather recreant to the memory of my childhood," and he laughed a little dry laugh. Patience opened a corner cupboard, took from thence a bunch of keys, and proceeded with her brother up the wide staircase. Room after room they traversed, some of them nearly empty and dark, with carpeted floors and mouldy furniture.

"Here was our nursery, Patience," said her brother, as they entered the large darkened apartment facing the south; "there hangs the old grey horse and the hunter yet. That was my beau ideal of a picture once—and the green frock has not lost a tint of its bright coloring."

"Unlike our hearts," murmured Patience, smiling grimly, "it has retained its freshness. See; here is the corner where the plastering fell upon your head, and you were so nearly killed. We hung over you for weeks, never expecting to hear you speak again. You can trace where the ceiling was mended."

While she was saying this, Patience had moved towards a high antique secretary, and slowly unlocked the heavy doors. Her brother hurried to her side and looked in without speaking, as she pointed silently to shelf after shelf.

Here stood a little box of curious shells that they had collected forty-five years ago on the seashore. The same mosses, stained and crisp, curled against the delicate hue of blue and crimson. Fragments of whips and toys were laid carefully around, with bats battered, and tops

pointless. In another place a little family of faded dolls, in ancient costume, leaned their unpainted cheeks against each other; and chairs without backs, bureaux without drawers, tables with half a complement of legs, and hundreds of little useless things, that to them were once more than the treasures of Ophir, were orderly arranged.

There is something sacred in the treasuring up of infant toys. The rattle that dumpling fingers have closed over; the ring elastic that ruby lips have often pressed, the little wheel toy that was carried so triumphantly about the garden walks, the miniature box in which have laid rubies and emeralds that after all were only old bits of broken china—all these will start the fond tear at the recollection of so much innocence, contentment and beauty—when the plastic mind of the little child was a kingdom serenely guarded by happiness—and if that child has long slept in dust—some holy presence seems to linger about his little toys.

The worn-out merchant stood by Patience, and looked long, earnestly, somewhat regretfully.

Like two statues they appeared, aptly resembling Time and his sister Change, musing over their spoils.

Was there once a period when those two way-worn, grief-worn, world-stricken beings were content to fill their little hands with innocent things like these, weave flowers in garlands and bind them about brows now all covered with the hues of weary care and earthly passion? That cap and feather yonder, hanging with a wooden sword appended, and turning to a reddish brown, did it rest once upon the head that had often since longed to be laid in the quiet grave-yard? Did the straw-hat, so carefully preserved—its white ribbons once blue and shining—sit jauntily on rich, dark ringlets, and bend over eyes brighter than the diamond, over cheeks whose flush more than rivalled the rose?

And where now was the brightness, where the pink lustre, where the wavy ringlets?

"Don't you remember," exclaimed Patience, "when we were children, I once said that I meant to keep our playthings till we were old men and women?"

These words recalled her brother to himself; a moment before he had been shouting from the window to a school companion—bounding after his little sister through the large room, a handkerchief tied tightly over his eyes, while he personated the blind man—and sitting in the sunniest corner, eagerly turning the leaves of his picture-book.

He drew himself up as these sunny scenes faded; he was a man. He had lost his innocence—his upright form, his ruddy cheeks, his bounding health; he had gained a large but painful experience—a heap of long-coveted gold—was it worth the fighting of so hard a battle after all, to find himself only a sick man?

"Let us go to father's chamber," he said, in a low voice, and as Patience shut the treasury with a half-drawn sigh, he stole behind her, whipped a snowy handkerchief from his pocket, and with a hurried, almost frightened movement, pressed it twice to his eyes, and quick as a thought, thrust it back into his pocket. His sister should

not see how deeply he felt, since she was apparently unmoved.

"Father's chamber looks as it did the day he was carried from it," said Patience, moving slowly round in the gloom: "I have neglected it lately—it is full of dust," she continued, slightly shaking the old, grey-white curtains that fell from the posts of the high bedstead.

A smothering cloud rolled slowly upwards and faded into the general mistiness of the room.

"Dust to dust," exclaimed her brother in a tone of deep emotion.

"Dust to dust," echoed Patience, as her eyes sought with his the almost living portrait of her father.

"It seems as if I could see him lying here," murmured Patience; "he has been dead sixteen years."

"Do you remember mother?" her brother asked, abruptly.

"Only a little; she was pale and beautiful, and never to my recollection, smiled; you were a year old when she died."

"And now I am almost sixty," he uttered, slowly.

They passed out, each heart heavier with thought; the door was locked, and they walked without speaking into the room below, where Mary was still playing with her gold cent, as she called it.

Before the door the grey steeds stood, pawing the earth and snapping at the slender post to which they were tied. A smart-looking young man walked round the carriage and back with folded arms, seeming eager by his many glances at the house, to be gone.

Patience had always been accustomed to the good old fashion (now alas! obsolete,) of passing round refreshments on a little hand-tray, and she felt mortified that she had nothing in the house—that is, no delicacy; but her brother would not listen to an apology.

"I think," said he, standing hat in hand, ready to go, "as Beatrice has been accustomed to luxuries, we must bring over her nursery furniture, her toys and a few other things; the room that used to be ours will be just the thing, fitted up, for her. To-morrow, I will send them with one of my men and her nurse (who I will discharge this week) to assist you in setting it up. Mary is not self-willed, I see," he added with a smile, as the little girl meekly obeyed her grand-mother in some trifling request: "I wish I could say the same of our child. Beatrice is at times a very tiger; she has all her mother's beauty and her father's Italian temper, and I fear you will have some trouble with her management; but in the main she has a good heart."

Patience stood with little Mary in the old porch, looking after the superb equipage. It gratified her to see her brother leave her in such style, and almost compensated for the lack of real sisterly love that should have warmed her bosom. And as she passed into the house, not exactly satisfied, yet still in a pleased flutter of expectation, little Mary sang out, "I'm to have a new cousin, and her mother is dead, too." Need I say how this jarred upon the chords of feeling.

CHAPTER VI.

LITTLE BEATRICE.

Preparations were busily going forward for the reception of the stranger-child. The nurse sent by the merchant from the city lightened the labor of cleansing and removing, with her garrulous tongue. She never wearied talking of her charge and her high spirits, gladdening the heart of haughty Patience Worthington, by her assurance that she had as much pride as if she was a born princess, and everybody must stand aside when Miss Beatrice was in the way.

By the time the great room was emptied of its lumbering furniture, there came paper hangers, with bright and beautiful rolls of landscapes and flowers; with these they made the nursery look like a fairy hall, to the delighted eyes of the child Mary. She never wearied of walking back and forth, calling the little lambs by names of her own invention, and the uncouth shepherdesses with their unwieldy crooks, "sweet ladies."

How she screamed and laughed and danced about when the great load of furniture came! There was a dainty little rocking-chair, all covered with crimson flowers, and a little sofa that sank down when she sat down upon it, and a beautiful gilded table, that had marble on the top; and such another carpet, with its silken, velvet softness, she had never seen before—poor little Mary.

"It was thoughtful in him," murmured Patience, with new emotion, when the servant unrolled another heavy carpet, and brought into the parlor, a large, elegant, easy-chair. With these came a richly inlaid cabinet table that had once belonged to her mother, and had on its centre the initials of her family and her father's, aptly interwrought. "The second carpet," said a note, "was for Patience's parlor, and in a few days, little Beatrice herself would be sent out."

No words can describe Mary's astonishment as she saw the multitude of toys unwrapped, and placed in their different compartments. Such mammoth dolls, dressed in glistening silks and satins! and that moved their eyes! Such fine, real furniture, and a little house to put it in—such quantities of picture books, and tumbling Jacks and squeaking monkeys, and barking dogs; such curious games of black and white ivory, and gilt boxes, with glasses in them! It would take a great deal of time to name over the bewilderingly pretty things.

Mary did not touch them; they were entirely too nice, she thought too beautiful for any except the little mistress who must indeed be, as her grandmother had repeatedly said, a real little lady, if she had all her life been accustomed to such things. They dazzled her eyes and bewildered her; she could not understand why *she* had always played with corn-cob babies and bits of broken china, while here were dolls of all sizes and conditions for this little lady-child, and many different sets of cups and saucers, and everything one needs to furnish a miniature household with.

"O! grandmother," she would say, "what a very, very good little girl she must be to have such nice things—what a very, very nice thing to be such a little lady-girl."

She had learned already to look upon her cousin as something very wonderful.

At last everything was fitly arranged and in order.

Patience Worthington stood with head erect, pride shining in her eyes as she surveyed the really gorgeous nursery; and equally was she pleased with the appearance of her fine parlor, with its handsome carpet.

Every part of the old house bore the appearance of improvement. The blinds, along the entire front, unoccupied rooms and all, were thrown widely back, and the fresh muslin curtains looped with tassels that had long been swinging in inglorious darkness. The furniture had been replaced in the parlor and lower rooms, and distributed more evenly about the chambers. The wide, grand old kitchen rejoiced in stainless walls, and a thick coat of varnish along its yellow floor that glistened in the fire-light as if its surface had been gold.

It was noon of the first day of January. Patience had laid the table for supper, immediately after their early dinner, to save time. Again and again had the last touch been given to the neat sitting-room. A bright fire leaped crackling up the wide chimney, and the sun welcomed the new year with its broadest smiles. Patience and little Mary were every moment expecting Miss Beatrice, who was to come in charge of the nurse; and little Mary was arrayed in her best.

With her smiling, hopeful face, she appeared like a young cherub; her round, large eyes looking as if she was in an ever innocent surprise, as they were turned from the garden to the road.

At last, "here she comes!" cried little Mary, and both sprang impatient to the door. Patience delighting in the wonder of the neighbors, who, standing in groups, could not at all comprehend what was going on.

Swiftly the vehicle swung about—a pair of flashing eyes scanned the premises with childish curiosity; in another moment, little Miss Beatrice was placed upon the steps, and held warmly against Patience Worthington's bosom.

The child sprang impetuously away, and without deigning to answer her grand-mother's queries, ran into the house, through the rooms up stairs and down again before she could scarcely take breath.

Then she entered the parlor, stood in the centre of the room eyeing little Mary with an inquisitive stare that brought tears to the lashes of the sensitive creature.

"Are you my little cousin?" she ventured, throwing off her bonnet, and tossing it with a gesture of haughty carelessness towards the nurse, "because, if you are, I'm come to stay with you till next summer."

"Won't you come here, and speak with me?" asked Patience, her pride all a-glow at the superior air of the little creature.

"No, I don't think I will," replied Beatrice, turning her bold, but imperiously beautiful face towards Patience Worthington; "yes, I will, too; for you are my mother's mamma, aren't you?" she asked, moving slowly towards her.

Patience pressed back the curling brown hair

from the temples, and looked long and tearfully in the child's flashing eyes. Her mother's eyes, they were, only not so mild and tender.

The lips, too, with that fine outline that marked the Worthington family; the crimson so delicately cutting the pure white skin beneath, and rounding up into a plump rosiness; the thin, uneven eye-brows, the oval of the colorless cheek—all were so like her mother! She could not speak for the emotions of tenderness and sorrow that welled up more freshly than ever from that stricken heart.

"Say! are you my mother's mamma? say!" repeated the child, with arrogant impatience; "and that's my little cousin—I like her; what pretty white hair she's got! won't she let me kiss her?"

"Mary, come and kiss Beatrice," said Patience, her soul full of Beatrice. Timidly the little girl came forward; the embarrassment of her manner detracted somewhat from her gracefulness; her cheek almost bursting with the crimson tide that rushed over her face, gave unnatural lustre to her tearful eyes. Beatrice threw her dimpled arms over her neck, and kissed her, saying, "Oh! I mean to love you dearly."

The singular and capricious nature of this child, neglected as she had been, might be known from the fact that she had given all her rich playthings, without reserve, to little Mary before night, and taken them all back the next day before noon.

But she was soon, though impulsive, really attracted towards her gentle, loving cousin—attachments between opposites are not unfrequent—and although it took long for the delicate vine to wind its tendrils around the passion-flower, yet Mary became in time very fond of her singular cousin.

Beatrice was in person and age seven, in mind perhaps a dozen years. Her mother had been her only companion until she regained her fifth season, and conversing with her much, being teacher, companion, and parent in one, had matured the strange child, till the growth of her mind threatened to destroy the confiding artlessness of infancy. When she died, the child's grief took the form of intense and violent despair; she would neither eat, drink, nor sleep, and insisted, with loud cries, that her beautiful mother should be brought to life; dashed her head against the coffin, and had, finally, to be taken away, and watched over by competent persons, until the poor woman had been laid in the vault beside a husband she had loved till death.

From the humble abode of poverty, she was taken where opulence and splendor flourished in their full magnificence. Under charge of a weak and sickly woman, who cared for her no further than to decorate her wonderful beauty, and exhibit her to admiring crowds when they assembled in her drawing-rooms, on the occasion of many a brilliant gathering—with servants to fly at her bidding, and who were soundly rated in her presence if they failed to anticipate her wants, it is scarcely a wonder that she grew up into the self-willed, though not vain creature that she was; for there was something too inately

noble in her nature to foster self-pride, or crave a mean admiration.

CHAPTER VII.

OLD SILE WITHERS.

Home sickness had come and passed, and Beatrice was getting accustomed to her humbler surroundings. Her grand-mother worshipped her; in her pride the child was like herself.

Beatrice and Mary were also on the best of terms, always together, day and night. Patience Worthington pursued the same plan of isolation that she had adopted for her own children. Mary went to the humble school in the town, and though Beatrice had masters, she would go with Mary, yet never would Patience allow them any associates beyond themselves.

In this she was inflexible—it was a mania with her—and even Beatrice, self-willed and overbearing as she was, was obliged to conform to the almost sacred rule. Two or three times she had dragged in other children, and wept, stormed and threatened, till little Mary shrank away in fright and tears, because Patience would not allow them to remain; and at last she submitted with as good a grace as she was able, though she made no scruples of saying—"When my grand-mother is dead, I will have as much company as I please; and village children, too—that I will."

Her grand-mother loved Beatrice best; and Mary, with her delicate nature, could not but perceive it, yet it made but little difference in her gentle heart. She grieved sometimes, sometimes went away to one of the old chambers, and sitting by herself, would weep and mourn with that childish exclamation that seemed to ease her heart—"Oh! my mother's dead; if I only had a mother."

But she was consoled with the love of her cousin, though it sometimes seemed a strange enough love, for she had often to endure passionate reproaches and taunts, that were hardly made up for by the half-frantic hug that followed closely after anger, and the protestation that she didn't mean to, she loved her sweet nice little cousin a thousand times better than that ugly grand-mother; and then Mary would beg her not to call her an ugly grand-mother, for she had always been very kind to her.

"I can dance," exclaimed Beatrice one day; "what can you do?"

Mary was thoughtful and sad for a moment, then she looked up, saying with a bright smile, "I can sew."

"Pooh! we kept a maid to sew at my foster-mother's—sewing is servant's work," replied Beatrice with the utmost contempt; "are you going to be a servant?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," said the poor child.

"I can draw," reiterated Beatrice, wheeling round the room on her toes—"come—say, can't you draw?"

Mary shook her head, following the pretty motions of the little girl with wondering eyes.

"I can paint—I can embroider on silk, I can make flowers and men's faces, and women's faces: I can talk French, *parlez vous*; I can spell in four syllables—can't you?" she continued, still whirling round, her beautiful face and bright eyes

flashing and disappearing as they glanced at Mary over her shoulder with each turn; "say, Miss Duncie; Miss Stupid, can't you?"

Mary still shook her head, but the thoughtless appellatives had stung her to the heart; she turned hastily away, retreated to a corner, and burst into tears.

"There! you coward, you cry-baby, you," exclaimed Beatrice, though she was almost ready to cry herself; "there, you silly cousin, you darling darling Mary—I didn't mean to make you cry, I can't dance much, and I can't embroider on silk, only the first stitch, I can't draw very well—yes, I can draw better than I can do other things, but I can only say *parley vouz*, that's all I know of French—now don't cry, for I love you so dearly, and I mean to teach you all I know. There!" she continued, delightedly, as Mary ceased sobbing; "if you want to, I'll learn you to draw, and my foster-papa said if I could make one real picture before he comes home, he'd give me a whole hundred dollars in gold—only think; and you shall have half."

Mary eagerly accepted the proposition, and in a few moments the children were engrossed with pencils and paper.

When Spring had returned they had become more than ever attached to each other; together they hunted for the early flowers, and hand in hand they took their walks. Beatrice had grown more gentle, but Mary had retained the same loving, womanly spirit that had always been inseparable from her character.

Half a mile from Worthington House, upon a road that branched away in a triangular direction, stood an old red frame house, that had occupied its elevated position upon a gentle rising, before the recollection of that ancient of wonders, the oldest inhabitant. On every side the window panes were few and broken, and the sun, when it laid in the black hollows, looked a languishing red, and made the interior frightfully gloomy. The villagers called it Crab Cottage.

It was completely surrounded by fields in the highest state of cultivation. The rich golden grain, the rye and the barley glistened all day in the Summer's light, or bent its shining beauty to the soft whisper of the winds. In the rear, blossomed hundreds of fruit trees, the peach, pear, apple, plum, cherry, and all varieties of each.

To the proprietor of the old tumble-down house belonged all these fields and orchards. Some said he was a miser; be that as it may, he was a singular man, who hated everything that was polished, and bestowed liberal curses on all the professions. He was ungracious to his neighbors; uncouth in his appearance, therefore without friends.

The same month in which Beatrice was consigned to her grand-mother's care, old Sile Withers—or Sile Crab, as he was generally called by the villagers—saddled up his best cart-horse one frosty morning, and with a rusty cloak hanging from his broad shoulders, jumped astride and jogged as fast as the nag could trot, into the city.

Riding along through narrow streets and dismal lanes, he stopped at last before a low, dirty house, pushing through a crowd of men and boys to reach the door. Three or four officials were

just coming out, talking loudly, but with serious faces.

Without heeding the exclamation from a ragged boy, "Mister, there's a man killed hisself in there," he gave his horse in charge of an imish-looking youngster, and hurried through the long, narrow, suffocating entry.

Women with tangled hair and frightened eyes, lined all the way; there seemed to be a still horror brooding over the place.

The farmer stopped before the last entrance; he did not knock, but after hesitating a moment, opened the door and walked within a large darkened room, in which was but little and wretched furniture.

Upon a narrow table directly opposite the door, rested a common looking coffin, projecting some feet each end beyond its support. The lid was sealed; the ghastly face of the deceased was no sight for a human being; the suicide had left awful marks of his crime upon his throat and his mutilated features.

In one corner, upon a miserable cot, a human being laid, whether man or woman could not at first sight be told; but on nearing her a few long black tresses winding over the pillow, gave evidence of her sex.

When the farmer went in and walked uncomfortably to her bedside, she gazed at him from under the wide bandage across her forehead, and groaned bitterly.

"Well," he muttered, in a harsh, bitter voice, "I hope now you're satisfied. What did I tell ye? didn't I say he'd kill ye both some day?"

A haggard face, with bright eyes, looked up from the opposite side of the bed, and a voice hoarse with weeping exclaimed full of anguish—"Oh! mother, mother, mother."

"Silas," said the sick woman softly, while she appeared to be gathering her failing energies—for she evidently had not many hours to live—"don't be too hard on me now. Perhaps, God forgive us all, if you'd a done that little favor for him then, in his utmost need, he wouldn't a killed hisself—nor me neither. But his soul is with the great Judge—may He be merciful. O! Silas, fifteen years we havn't spoken together; come with blessings, not with curses; don't be hard on me now, I ain't many hours more to stay—I feel it."

"Mother, what makes you say that?" sobbed the boy again.

"Poor orphan," murmured the ghastly creature, tears running from her eyes; "thank God that six are in Heaven."

The shaggy frame of the farmer trembled from head to foot; he seemed as yet little affected by pity—more by anger.

"Didn't I tell ye so—ha, don't ye remember?" he muttered. "I said God would forsake ye if ye married that wretch—and hasn't he, eh?"

"No, Silas," she returned, very solemnly, "He has been all my help; He pardons me, blessed be His name, He is going to take me home—blessed be His name," she again added, tremulously.

Awed by her manner, the farmer was for some time silent. Still his shaggy brows were bent when those pale lips moved and the feeble voice came forth.

"Silas, dear Silas, we were young and happy once."

"Yes, and blame it! you've thrown away youth, beauty, everything that's worth having."

"No, Silas, I have not thrown my soul away—that is worth everything; it will be up there soon, I trust."

Again the man was silenced. He glanced round the room. Dark, repulsive, forsaken it seemed—and that long stained coffin, and the dreadful sight within, from seeing which his stout nerves revolted.

"Silas, you loved me once—don't, don't speak, don't say anything hard now. I *know* you loved me once, dear brother. We played about the same dear form, we slept upon the same bosom. The same eyes looked down into ours once, Silas, the same sweet lips kissed us both—the same hands caressed us. O! we were the children of one mother; she prayed with us—she said to us both, how often! 'little children, love one another.'"

The farmer gave a heavy gasp.

"She said we must be everything to each other; I will not reproach you now"—her voice failed, "but don't you remember how she folded us in her arms before she died, and told us to—to—" overcome with emotion, she could not proceed. A stifled sob choked up her voice.

The lips of the farmer trembled; his heavy chin quivered; his hand shook, as he thrust his fingers through his wiry locks. "Don't, Susy—don't: blame it! You've said enough; I feel like as if I could lay right down and die for you, poor creature; don't make me feel any worse, for mercy's sake, or—or I don't know what 'll be the consequences;" and he started to his feet, the sweat standing thickly on his brow.

"Then, Silas, will you, *will* you forgive me?"

"Yes, yes, poor creature; but a curse on the soul of that—"

"Don't—don't say it—don't!" almost shrieked the woman, half raising herself, and looking fixedly at him with her frightfully blood-shot eyes.

He was silent again, but his head dropped upon his breast.

"Forgive all men—forgive everybody now," she murmured, in changed tones, falling exhausted on the pillow. "forgive—*all*—your—enemies, now, as I do this moment. O! brother, there'll come a time; you'll know, some day, what it is to lie on a bed like this; then, if your heart is crusted with sin, and revenge has lived there where all ought to be peace, you won't think of death as I do now—blessed be God! O! Silas, where are you?—my sight is gone. Stay, brother, stay with me; give me your hand. Oh! sweet, sweet to be forgiven. Good bye, brother—my precious boy, my precious boy—good bye for a little while. I'm going—oh! how tired! I'm going," she gasped; "dear brother—Silas—be—be kind—to—my poor—boy."

For an hour the bronzed farmer sat by that terrible couch, watching the last agonies of a sister, whose unwise choice had darkened his whole life—had made him a morose, fault-finding, unhappy man.

It was all over—that peace had fallen upon

the weary soul that only death can give. A cold, stark form, inanimate, disfigured, all that remained of a once beautiful being, laid before the awe-stricken man. Another form had fallen beside it—that of the poor orphan. He had witnessed all that harrowing scene. It was a wonder it did not drive him mad. He laid as motionless as the corpse until his uncle exclaimed—

"Here! boy, boy!"

The child lifted his head, and seemed not to see anything.

"What is your name?" asked the farmer.

"Ernestine," was his hollow answer.

"What, for him?" he asked, vehemently, pointing towards the coffin.

"After—my—father," muttered the boy, shudderingly.

"Well, youngster—look here; you're to go with me now, and remember—I call you Sile. Blame me if it shall be after the villain, yonder," he said, savagely, glancing at the coffin. "So, Sile, get your hat and fixins ready, and I'll call for ye, after I've seen what arrangements has been made about this business."

"Pretty, murdered creature," he muttered, half turning to the bed; "pretty creature," he said again, going towards her and shudderingly touching her cold forehead, "seems as if I could see her now—fresh as a rose-bud—all spirits—and a death like that! oh! blame it, blame it!"

He clenched his brawny fist. Something like a spasm crossed his rough features. He caught up his hat, and hurried out, leaving the poor boy alone with his dead parents.

In an hour he returned. An hour of agony it had been to the boy, such as threatened to remain a dark blot upon all his after life. He had cowered there in the gloom—had seen frightful faces—had heard fearful noises, all born of his imagination, but still none the less horrible.

Poor, helpless, friendless orphan! a cold world for him, and no mother to smile between the years of toil; no dear parent to come home to, and feel that he was working for—aye, that he was willing to work the fingers to the bone for.

The dead were decently buried. Sick at heart, longing, in the hours that should have been so sunny, to lie down beneath the mould beside his mother, the boy mounted behind his uncle, and with part of his cloak wrapped around his thin form, rode to a home scarcely less cheerless than the one he had left.

In the brightness of the summer noonday, the ruined house was an object as picturesque as it was lonely, with the snow dripping while it melted from the broken eaves; but even poor Ernest, in the midst of his grief, wondered if there could be an entire room in the tenement.

Dismounting, together, they entered the shattered door, which the farmer bolted behind them; and from room to room they came at last to a rude, wide kitchen, somewhat comfortable, with tight windows and an immense fire-place, in which the farmer soon built a crackling fire.

"Here Sile Withers lives, eats, drinks and sleeps," said the latter, bluntly; "and here you will live, eat and sleep, if you work hard enough. You'll find no time hanging on your shoulders—there's a plenty to do here; to-morrow, I'll set

you about something. Working hands, lad, are the best balm for sorry hearts, I've heern say. I'm tired, blast it; I haven't passed a harder day since I was a shaver. Sit down and toast your toes. Oh! blame it! that pretty creetur dead, buried—oh! *blame it.*"

CHAPTER VIII.

THE RAGGED GENIUS.

Many times through the winter the cousins met young Ernest. They often spoke of and pitied that handsome boy, who went over the fields with such great shoes and ragged clothes. They commented upon his piercing yet mournful eyes and his general appearance, wondering between themselves who he could be, and from pitying him they came to take a great interest in his fortunes.

Beatrice, under the constant example of her milder cousin, angelic little Mary, ceased to jeer and laugh at him; and, by the time Spring clothed the earth in new beauty, they had spoken with him, and asked him all sorts of questions about his uncouth home.

Abashed at first, he soon acquired confidence, and though he hardly dared lift his glance to the transcendently beautiful Beatrice, his eyes would linger upon the more pensive and yet scarcely less lovely face of Mary, with a satisfied pleasure. Still, the more he saw them the more he felt his own inferiority. Often would he follow them with his eyes to the school-house, till the tears would rain down his cheeks at the thought of his ignorance, and he would wish he dared to tell his uncle how much he longed to go to school.

As summer advanced, and the sultry days of August came on, these favored children grew more and more intimate with the bright-looking boy. They had learned that his real name was Ernestine, and preferred it much before the other.

"I'm sure, with such a name and better clothes," exclaimed Beatrice, thoughtlessly, "you would be as smart-looking as any one."

The boy's cheek crimsoned, he held down his head, and escaped from them as soon as he could. Little Mary, with her heart-instinct, pitied him, but Beatrice was not so quick. After that, whenever they came to talk with him, leaning over the style, or ran across the new-mown meadow to meet him, he would not appear as he had hitherto—he shrank from their pity. He, too, was proud, poor boy, though he knew it not.

One sultry day, Beatrice had not been well. Her grand-mother insisted that Mary should take her usual walk, because she had read all day to her cousin; so, after an affectionate kiss, she threw on a light sun-bonnet, under which her yellow curls escaped on her fair shoulders, and wandered away in the direction of Crab Cottage. She was nearly there, when she was arrested by the sound of strong sobs. After standing and listening for a while, she moved cautiously around a little knoll, and there, beneath a clump of trees, in a place that was called Wild-Woman's Hollow, laid poor Ernest, weeping as if his very heart would break.

The sympathetic child stood mute with grief and surprise, wondering what great misfortune

had overtaken her favorite. At last, she said, softly—

"Sile—Ernest—what is the matter?"

The boy started up as if stung, and glancing just once towards his gentle questioner, hid his face in his hands.

A less gentle-hearted child, with equal perception of the ludicrous, would have laughed loud and heartily at this uncouth appearance. His long, lean arms extended much beyond his sleeves; a short, ragged, dirt-stained jacket, gathered into a strap, graced his slight form. His red feet and bony ankles protruded awkwardly out from under his tattered trowsers, and his frame shook with the sorrow that filled his soul, whatever it was.

"Won't you tell me—Mary—what the matter is?" asked the soft, childish voice again, with that plaintiveness of tone it had never lost.

He shook his head. "I can't, I can't," he murmured.

"Is there trouble up to Crab Cottage?"

"No more than always," he answered.

"Then tell me, what does ail you? Maybe, I can do something for you."

Once or twice he essayed to speak. At last, he dashed the tears away, saying—

"You'll laugh at me."

"O! no; indeed, indeed, I won't."

"Well, I don't know as I know *what* makes me cry—everything does lately. I want to say something. It makes me cry to see one of these little flowers," and he pointed to a sweet, modest daisy, "and a great, high, waving tree—oh! it makes me feel so with its grandness. And when the birds fly about, and the butterflies, with their spotted wings, all splendid, all red and yellow and brown, I want to *make* something of it. I want to tell what it is they sing."

"Is that it?" asked little Mary, wonderingly.

"Yes; and when I look at the green grass, that mother used sometimes tell me about, when we lived down in that—a—before—" he stopped, blushing painfully, and turning his eyes from little Mary.

"Well, tell about it," said the soft voice.

"The grass all spread out so many miles, and them hills over there, and that river that peeps out like a blue eye. I feel something in my heart: oh! I *can't* tell what it is, but it seems as if I must say it," he continued, his lip quivering.

"Say what?" asked little Mary, still vaguely listening.

"That's what I don't know. I want to *tell* about it. The feeling goes up, up to my shoulders, and seems like springing out there. It's all warm here, over my heart. It makes me cry when the birds sing. I want to do something about it. I feel as if I had wings and couldn't fly. It makes my head ache so to think, and uncle scolds me because I don't work enough—and I darsn't tell him about it; and it makes my heart ache because I can't say something. What shall I do?"

"Perhaps you would like to read," suggested the child.

"O! if I could!" he exclaimed, springing up; "I'd give—I'd—" he stopped to consider what he could give; and slowly added, "I'd give my

life; and then," he continued, triumphantly, "I could say it then, perhaps."

"I can read pretty well," said little Mary.

"And you a bit of a girl—and I a great boy and don't know nothing about it."

"Perhaps I can teach you," suggested the child, after a moment of reflection.

Ernest's beautiful grey eyes sparkled till their brilliancy was painful. "Will you, will you, you a lady's child, Mary?" he asked, breathlessly.

"I'll see"—the little creature felt her importance; "I'll talk to Beatrice, and—"

"No, no," he exclaimed quickly; "not her, I don't love her *half* so well as I do you; keep it all to yourself, and see what you can do—but, oh dear—I shan't never make nothing;" and the despondency came back again.

"Yes you will, maybe—oh! yes, you will, perhaps—" the child slowly drew a little book from her pocket, a book of fairy tales. "Now, listen a moment," she said, sitting upon a little knoll, "here is something that makes me think of you: it's a little mite of a story, but I know you will like it."

"L's parents were so poor that they could not send him to school. This was to be regretted, for the boy was eager to learn many things that he could acquire only in that way; and there was no one to teach him."

"One day as he was very sad and thoughtful, he felt as if a spirit said to him: Speak to these spangled fields; sing of these leaping rivers, with their flocks of snowy sheep, and the shearers on their banks."

"See the golden showers flashing over the little pebbles in the brook; and the white pearls dancing like fairies with silvery hair, upon the clear, blue river floor. Take wings and fly away up to the brilliant heaven—shake the folds from its great curtain, and find where the stars hide themselves."

Ernest started to his feet, breathlessly exclaiming, "That's it, that's it; find where the stars hide themselves!—where *do* they flash all day? say! what do they hide under?"

"Perhaps a fairy could tell us," said little Mary, looking seriously up into the broad heaven "maybe they have little houses to go into as we do—but sit down and hear me through," she continued, in her gravest manner—"you know you must be silent and good if you are going to be my scholar."

Ernest let himself down like a bird, but the quick heaving of his chest, the heightened color and eager look, all spoke of the new aspirations awakened in his benighted soul.

"Then go to the flowers under the moonlight," continued the little girl, looking intently at her book, "when the fire-flies have lighted their lamps down in the cool, dark grasses—and there, perhaps, you may see the queen of the roses floating around and among them, laying on brow and lip the wonderful tints that make them so beautiful, and filling their little bosoms with sweet scents."

"Yes, oh! that is so nice," murmured Ernest, with mouth and eyes devouring the pictured scene.

"Then," continued the child's soft voice, "this

boy folded his hands, and said—I cannot do those things, I am a poor child, and know nothing; if I was rich, I could do all this, and even more."

"He had not done speaking, when a bower of crystal and sparkling stones shot up from the ground. Green leaves and fresh flowers of every hue were intertwined with the precious gems. And in the centre of the bower stood a fairy with a dazzling glory-light all over her. She glittered so, that the boy could not fix his eyes upon her till she waved a little wand that flashed about his head. Then he saw that she had shining eyes, and locks of soft hair, that fell curling all over her pure robes. Her forehead and neck were like a snow-drift when the sun lights it up. Her cheeks were pink, her lips coral, and she wore a mantle that seemed woven of butterflies' wings."

"And while he was looking at her, she began to sing—"

"O! musn't it have been beautiful?" asked Mary, carried along with her own rapt feelings, till she felt a childish enthusiasm, then looking up, and noticing Ernest's steady glance; "why! you act as if you thought it was true," she exclaimed, with a short, merry laugh.

"Well, isn't it true? isn't it?" he eagerly enquired.

"Why! no;" and her little face grew grave at the poor boy's ignorance; "somebody made it up; there are no such things as fairies now-a-days, you know."

"O!" exclaimed the disappointed boy, his features relaxing, and the musical voice floated on.

"And she sang,—

"I the queen of fairies am,
Crystal bowers,
Changeful flowers,
Dappled skies and emerald seas,
Singing bird and sighing breeze,
Guard I well—with snowy lamb."

"You, immortal spirit, never
Can be great, without endeavor,
Earnest, soaring, strong and true,
Constant as yon arch of blue.
Mite by mite the silver flakes;
Fleck of gold—a century makes;
Fears ingather grain by grain,
Hills, where summer's nymphs have lain."

"Toil by hour, toil by minute;
Grasp at fame, you cannot win it;
Woo her slowly, yet be bold,
Glorious treasures she'll unfold.
In endurance sleepeth bliss—
Ready gifts are tardy curses."

"O! if you knew how that made my heart swell," exclaimed Ernest, interrupting the child-reader, and leaping to his feet.

His whole form had dilated with the expansion of awakened and excited genius. "I seem to see great, glorious mountains going up, up, way up into the heaven, and the sun swimming there in fire tells me something. O! what does it tell me? What shall I do? What shall I say about it?" He stretched forth his arms imploringly. "What is that speaks to me, and tells me to be something, I don't know what?"

An expression of rapture passed over the or-

phan's pale face; an inward inspiration glowed through his burning eyes.

The sun flashed over the tree tops, touched the outward edges of the hollow, laying lightly on the tips of the boy's chestnut curls, and making a brilliant circle around his large, unearthly orbs; but, little by little, his limbs shrunk back, the light passed, leaving a plaintive, asking look, that was quite touching; and he slowly resumed his seat on the turf.

Mary forgot her story; she vaguely remembered that once the good minister Farrell had narrated his early troubles, his strivings with want, his battles with the prejudices of friends—all because he was determined to be a minister.

She kept her thoughtful glance full on the boy; "perhaps you want to be a minister," she said, dreamily.

"A minister! yes—but think of *me* being a minister."

"Ask your uncle to let you go to school; tell him you want to be a minister—tell him *I* want you to go; maybe he will let you; ask him, Ernest."

"I will!" exclaimed the boy, with new energy; "I'll tell him so if he kills me for it; but see how wet the grass is getting; and the air grows thick like as if the shadows was stirring it up; you'll get cold, maybe, if you sit here."

Mary arose, tied on her little bonnet, put by her book, and laughing a farewell to the poet-boy, who little knew the divinity within him, hurried away towards home.

At a short distance the tall, grey form of the minister moved leisurely along. Mary called him. He stopped till she gained his side, panting, and then said,

"Why! Mary, my child, you are out late; how are they all at home?"

"Very well, dear minister, except cousin; she had the headache badly—but, minister, I want you to do something for me."

"What is it?" he smiled, and took her delicate hand in his own, while her blue eyes beamed up with such soul in their depths, that the good pastor was interested beforehand.

"Go to poor Ernest's uncle, and coax him to send poor Ernest to school."

"You don't know what you ask, little Mary," he replied musingly; "that hard old uncle of his hates ministers, and I do not know but he would bolt his door in my face."

Yet even as he spoke, his voice and his heart were troubled. There was a determined spirit-rapping at the door of his conscience, and the voice of its angel said, slowly and solemnly, "Is that an excuse? have you not lacked in the performance of your duty? Who is to be feared—God or man?"

He was conscious that he had not called upon the selfish man for years. To a minister of religion, a true evangel, rude treatment, a few harsh words, should be no stumbling block, but rather an incentive to farther and stronger effort.

Little Mary ran tripping by the side of her pastor, her thoughts full of Ernest and his wants. She felt quite unhappy, for she feared the minister would not accede to her wish.

"I'll go, little Mary," at last he said—"I have

noticed the lad more than once, with his bright, earnest eyes."

They were now at the entrance of Worthington house. Mary looked up with a sweet smile, and a "Thank you, dear minister," that repaid him for whatever sacrifice to his feelings the visit might involve; and, shaking his hand, she bounded into the house.

The minister walked on to the great elm, now richly foliated, and purpling with the last tints of the western light. He surveyed it thoughtfully, stepped back a pace or two, looked carefully round to the closed window parallel with its fullest growth, and murmuring—"It was there," moved onward with a musing sort of smile.

And yet it was not a smile of bitterness, but a pleased, resigned smile.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A ROYAL WHIM.

FROM THE GERMAN OF WILHELM MEINHOLD.

We are about to tell our readers a very strange event that occurred in the reign of Frederick William I., of Prussia, father of the great Frederick, and a man generally despised on account of his rough and frequently tyrannical manner, but who was really one of the best regents of his fatherland, as he alone—and to this his son afterwards bore testimony—was the real founder of his future greatness.

This extraordinary man, who should be judged by the customs of the age in which he lived, in order to prove him extraordinary both in his errors and his virtues, had one passion which far outweighed all others—namely, love for the chase. We remember reading, in his historian, Forster, that within one year he killed upwards of three thousand partridges with his own gun, without taking the other game into account, in which the queen was the greatest sufferer, as she had to find him, according to a marriage contract, in powder and shot gratis. When there was nothing for him to shoot in his own forests, he never declined the invitations of the landed gentry to pay them a visit.

Thus it happened that—it might be about the year 1720—the rich landed proprietor, Von W—, sent his majesty an invitation to a wolf-hunt, with the humble request that he would bring his most illustrious consort with him, as the nobleman's wife had formerly belonged to her majesty's suite.

On a fine September day, then, the king and queen, with several officers and ladies of the bed-chamber, as well as the court-fool, Baron Von Gundling, arrived at the nobleman's ancestral chateau. On the very next day the chase commenced, and Von Gundling, who found as little pleasure in the sports of the field as the king did in the arts and sciences, took a solitary walk in the meadows, and lay down to read in the long grass.

But before we hear what happened further, we must first give our readers a description of this strange man. He was, as we have already remarked, the king's fool, and he had received all imaginable titles and honors, in order to afford

his majesty and the court greater sport. In fact, his Excellency, the Supreme Master of the Ceremonies, Privy Councillor, and President of the Arts, Baron Von Gundling, acquired such arrogance through his titles that nothing could be more comical than the contrast between these dignities and the indignities he had to suffer daily, even from the youngest lieutenants. His excellency, on such occasions, would grow very angry—the very thing his tormentors wished—and would lay a protest before the king against a man of his rank being so treated, which naturally increased the laughter. Through such scenes, which were in that day considered remarkably comical, our fool had become a necessity for the king and court. Besides, we may add that he was a walking lexicon, and able to give all possible explanations in the daily meeting of the so-called “*tabaks collegien*.” His pedantry, in fact, was the best thing about him. As for wit, he possessed as little as a mule; but, to make up for it, he could be as vicious and obstinate as that amiable animal.

The Baron Von Gundling, then, lay at full length on the grass, in his peculiar dress, the chief ornament of it being an immense full-bottomed wig, and in such a position that only the locks of his peruke could be seen as he moved from side to side. A gentleman, who arrived rather late for the chase, happened to notice it; and, taking it for some strange animal, fired point blank at the wig, but very fortunately missed it. His excellency sprang up immediately, in the highest indignation, and cried out—

“You vagabond rascal, how dare you—”

The gentleman, however, when he perceived that the strange animal must necessarily belong to the royal suite, did not wait to reply, but ran off at full speed to the neighboring forest. The baron, however, was not satisfied with this, but, as he saw a man plowing at a short distance from him, he called out in his arrogant manner—

“Come, hither, man!”

“I have no time or inclination to do so; but if you speak civilly, I may.”

His excellency was not accustomed to such an answer; he, therefore, walked towards the impudent plowman with upraised stick, and was about to apply it to his back, when he noticed that it was the clergyman of the village, whom he had seen the previous evening at the nobleman's chateau. The baron, therefore, lowered his stick, and contented himself by punishing the clergyman with his tongue.

“How can you be such an impertinent ass? Do you know who I am?”

“Oh! yes, you're the king's fool.”

His excellency trembled with rage, and raised his stick again; but, on measuring the sturdy pastor from head to foot, and seeing no help near, he let it fall for the second time, and merely uttered the threat—

“Just wait, my fine fellow. I'll tell the king you pretend to be a pastor, and yet go out plowing.”

The clergyman replied, quite calmly—

“My gracious master will probably remember

that Cincinnatus plowed, too, and he was a dictator, while I am a poor village pastor.”

“Yes,” the baron said, after inspecting his course and peasant-like dress; “but when Cincinnatus plowed, he did not look like a common peasant.”

“I am certain he did not look like a fool,” the clergyman replied, as he drove his oxen on.

This was too much for the baron, and he rushed away towards a peasant he saw approaching, vowing vengeance on the impudent pastor, whom he determined to ruin on the first opportunity.

He was very glad, then, to find in the peasant a most determined enemy of the clergyman, who complained bitterly of his sternness, and of the fact of his compelling him to make up a quarrel he had carried on very successfully with his wife for several weeks.

Our fool was clever enough to see that this anecdote would not be of any service to him in trying to injure the pastor with the king; he, therefore, answered most pathetically, “But the pastor was perfectly in the right; that could do you no harm!”

“Well, that's very true,” the peasant replied, “especially as he's getting old, and can't carry on as he used; but I'm sure when his son takes his place—a fellow like a church steeple, he'll break all our bones for us. For that reason, if the matter was left to me, I wouldn't choose him for our clergyman; for if the patron is to beat us on week-days, and the pastor plays the same game on Sunday, when will our backs find time to get well?”

Gundling now listened attentively, and his plan was soon formed, when he learned that the pastor's son would return from Halle in a few days, to preach his trial sermon on the next Sunday, as the patron had promised him his father's living. He, therefore, quitted the peasant with a mocking smile, and made some pretext for visiting the sexton, to make further inquiries into the matter. The latter confirmed the story, and gave his opinion that the young master must be at least six feet two in height, and as straight as a poplar tree.

“Wait!” Gundling murmured between his teeth, as soon as he again reached the road; “we will put a blue coat on the young fellow, and that will annoy that vagabond preacher.”

He, therefore, returned to the chateau, where he looked up a captain of his own acquaintance, whom he took on one side, with the hurried question—

“How many fellows have you already got?”

To understand this question, our readers must know that the king, at every review, requested each commander of a company to present his new recruits to him. If the poor gentleman had less than three he fell into partial disgrace; a pl so each captain, about review time, which was close at hand, tried to procure a few young men by any method, legal or illegal, but especially those particularly tall, for the king had a peculiar delight in such soldiers.

“Woe is me! I've but one,” the officer replied, “and he is only a journeyman tailor.”

"Well, then," Gundling replied, "you can get a journeyman clergyman of six feet two."

"Well, that's not a tremendous height, but it's better than nothing."

The captain then requested an explanation, and both discussed the measures by which to get hold of the clergyman's son. They soon agreed that the officer should feign illness when the king departed. Gundling would remain with him as company; a few soldiers would be secretly procured from a neighboring town, and the young candidate taken away, *volens volens*, by the ears, and transported to the next garrison.

In the meantime, the king and his suite followed the chase on the next day with their usual ardor. It so happened that two ladies, in attendance on the queen, tortured by *ennui*, followed the windings of the stream, which led from the nobleman's garden into the open fields. One of them, Wilhelmine Von B—, was a young and charming creature, and was evidently attempting to cheer her companion, who was silent and not so charming. In consequence there was a deal of laughing, which might have been heard at some distance off, and might have led to the conclusion that the old, though still ever new, story of marriage and love was being discussed by the ladies. They had gradually wandered some quarter of a mile from the village, when a wolf, probably disturbed by the beaters, and which they at first took for a dog, ran towards them, regarding them with a look which they interpreted—"This little darling I'll make my breakfast of, and the other little darling I'll leave on that bed of forget-me-nots till supper time."

The poor girls had not in the least expected such a bridegroom, and stood petrified with fear as soon as they recognized the animal, for they possibly did not know that a wolf, in the summer or autumn, would attack nobody, and that the Isegrim who fascinated their eyes was, probably, as much afraid of them as they were of him. The silent young lady sobbed out a masculine name, we presume that of her lover, while the charming one, after recovering from her first terror, looked round on all sides for assistance.

Suddenly, a carriage made its appearance from a branch road, drawn by two horses, in which a young and handsome man was sitting. Both ladies cried out together in joyful surprise when they perceived this unexpected assistance, and the wolf immediately ran off, and took up his station some distance from them.

"You have saved us from death," the charming Wilhelmine said, as she approached the young man, who immediately ordered the coachman to stop, and leaped from the carriage. After begging, in the style of French gallantry, to have his doubts cleared up as to whether he looked upon nymphs or hamadryads, or actual mortals, and all possible explanations had been furnished him, he presented himself to the ladies as the son of the old pastor, and just arrived from Halle, in order to act as curate to his father. The young man, whom we will call Carl, then invited the ladies to take seats in his vehicle, and thus return to the chateau.

The ladies quickly accepted this invitation,

and Carl had the pleasure of lifting them into the lofty carriage, in which he also took a seat, exactly opposite the fair Wilhelmine, who, however, was cruel enough, for some time, to look every way but at him. At length, when he began to speak of Halle, where he had been several years "Famulus," at the house of Freylinghausen, she turned her eyes with pleasure towards him, for she was well acquainted with this poet, and became so eloquent that her companion blushed, nudged her repeatedly, and at length whispered in her ear—

"Ah! he is not a nobleman."

Wilhelmine, however, paid no attention to her, and as the young man was very well read, and recited several of Freylinghausen's newest poems, the time passed so quickly, that they stopped before the rectory almost without perceiving it. Here all the family assembled round the carriage, and wished to embrace their dear relative; but this he declined, and first presented his fair companions, who were immediately invited into the rectory, which the silent one at first declined, but the other immediately accepted.

After the first stormy salutation the old clergyman clasped his hands, and commenced the hymn, "Praise God for all His gifts!" in which the whole family joined; among them our friend Carl, with such a splendid tenor voice, that the young lady could not refrain from saying, after the hymn was ended:

"If you would do me a real favor, you would sing me that song of Freylinghausen's which you recited to us on our road here."

This request was so flattering that Carl could not refuse to comply with it. He therefore sang as solo, the song, "My heart should feel contented," without the least idea, that in a very short time, not merely all his consolation but all his good fortune, would originate from this song.

The charming Wilhelmine was highly delighted when he had finished the song; and the two ladies took their leave, on the earnest persuasion of the silent one of the two.

The young man felt for the first day or two as if he had lost something necessary to his existence; but as a difference of rank between himself and a lady of the royal suite seemed an insurmountable obstacle, he soon forgot the strange adventure, in which he was materially assisted by the composition of his trial sermon, which he was to preach the next Sunday before his patron and the congregation. In the meanwhile, however, the king and his suite returned to Berlin, while Gundling and the captain remained behind to carry out their treacherous scheme. The captain pretended to be suffering from a frightful attack of gout, and had secretly ordered a corporal and six men to come on the ensuing Sunday night from the neighboring garrison of G—n, as he had learned that their kind host had intended to pay a visit at a gentleman's house some thirty miles off, as soon as the candidate's sermon was ended, and would not return for a week. During that time they expected to have the young recruit so securely hidden away, that any reclamation would be unavailing; and besides, the king's adjutant, who attended to all military affairs, was

the captain's cousin. Gundling, after his usual fashion, rubbed his stomach with both hands, as he thought of the pastor's terrible despair at the loss of his beloved son.

As soon as the anxiously desired Sunday arrived, both gentlemen went to the over-crowded church; the captain, as he hypocritically told his host, to return thanks for his sudden and fortunate recovery, but in truth to have a nearer look at his young recruit, whose height he was delighted with, and paid Gundling repeated compliments for his discrimination. The poor young man gained complete approbation from his patron and the whole parish, and even Gundling, after the service was over, approached the pastor, and treacherously praised his good fortune in having such a son. We must say, that the captain, to his credit, was not guilty of such hypocrisy in the case.

At a late hour in the evening, which was both stormy and cold, the sound of arms and a loud knocking was heard at the door of the parsonage. The door was at length opened by Carl, with these words:

"Who are you, and what do you want at this unseasonable hour of the night?"

"We want you!" the captain exclaimed, as he sprang forward, and seized the young man by the arm. "You must come with us, and change your black coat for a blue one."

We may easily imagine the terror of the wretched man, who, only partly dressed, was standing speechless before them, when his old father, who had heard this conversation, rushed out of bed, and interposed between them. He, too, was unable at first to speak through terror, when he perceived in the moonlight the soldiers, and among them Gundling, who burst into a loud laugh on seeing the father's agony. This insult restored the old man to consciousness, and crying, "You villainous Judas!" he rushed with clenched fists at the baron. Carl, however, interposed; but as the old man could not be calmed, and the confusion and cries had become general, for the mother and sisters had joined them, the young man repeatedly begged to be allowed to speak; and when he had gained permission, he addressed the following question to his father:

"Do you believe our Heavenly Father is aware of my fate, or not?"

At this all were silent; but when the question was repeated, the old man replied:

"Why do you ask such a question? How should He, who knows everything, not be aware of your fate?"

"Well, then," the son calmly replied, "if you believe that, you must not forget that 'all things work together for good to those who love God.' I love Him, and willingly yield to my fate; and will only dress myself, and then be ready to follow the captain."

"No!" the latter replied, "you must come directly. *Allons—march!*"

All ran after the unfortunate man, crying to him, and striving to retain him, but in vain. Father, mother and sisters were driven back by the butt ends of the muskets.

"He will be frozen," the captain cried, "before getting out of the village, and then he'll put on his accoutrements."

We will not attempt to give any description of

the condition of the sorrowing family, as a soldier's life in that day was not merely the most disgraceful, but also the most wretched on earth; and many a father, had the choice been left him, would sooner have seen his son in the coffin than in the colored coat.

The unhappy father waited in vain for a letter from his son for one week—from one month to another. The captain had taken all necessary precaution to cut off every opportunity for communication. No one knew what had become of him, and although it was so very difficult on this account to reclaim him, still both pastor and patron attempted it, though, as may be easily imagined, in vain. After repeated petitions to his royal majesty, they at length received a very harsh reply from the minister of war himself; that they made a most insane request in asking them to look for a recruit in the ranks of the whole Prussian army, when no one, not even themselves, knew where he was; and he must be getting on well or else he would have written to them.

Two years thus elapsed, without the disconsolate father, who had long since received a young curate to assist him, hearing the least news about his son, and therefore supposed that he died through the cold on the frightful evening, or at the halberts.

At length, when the second year was just ended, he received a message from the neighboring town, to say, that his son was in good health, and intended to visit him that same evening, in company with the lady of the Dean of P—. When their joy at this unexpected news, which appeared to the old man almost fabulous, was moderated, and a thousand questions asked of the messenger, no one could certainly furnish any explanations as to his strange companion; but this was their least anxiety.

"The dean's lady," the old mother gave it as her opinion, "will soon be tired of us."

And long before evening the whole family set out to welcome their Joseph, as the old man called him. They had just arrived at the cross-roads we have already visited, when a carriage drove up, out of the window of which a charming little white hand was stretched, and a silvery voice uttered the words, "Yes, yes, dear Carl, here it was that you saved me from the wolf."

At the moment he looked out he recognized his parents. A cry of joy burst from him, which was echoed by the whole family. The coachman was bidden to stop, the lady and gentleman sprang out, and it was some time before the old father could say, "Now, then, tell us all, you wicked boy; you caused us much grief by not writing a single word."

"I could not—I dare not," Carl replied. "The captain made me pledge my honor that I would not send you any news of my place of abode. If I kept my word, he promised to give me my liberty at the end of three years."

"And the worthy captain set you free at the expiration of two," his father remarked.

"Not he," Carl replied. "Death alone could have saved me from his clutches. I owe my liberty to our glorious king."

"Tell us—tell us how," all cried; "let the carriage drive home."

"Yes," the patron cried, who had come to share in the general joy; "let the carriage drive home. I must know all about it. We will take our seats on this bank."

All—among them the dean's lady, to whom no one had yet paid any attention—seated themselves on the grassy couch, and kept their eyes fixed on the young man, who wiped away his tears, and then commenced thus:

"How badly I fared, and how grieved I was at not being able to send any news to my dear parents and sisters, I need not tell you. My only trust was in God; for, had I not had Him to support me, I should have acted like a thousand others—either deserted, or put an end to my life. But my faith, which daily found nourishment in the beautiful text with which I quitted you on that night of terror, 'We know that all things work together for good to them that love God,' supported me in all my necessities.

"Thus it happened that, just fourteen days ago, I stood as sentinel in the grand corridor of the royal palace at Berlin. I was thinking as usual of home, and as I felt very low-spirited, and, besides, fancied the neighboring apartments unoccupied, I commenced singing that sweet song of Freylinghausen's, 'My heart should feel contented;' when I was singing the third verse, a door opened to my great embarrassment, and I saw this lady's head."

"Ah! the dean's lady," the old pastor said, as he bowed to her. "Now I am beginning to see more clearly into matters."

And he straightway poured forth a multitude of apologies for not having noticed her before, through his immoderate joy at his son's return.

"But, father," the son inquired, "do you not recognize the lady?"

The old man, however, and his wife had long forgotten the features. One of Carl's sisters at length said:

"That must be the young lady, if I am not mistaken, whom you saved from the wolf?"

"Certainly," Carl replied, "and at this very spot where we are now sitting so happily together."

But as all began crying, "Proceed, proceed with your story," he continued it in the following fashion:

"As soon as I saw the head I was in great fear, and ceased singing. The lady, however, came very kindly towards me, measured me from head to foot, and at length said:

"I could scarce believe my ears when I heard that voice, but my eyes cannot deceive me. Surely you are the son of the clergyman of H—, who saved me from the wolf two years ago?"

"I am that unhappy man," I said to her; and then proceeded to tell her what a frightful revenge Gundling had taken. Her eyes filled with tears, and she seemed to me like an angel sent from on high to comfort me.

"You saved me from a wolf," she exclaimed, "and I will do as much for you;" and then hurried back into the room.

"I stood there with a beating heart, till a page approached me with the words:

"Sentinel, as soon as you are released from

duty you must go through that door, and present yourself to her majesty, the queen."

"I need not say with what anxiety I waited for the hour.

"At length I was released, and, trembling, I entered the queen's apartment. She asked my history very graciously, and when I had finished it she added:

"I can do nothing for you, my son, but will beg the general to see that you are on duty here to-morrow morning between eleven and twelve, the hour at which the king pays me a visit. Then sing, with your clear voice that pleased me so much, any verse you like of his majesty's favorite hymn, 'Who puts his trust in God alone.' I will then see what more I can do for you."

"With these words her majesty dismissed me, and without the door I met this lady, who whispered to me:

"Courage, courage; I trust all will be well."

"As I expected, I was placed on duty before the queen's apartments the next morning at eleven o'clock. As soon as I heard voices within I commenced singing a verse of the hymn that had been commanded. However, I expected in vain to be summoned again. The hour passed, and I fancied that no attention had been paid to me; and I despaired, for I did not dare to sing another verse."

"And yet," the young lady here interrupted the narrator, "all proper attention had been paid to your hymn, and I may be permitted to give an account of it, as Carl has already become my dear husband."

Another cry of astonishment was here raised.

"What! what! your husband?" all exclaimed:

"I fancied you were the dean's wife," the old pastor remarked. "I never heard of such a thing," the patron murmured, for he knew the lady was of a very old family, and both he and the pastor seemed scarce to know whether they were awake or dreaming.

"You must then hear my story," the young lady remarked, with a smile.

"The voice delighted both their majesties greatly, and as soon as I perceived this, I began saying everything I could in favor of the young man without, till the king laughed, and said:

"Why, she must be in love with the fellow."

"I felt that I blushed at this remark, but still answered boldly:

"Yes, your majesty, for he saved me, two years ago, from a frightful wolf."

"Diable!" the king added. "You are of a very old family, and might get a lieutenant, as far as I know."

"Here the queen interposed, and I begged his majesty, who was in a very good humor that day, not to torment me farther. I had opened my whole heart to her, and was determined on having this grenadier, or no one else, for my husband. 'I must beg your majesty to remember,' the queen continued, 'how carefully this good girl attended to our child in its last illness.'

"Well," the king remarked, "we'll see. The captain praises the fellow; but still she cannot by any possibility marry a simple curate. Well, as I said, we'll see. I'll examine the fellow myself: but, *apropos*, suppose he will not have you?"

"I did not know what answer to make to this inquiry, save by letting my eyes sink on the ground; but the queen came to my assistance, by saying:

"Your majesty will be best fitted to arrange that matter."

"Well, that's very true," the king replied. "We'll see, then; the fellow will not be such a fool as to refuse." And with these words his majesty left the room, apparently in deep thought.

"That is the end my story," the young lady said, "and my husband must proceed with his now."

Carl, therefore, continued:

"I naturally believed that I had been quite unnoticed, especially as nothing of the slightest importance occurred during the remainder of the day that might nourish my hopes.

"The next morning, however, at parade, the king cried out, after he had finished all other affairs:

"Where is the fellow who stood as sentry yesterday morning between eleven and twelve at the queen's door? Let him step out of the rank."

"With a beating heart I obeyed this order, on which his majesty, without moving a feature, first measured me from head to foot, and then said:

"Two under officers here—take the fellow's coat off!"

"I could fancy nothing else than that I was going to be tied up to the halberts for my unreasonable singing, and therefore began tremulously:

"I implore your majesty, with all submission—"

"But the king interrupted me:

"Don't argue—take his waistcoat off!"

"The under officers did as they were commanded, and the king in the same tone, and without moving a feature said:

"Now, his gaiters!"

"I now fancied I was going to be impaled at the least, and entreated in my fear,—

"I beg your majesty, on my knees, to be merciful to a poor fellow; but the same answer was given me—'Don't argue.'"

"As I stood there, in my shirt sleeves, the king ordered—

"Now, bring that black chest hither to the front."

"I was now certain of death, when I saw this chest brought up, in which I fancied an executioner's sword at the very least was contained. I clasped my hands and commended my soul to God, when the king, before whom the chest had been deposited, cried out to me:

"Now look in, and see how that suits you."

"As soon as I had raised the lid, I saw, not a sword or an instrument of torture, but a black clerical dress, and the bands laid on the top of it. This change in my feelings almost took my senses away, but the king's voice again roused me.

"Now, dress yourself immediately, and listen to what I say. Bring four drums here, and lay a dozen side arms across them, so that he cannot tumble through. The grenadier shall preach us a sermon, for I must first examine him, and see

if he has learned anything. If he sits firm in the saddle, as the saying is, he can keep the black stuff, and all it contains; but if he's a stupid ass, I'll make him put on the coat again. Now then, up on the drums; you need not give it us long, but it must be good."

"Assuredly," the young man continued, "I should have talked nothing but nonsense, through the agitated nature of my feelings, and the fact that such a terrible alternative was offered me; but to my good fortune, during the whole duration of my wretched servitude, I had daily thought of my favorite text, and determined I would preach it on the very first Sunday after my release. In fact, from continually thinking on the subject, I had the whole discourse long before ready in my mind. I, therefore, boldly mounted the drums, and began immediately with the words—St. Paul says, in Romans viii., 28, 'And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God; after which I gave a detailed account of my own misfortunes which had worked together for good by the confirmation of my faith, and then made a universal and particular application of it.

"I had noticed that the king, who stood close before me, and had never once took his eyes off of me, could not keep the tears from pouring down his cheeks; and I had scarce uttered the word 'Amen,' when he said to me:

"Now, come down from your pulpit; you can keep the black coat and all it contains. You had better inspect the pockets, and see what you have got in them."

"During my discourse I had noticed that one of my coat pockets seemed heavier than the other. I put my hand into that one first; and who could picture my astonishment, when I drew forth a gold *tabatière*, filled with ducats. I was silently regarding it, when the king said:

"That is a present from my wife; but now look and see whether there is anything in the other pocket; and not yet able to utter a word through surprise, I drew out my appointment as a dean signed by the king's own hand."

"How is that possible! Such a thing was never heard of!" the old pastor exclaimed, as he raised his hands to Heaven. "My son a dean? A candidate and private in the grenadiers, a dean? Yes, I now understand why you sent to tell us that you would visit us in company with the dean's lady. But not to ask your poor old father to the wedding, as if you were ashamed of him—that is unpardonable!"

"Did I know anything about my marriage?" the son continued; "but, listen, father.

"I naturally tried to murmur out my thanks, after all these fabulous events, but was interrupted by the king, who said:

"Now, come to the palace; you can eat your soup with us, and the regimental chaplain must accompany you."

"Giddy with the thought of all that had happened, I followed with the chaplain, who was hardly less astonished than I was, the king and his suite to the palace; and as soon as we had entered the audience-room, where all the court was assembled, with her majesty and this young lady, the king advanced, and asked me—

"Whom does he think he has to thank for all this?"

"I answered with a low bow—

"Besides God, my most gracious king, and his most illustrious consort."

"To which his majesty remarked:

"There he's right; but look ye here. This young and charming woman did the most for him. He has nothing to say to her? She is not proud, and I know not married. What does he think of it? He is now a dean, and has his pockets full of ducats. Will he try his luck, and fancy he is all alone with her?"

"Half mad with joy and hope, I raised my eyes and looked at the poor girl, who was blushing and trembling before me, and who could not raise her eyes from the floor.

"All was silent, though at intervals a slight sound of laughter could be heard in the room. In spite of my good fortune, I was even more embarrassed than I had been an hour before, when forced to mount the drums: but I collected myself, and in a few moments, said:

"His majesty, the king, to whom I owe all my good fortune, has inspired me with courage to ask you before this great assembly, whether you will accompany me in my wanderings, like as the angel Raphael formerly guided the youthful Tobias?"

"She immediately gave me her hand, silent and trembling, which I pressed with ardor to my lips, and her majesty had scarcely bidden God bless us, when the king added:

"Regimental chaplain, come hither and marry them. Afterwards we'll have our dinner; but I must get them off my hands to-day."

"The chaplain, with a bow, replied:

"It is impossible, the young couple have not been asked in church."

"Nonsense," replied the king, "I asked them myself, long ago. Come, marry them as quickly as you can, for I am hungry. Next Sunday you can ask them in church as many times as you like."

"Although the chaplain urged various reasons, all was of no avail. The marriage took place that very hour, and my parents can now see why it was impossible for me to invite them."

"I must really be dreaming," said the old pastor; "why it's a stranger than any story in the Arabian Nights. A grenadier made a dean! But what did the members of the consistory say to it? I cannot imagine."

"They kept me so long," the young man replied, "or I should have come to share my joy with you eight days ago. I had scarcely announced myself, and handed in my diploma, with a request to be ordained, when the gentlemen, as may be easily supposed, declared the whole affair impossible, and sought to demonstrate this to his majesty in a long petition. The king returned it with these words, written in his own hand, on the margin:

"I have examined him myself. If he does not understand Latin, he can afford to keep some one who does. I do not understand Latin myself."

FREDERICK WILLIAM.

"As they did not dare to trouble the king again in the matter, they proceeded to ordain me, after

an examination to which I voluntarily submitted."

The young man thus ended his story, and our kind readers can easily imagine the rest. We need only add that our hero made an excellent dean, and for many years held the living of P—.

In conclusion we are bound to state that the above anecdote is historically true, and that we have merely repeated the family tradition. Still, we thought it better to refrain from giving the real names, as the descendants of our illustrious grenadier might not desire the story to be publicly known in connection with themselves.

SONG.

BY CHARLES KINGSLEY.

"O Mary, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home;

Across the sands o' Dee;"

The western wind was wild and dank wi' foam,
And all alone went she.

The creeping tide came up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the land,
As far as eye could see;

The blinding mist came down and hid the land,—
And never home came she.

"O, is it weed or fish or floating hair,
A tress o' golden hair,

O' drowned maiden's hair;

Above the nets at sea?—

Was never salmon yet that shone so fair,
Among the stakes on Dee."

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,

The cruel crawling foam,

The cruel hungry foam,

To her grave beside the sea;

But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home
Across the sands o' Dee.

LOTUS-EATING.

Who would care to pass his life away,
Of the Lotus-land a dreamful denizen—
Lotus-islands round a waveless bay,
Sung by Alfred Tennyson?

Who would care to be a dull new comer,
Far across the wide sea's blue abysses;
Where, about the earth's three thousandth summer
Passed divine Ulysses?

Rather give me coffee, art, a book,
From my windows a delicious sea-view;
South-Down mutton, somebody to cook—
"Music!" I believe you.

Strawberry icebergs in the summer time—
But of elmwood many a massive splinter,
Good ghost stories, and a classic rhyme,
For the nights of winter.

Now and then a friend, and some Sauterne;
Now and then a neck of Highland venison;
And for Lotus-lands I'll never yearn,
Maugre Alfred Tennyson.

MAIDEN MEDITATIONS.—No. 3.

BY CULMA CROLY.

"Man toils from sun to sun,
But woman's work is never done."

"Work! work!" It was the mandate our grandparents heard in Eden when they had eaten more fruit than they could pay for: and we, their progeny, driven to the antipodes of Eden, realize, not always with submission, that we too must earn our bread by the sweat of our brows. Grumble or fret we may, but that does no good; it is all supererogatory labor: for fretting and fuming, while it makes us sweat as profusely as it would to thresh or to mow, brings no return of bread. Refuse to toil we may, but without the sweat of the brow there is no hearty enjoyment of food. The idler receives the reward of his idling in indigestion, dyspepsia, and their accompaniments, which take away the relish for his daily bread, and leave him a victim to aches and pains, and doctor's bills.

There is a blessing in the curse. In the world's hive, the bees are happier than the drones. He who labors with an earnest heart knows that he is not living in vain.

Is the old couplet true, as it regards the relative activity of man and woman? The farmer, whose plough furrows wide acres, whose seed is scattered broad-cast over the land, thinks it a small matter to make and keep the hearth-stone bright. The man of business, whose brain is kept through the day at railroad speed between China and Brazil, over orange crops and ice cargoes, through ranchos and wigwags—returns at night to his pleasant home, as to a charmed spot where care never enters; and meeting the mild eyes that welcome his approach, he involuntarily thinks "What an easy life is a woman's!"

Oh! man, man! you know nothing about the matter. She who cares for your home may know little of the rise and fall of stocks; yet who but she attends to the weekly accumulation of your socks and stockings in her work-basket? The deficit they reveal must be supplied by her hand, her needle, and her patient half hours. What if she does not sow the corn, the wheat and the barley—she is obliged to sew the rents in your coat-sleeves. If she has not time or patience to inquire into the affinities of foreign races, or the political relations of the Czar and the Sublime Porte, it is because she has been preparing some youthful descendant of Ham, or some promising delegate of Turkey, for a discussion at your dinner-table.

But such labors as these are only a counterpart to your own, and end with the day. It is the little things, the et ceteras, the filling up of life's mosaic, that cause this ceaseless feminine toil; things of which you would say, "It is nothing, and I cannot trouble myself about it;" and of which she says nothing, but knowing it must be done, does it at once, no matter what else is upon her hands; yes, once, twice, thrice, and again it is done, until the name of these little things is legion.

Little Charlie's shoe-string is untied, and nobody but his mamma can fasten it just right. Kate has closed a glorious race by a fall upon her

nose, and nothing but mamma's pity can check its bleeding or stop her screams. Mamma must put a new cover on Willy's spelling-book, or it will be unsafe to let it pass the ordeal of the school-room. Ellen has a fit of the pouts, because she cannot wear her new pink dress, and only mother knows how to soothe away these evil spirits that trouble her. Then, at night, when all are stowed away in cribs, cradles, and trundle-beds, and the "gude mon," out of whose hearing these little worriments have been kept as much as possible, lies quietly dreaming of Arcadia or El Dorado, what white form glides among the sleeping cherubs of the flock? What watchful ear listens for a breathing too thick, that may betoken the presence of that child's scourge, the croup? What eye bends so lovingly to see if the flushed face of the healthy one be not too feverish, or the lily complexion of the delicate one too pale? What hand is passed so lightly over the silken tress and the velvet cheek? What heart sends up its prayer with such earnestness through the still night to Heaven, for strength to guard her treasures well, to keep them pure on earth, and to present them faultless to their Giver at last?

It is the mother, the weak woman, strong in her weakness. It is her heart-work, her toils of love, untiring and unending, that make up the beauty and the burden of her existence.

And is it the mother alone whose heart and hand is so full? Recreant let me not be to the single sisterhood. Oh! the head-aches, the nerve-jarrings, the heart-sinkings of the school-room; none knows them more thoroughly, none feels them more keenly than the neglected old maid. In the family, what a personage is the good-natured maiden aunt! How much she takes upon herself; too much to suit others, sometimes; but then, if she does it willingly, and is a patient scape-coat for the fretfulness of the child, the merriment of the girl, and the heedless raillery of the boy, who has not learned that words can cut deeper than jack-knives—no one ought to complain of her. What she does, tells very little for itself. Her existence sets in a strong, unnoticed under-current beneath the lives of those she loves, keeping them from becalming or taking a wrong direction; and as she toils the more constantly and quietly, the more smoothly things go on, and the less she is heeded, until death or some sharp-sighted widower comes and turns the tide of her activity into another channel. Thus much for old maids, as the demand of honesty and justice.

Has not man always had his own heaven, and woman hers? Jupiter reclined at the ambrosial feast of Olympus, with Hebe and the Graces to smile and pour out nectar at his nod. The paradise of the Moslem is a voluptuous repose, with the black eyes of attendant Houris shining like stars into his pavilion; and the gruff Norseman hoped to sit and receive refreshing draughts from his enemy's scull, at the hands of the maids of Valhalla. Woman had no admittance into the heathen's heaven, save as a minister to the pleasure of man; nor dared she lift up her voice against her lord, as to her own future. Had she spoken, what would she have asked?—to change places and be a goddess, surrounded by stalwart slaves? No; that was not in her nature. The old mytholo-

gies mirrored the heaven that was in human hearts; and the same dreams, refined and purified by Christianity, linger there still.

Man has been plodding and delving in the dust this world; he asks for *rest* hereafter. The true woman's heart inspires her labor, and heart-work is at once heart-strength and heart-rest. What is heaven to her, but a lengthening and glorifying of her labors of love? Gladly can she look forward to joining the spirits John saw in the Apocalypse, who "rest not day nor night before the Throne."

The ancient rhyme then may be repeated without repining, "Woman's work is never done;" so let it be! "Labor is life;" and when life's wheel is stopped, the rest of this human machinery is Death. But the stream that fed its activity runs on with an increasing flow, keeping pace with the pauseless cycles of eternity.

Welcome toil, which is drudgery only to the drudge. They say that chemists can transmute the most opaque of the earthy bases of matter into pure light. Love has a subtler chemistry. What the hireling groans under, grumbles and sickens over, the loving toiler takes for a staff, or wears as a halo around her head.

Aye, woman! in the light of a pure, high motive, thy kitchen is a golden palace. These brooms, pans and kettles are no mean, vulgar implements; in thy hand, that motive makes them brighter than the topaz, the sapphire and the amethyst. Do humbly and willingly what thou wert set on earth to do, and what more could an angel?

Such "labors noble and holy!"

Let thy good deeds be thy prayer to thy God!"

THE OLD BACHELOR FOGY.

BY SYLVANUS URBAN, THE YOUNGER.

An old bachelor is the true old fogy, and all others are but "counterfeit presentments."—Moving isolated through a world composed of social circles, calling no woman wife, no child son, or daughter, he becomes the very incarnation of selfishness, and having wilfully ignored one of the objects of his creation, he lives lonely, and dies unloved and unregretted. With all his affections burnt out of him, he remains like the fabled apples of the Dead Sea, fair enough to the eyes, but within all dust and ashes. His first folly was that of believing himself sufficient for his own happiness; his second, the obstinate persistence in this belief, in spite of reason, instinct, and the impulses of his better feelings. His penalty is to lead a cheerless life, with no tender heart to sympathise in his troubles; no gentle hand to smooth his pillow in sickness; nor any dear voice to whisper comfort in his agony, or to lull him to slumber with a low murmuring song, which calls up old memories, and links together in a magic chain of melody, the past, the present, and the future.

If he lives in lodgings, his suspicious nature suggests that his landlady—haply a widow—seeks to cajole him into matrimony. If he tenants a domicile of his own, he is tortured by the imaginary forwardness of his housekeeper. At his club, he is crusty and uncommunicative; and

while playing of an evening his customary rubber of whist, with other old bachelor fogies, they mutually complain of the dreariness of the game, and testily accuse their respective partners of not playing so well as formerly.

When he hears that his former companion, Smith, rejoices in an affectionate wife, and a happy family of juveniles, he curls his lip contemptuously, and cries, "Bah! 'Tis all a sham. I don't believe it." But he does believe it, notwithstanding, and the iron enters still deeper into his soul. Presently, he ventures to call on Smith; and, forthwith, he hates Smith's wife for smiling so sweetly, and for keeping her house in such beautiful order. And he hates Smith's children also, from the chubby little thing crowing lustily in the cradle, to the blue-eyed eldest daughter, just tenderly blossoming on the margin of womanhood. He hates them all; grins sardonically at Smith for modestly avowing his felicity, and goes back alone, through the silent streets, to his dark and silent home. No tiny footstep runs to meet him at the door; no soft matronly voice welcomes his return with a smile. He ascends the stairs to his chamber, he never felt it so gloomy before; and his ample couch there, looks so cold and solitary.

Strange memories suddenly steal into his thought; and, as his eyes are fixed for a moment on vacancy, there rises slowly before him a graceful shape with a fair but melancholy face. Then all at once he cries out in his great agony, "Oh, Alice, dear, if I had known!—If I had only known!" and he buries his face within his hands, partly to stifle the mighty sobs by which he is so terribly shaken, and partly to shut out the light of those mild reproachful eyes; but when he ventures to look up again the Presence has disappeared.

BRIDGET'S STRIKE.

"Biddy," said Mrs. Pennywise, "there is little starch in the dickeys this week, and altogether the clothes do not look very nicely."

"An' shure you must remember, ma'am, I git but sivin and sixpence for my labor; if you would have them rael nate, you must rise on my wages."

"And what would nine shillings do for me, Biddy?" enquired her mistress.

"An' faith, it would stiffen them more, but it takes *tin* and *sixpence* to put on the gloss."

"And how would two dollars work, Biddy?"

"Now lit me jist till you 'twould make them so iligant you nivir would know the cotton from the linen."

"So, Biddy, you are disposed to make 'a strike,' if I would have my work done to my liking?"

"Och! no mem; it's not me that will break the pace by striking; it's an ill-bred woman that would lift her finger to her mistress, and didn't I tell Patrick O'Flaherty so, when he bid me strike on ye. It's not me that would do the thing for all the money in Amiriky."

"Well, Biddy, then after this day we will try the nine shilling system."

"An' by the powers, Mr. Pennywise shall be stiffened, but I won't promise to gloss him."—*Olive Branch.*

RICH AND POOR.

BY WILLIAM H. CARPENTER.

I saw a pale young girl, in tatters, stand
Beside a lady loitering at her door;
Of rarest tissues was the dress she wore—
The suppliant lifted timidly her hand.

A weak, appealing gesture sure it was,
To which her raised eyes, bright with tears un-
shed,
Mutely responded: "Pity the poor!" they said—
And thus she stood and plead-d her sad cause.

The haughty lady—with a vacant stare
Down looking from the mountain of her pride,
At the lorn creature standing by her side—
Shook from her satins, odors on the air.

Just then came by a lonely widow's child,
Who, placing in the beggar's palm the food
Which its own hunger craved, in tones subdued,
Said "Take it, for you need it most," and smiled.

The scornful dame, rebuked by that sweet sight,
Blushed through the crimson mockery of her
rouge;
Then lifted, with a curling lip, her huge
And stately figure to its silken height.

Oh, lofty lady, when at Heaven's gate,
Your franchised soul stands pleading for admit-
tance,
The guardian spirit will recall the pittance
Denied the outcast in your worldly state.

Oh, tender urchin, soft angelic eyes
Watched and recorded that good deed of thine;
After life's travail you shall see it shine,
All star-embazoned on your native skies.

Methodist Protestant.

A PIC-NIC.

BY MORTIMER COLLINS.

I.

The lake is calm. A crowd of sunny faces
And plumed heads, and shoulders round and
white,
Are mirrored in the waters. There are traces
Of merriment in those sweet eyes of light.
Lie empty hampers round; in shady places
The hungry throw themselves with ruthless
might
On lobsters, salads; while Champagne, to cheer
'em,
Cools in the brook that murmurs sweetly near 'em.

II.

Green leagues of park and forest lie around;
Wave stately antlers in the glimmering distance;
Up from the dusky arches comes a sound
That tells the story of old Pan's existence—
And now in song the summer wind is drowned;
Now comes a call that conquers all resistance—
A dance upon the turf up, up, instantler!
Away with quarried pie and stained decanter.

III.

Small hands are linked, and dance divinest tresses,
And agile feet fly down the pleasant glade in
A merry measure; through the deep recesses
How gaily trip they, youth and laughing maiden.
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The shaken turf is swept by silken dresses,
The woodland breeze with many a jest is laden,
And lips are curled, and haughty heads are tossed,
too,
As none could picture them but Ariosto.

TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

BY LILA M. LAIRD.

Goodly gifts did twilight bring me,
As last eve I sat alone;
Oh! if you but knew what treasures
In that hour became my own—
Treasur-s sweet, which time had stolen,
All again became my own.

Blessed memories round me clustered,
Showing, in their fairy light,
Lovely faces, which had vanished,
Lond ago from earthly sight—
Cherish'd forms which had been hidden,
Years ago from earthly sight.

Side by side, with this sweet vision,
Then my absent living, came;
Smiling in their unchanged beauty,
Still in heart and soul the same—
Greeting me with loving fervor,
Still in heart and soul the same.

Precious links, which duty shivered,
Sparkled brightly as of yore;
And I gazed, and smiled, forgetting,
They indeed were mine no more—
And I lost the grievous knowledge,
They indeed were mine no more.

Then came sweet and earnest yearnings,
For that far off kingdom, blest,
Where "the Spoiler's" sword is idle,
"And the weary are at rest"—
Where our King doth walk in glory,
"And the weary are at rest."

All these thoughts did twilight bring me,
As last eve I sat alone;
Do you marvel that I lingered
In the silence and the gloom?—
Found I not rich spirit treasures,
In the silence and the gloom?

Are you reaping for your garner,
Pleasant sheaves of golden thought?
Wait for twilight, she will bring you,
All the treasures you have sought—
In her misty fields are gleaming,
All the treasures you have sought.

ANECDOTE OF MACKLIN.—Macklin was very quick at a reply, especially in a dispute. One day Dr. Johnson was contending on some dramatic question, and quoted a passage from a Greek poet in support of his opinion. "I don't understand Greek, though, Doctor," said Macklin. "Sir," said Johnson, pompously "a man who undertakes to argue should understand all languages." "Oh! very well," returned Macklin, "how will you understand this argument?" and immediately treated him to a long quotation in Irish.

THE THREE WIVES.

BY F. H. COOKE.

Mr. Jeduthun Spike was an eccentric bachelor of fifty. His mother died in giving him birth, and it would seem that the mother-heart died with her, for from that hour the hapless Jeduthun seemed to have no perception of feminine excellence, and diverted himself with ridiculing the foibles of the sex, whose true character was to him a despised enigma. As a babe, he was fed and tended by an invalid brother many years his senior; and he afterwards grew in stature, and a hard, ungenial kind of wisdom, without much matronizing from anybody. As years and possessions increased, he boarded at a fashionable hotel, where the cook and attendants were of his own sex, and ignored the address of his laundress. His predispositions against matrimony were confirmed and strengthened by the fate of the brother alluded to, who married somewhat late in life, and, after an unhappy connexion of seven years' duration, left his widow, a permanent inmate of an insane asylum, and his three boys to the guardianship of their uncle. The recipient of this unexpected legacy, who had till then loved nothing in the whole of his miserable life, felt a strange pleasure in the duties of this new and unsolicited relation. The docility with which the little fellows accommodated themselves to the oddities of the eccentric humorist, their unquestioning faith in his most startling dogmas, and their artless exhibitions of personal attachment, won upon this isolated nature to a degree that surprised himself. It seemed that these helpless children were destined unconsciously to fulfil to the lonely old man that feminine mission without which human life is a failure, and happiness a myth. With a devotion and patience hardly to be expected of him, he reared the fragile boys to manhood, gave them all needful advantages of books, and schools and pocket-money, and at last saw them all established in business, and in a way to do credit to themselves and their connexions. Judge then of his painful astonishment when all three waited upon him in a body, to announce that they had jointly and severally formed the audacious resolution of committing matrimony. Neither would have dared approach the subject alone, and though countenanced by each other, they felt so much gratitude, reverence and compassion for the prejudiced old man, that they fairly trembled for the result.

When the confession was made to Mr. Jeduthun Spike, he turned his back on the agitated young men, and walked quickly to the window. After standing silently for some minutes, he turned and said very calmly:—

"Well, boys, I have nursed you through the measles, and the scarlet-fever, and the whooping-cough, and I did my best to alleviate what I could not prevent. You are now the victims of a disease quite as general as the other, and for which there is no remedy but experience. Neither precept nor example,"—here his lips quivered slightly—"have been of any avail in your case. Go then, and marry, if you will. I give my full consent, on one condition only. It is that you all

present yourselves in three years from this day and hour, and declare solemnly, upon the worth of your remaining manhood, whether you are unhappy, and why. The causes of misery in wedlock are very various, but the result is uniform. I will excuse you now, boys, as I have an appointment with my tailor."

It is needless to say that the three nephews availed themselves of the permission thus unwillingly given, and that any self-reproaches they might feel at defeating the cherished wishes of their kindest benefactor did not seriously embitter the honey-moon. The three years that followed stole a handful of grey hairs from the bald forehead of Jeduthun Spike, and, as if ashamed of the theft, secretly restored them hidden among the chestnut locks of his young relations. And, as a farther restitution, the same silent agents transferred unnoticed a portion of the hopeful tenderness of the youthful Benedicts to refresh the withered heart of the disappointed bachelor. The time for the interview so long anticipated, arrived at last. In the luxurious rooms of the lonely uncle, Henry and Charles, the two elder nephews, waited impatiently the arrival of the younger.

"It is useless looking for Edward," said Charles, at last. "We shan't see him before evening. His wife is now looking for a needle to darn his stockings, and replace the missing buttons upon his coat."

Yet, as he spoke, a cheerful step was heard without, and the tardy brother entered the room, breathing quickly, and with a smiling apology for his delay. The two first arrived exchanged meaning glances; but the merciless uncle cut short their merriment, by saying gravely,

"Henry, my boy, you are the oldest. It is just that you should lead upon this occasion. Tell us frankly, how do you enjoy married life?"

The young man paused for a moment, then, with a comical grimace that but ill-concealed his reluctance, he replied:

"It is a bitter dose to swallow, I confess. Uncle, you are revenged."

There was a slight movement of surprise, for Mrs. Henry Spike was recognized as decidedly notable.

"I thought," said the uncle, drily, "that yours was a pattern wife."

"Only too much so," returned the nephew.

"It is my belief that she was modelled upon the most approved patterns and made up to order. If ever there was a machine for performing mechanically every outward virtue, it is Mrs. Henry Spike. She never loses her temper; indeed, I doubt if she has any to lose. She never betrays any flutter of vanity or wounded feeling. To the calmness of a statue, she adds an instinctive perception of decorum, a rigid adherence to rectitude, which leaves nothing to hope or fear, and very little to enjoy. Nothing can disturb her. When our infant was dangerously ill, she moved about his cradle with the same unperturbed composure, and dropped his last cordial, as we thought, into the cup with an untroubled hand."

"I hardly see how you came to marry her," remarked Edward, *par parenthese*.

"She was pretty, and I mistook her natural roses for blushes, and her silence for delicate re-

serve. I was much moved when she once left me in tears: I have since learned she had the toothache. I can never find in her deportment anything to forgive, and I am tired of praising where correctness seems inevitable. Besides, she don't care for praise. She was wound up at birth, and her heart pulsates with the regularity of a pendulum. If I should hang myself some morning of pure ennui, I know she would arrange everything for a respectable burial. My condition is desperate. In passing through New York last winter, I religiously avoided seeing Lola Montez for I knew I should be smitten at a glance. The slightest touch of human frailty, seems absolutely refreshing. Speak, brother," he added, after a brief pause, "and in mercy point out some defect in Mrs. Charley Spike."

"Mrs. Charley Spike," responded the person addressed, "is not absolutely stupid, nor entirely indifferent in matters of feeling. She gives some variety to life in point of temper, and permits me to hope to please, as well as fear to offend. But like your Rectina, she has, alas! one paramount idea. 'Order is Heaven's first law,' and it is not the less that of my immaculate Vesta. Especially does she insist upon the most spotless neatness, at the expense of all other considerations. I discovered soon after my marriage that the world was a little too good to live in. The parlors were shut up to exclude the flies; the chambers, to avoid the dust. The dining room furniture was robed in Holland covers, and ugly mats deformed every square yard of carpeting. Canaries were banished because they littered their cage, and my pet spaniel dismissed for neglecting to wipe his feet. Then pickles spoil the cutlery, and eggs corrode the silver; coffee is liable to stain the linen, and even butter, if incautiously used, may be the parent of a grease-spot. Cigars I have long since abjured, because spittoons are an abomination. If I sit, it is, 'Mr. Spike, your chair mars the wall,' or 'Charles, you are rocking upon the rug.' If I walk, it is, 'Pray leave your boots at the door, Mr. Spike, and let me bring your slippers.' I sometimes think I will remove to an hotel, and send home my compliments daily in a perfumed note. I shall expect soon after to see the whole establishment modelled in wax, and reposing under glass, like a collection of fanciful wonders. Come, Edward, your wife is no paragon, luckily. Confess your misery, and don't detain us long."

"Mine is not a pattern wife, certainly," was the response of the younger brother. "She is not distinguished for order, nor faultless in neatness, nor unerring in discretion. She is very far from being a piece of clock-work, and there is a great uncertainty, sometimes delightful, sometimes painful, as to what she will attempt, and whether the result will be success or failure. There is room for doubt as to particulars; none at all as to the general tendency of her conduct. She is as true-hearted a woman as lives, and that which she delights in must be happy.' You may smile if you choose, but I do most frankly assure you that I am happy. I know not what Beatrice is doing at this moment, but I feel sure that, in aims and efforts, she is true to herself, to me, and to her Maker. I am sure that she loves me more than all the world beside, but not so much as she loves

truth and duty and self-respect. Her errors are all mistakes. They are the redundancy of a loving, generous, richly-gifted nature. She is no model housewife, but she has made great improvement, and she has the strongest incentive to improvement, a sincere and unselfish affection. It is true that I was delayed to-day by waiting for a few last stitches from her practised needle, not however upon my clothing, as I see you imagine, but upon a pair of slippers she has just wrought for uncle Jeduthun. Let me see them tried, my dear sir. I have an idea they will fit you."

"Why, yes, tolerably," said the good man, who seemed more gratified than he cared to acknowledge. "The truth is," he added, speaking with hesitation, as if he felt the need of an apology, "The truth is, I am going to live with Edward, and give lessons to Beatrice in housekeeping."

WENDELL, MRS.

BE KIND TO YOUR SISTERS.

One morning, there was a little girl sitting on the door steps of a pleasant cottage near the common. She was thin and pale. Her head was resting on her slender hand. There was an expression in her sweet face, which the dull, heavy expression about her jet black eye did not destroy.

Her name was Helen. For several weeks she had seemed to be drooping, without any particular disease; inconstant in her attendance at school, and losing gradually her interest in all her former employments. Helen had one sister, Clara, a little older than herself, and several brothers.

This day she seemed better; but something her sister had said to her a few moments before gave that expression of sadness to her face, as she sat at the door of the cottage. Clara soon came to her again.

"Helen, mother says you must go to school; so get up, come along and get ready, and not be moping any longer."

"Did mother say so?"

"Yes, she did. You are well enough, I know, for you are always sick just at school-time. Get your bonnet, for I shan't wait."

Helen got up slowly, and wiping with her apron the tear that had just started in her eye, she made her preparations to obey her mother's command.

Now Clara had a very irritable disposition. She could not bear to have Helen receive any more attention or sympathy than herself; and unless she was really sick so as to excite her fears, she never would allow that she was sick at all. She had determined not to go to school alone this morning, and, therefore, had persuaded her mother to make her sister go with her. In a few moments they were both ready. Their dinner had been packed in a large basket which stood in the entry.

"Helen," said Clara, "I've carried that basket every day for a week: it's your turn now."

"But it's twice as heavy now," said Helen; "I can't but just lift it."

"Well, I don't care," said Clara, "I've got my

geography and atlas to carry; so take it up and come along—I shan't touch it."

Helen took up the basket without saying another word, though it required all her little strength, and walked slowly behind her sister. She tried hard to keep from crying, but the tears would come as fast as she could wipe them off. They walked on thus, in silence, for about a quarter of an hour. Clara felt too much ill-humor to take any notice of her sister. She knew she had done wrong, but was too proud to give it up, and was determined to "hold out," excusing herself by thinking—"Well, Helen is always saying she is sick, and making a great fuss. It's just good enough for her." When she had reached the half-way stone, she had half a mind not to let her rest there, as usual; but the habit was too strong to be easily broken, and she sat down sullenly to wait for Helen to come up.

The broad, flat stone was shaded by a beautiful weeping willow, and around the trunk of this tree ran a little brook. It would seem as if the beauty of this place must have charmed away the evil spirit that was raging in Clara's breast—but, no! This cool shade brought no refreshment to those evil passions. She sat down sullenly till Helen came up, and then commenced to scold her for being so slow.

"Why don't you come along faster, Helen? You will be too late to school, and I don't care if you are; you deserve a good scolding for acting so."

"Why, Clara, I am very tired, my head does ache, and this basket is very heavy; I do think you ought to carry it the rest of the way."

"Do give it to me, then," said Clara, and she snatched it away from her with such violence that the cover came off—the apples rolled out and fell into the water, the gingerbread followed, and the pie rolled into the dirt. It has been truly said that "anger is a short madness," for how little reason have those who indulge it. Helen was not to blame for the accident; but Clara did not stop to think of this. Vexed at having lost her dinner, she turned and gave her sister a push, and then walked on as rapidly as possible. Oh, could she have foreseen the consequences of this rash act. Could she have known the bitter anguish which it would afterwards cause her, worlds would not have tempted her to do it; but she was angry. Helen was seated just on the edge of the water, and she fell in: it was not deep. She had waded there many a day with her shoes and stockings off, and she easily got out, but it frightened her very much, and took away all her strength. She could not even call to her sister, or cry.

A strange feeling came over her, such as she had never known before. She laid her head on the stone, and closed her eyes, and thought she was going to die, and she wished her mother was there. Then she seemed to sleep for a few moments; but by-and-bye she felt better, and, getting up, she took her empty basket, and walked on as fast as she could towards school.

It was nearly half done when she got there; and as she entered the room all noticed her pale face and wet dress. She took her seat, leaned her pale face upon her hand, and attempted to

study, but in vain. She could not fix her attention at all. The strange feeling came over her again—the letters became mingled together—the room became dark—the shrill voice of the child screaming its A B C in front of her desk grew fainter and fainter—her head sank upon the book, and she fell to the floor. Fainting was so unusual in this school that all was instantly in confusion, and it was some minutes before the teacher could restore order. Helen was brought to the air, two of her companions despatched for water, and none were allowed to remain near, except Clara, who stood by, trembling from head to foot, and almost as white as the insensible object before her. O! what a moment of anguish was this—deep, bitter anguish—her anger melted away at once; and she would almost have sacrificed her own life to recall the events of the morning. If Helen only recovered, she would spend the future in endeavoring to atone for past unkindness. It seemed for a short time, indeed, as if she would be called on to fulfil her promises. Helen gradually grew better, and in about an hour was apparently as well as usual. It was judged best, however, for her to return home, and a farmer, who happened to pass by in a new gig, very kindly offered to take her.

Clara could not play with the girls as usual. Her heart was full, and she was very impatient to be once more by her sister's side. O, how eagerly she watched the sun in his passage around the school-house; and when at length he threw his slanting beams in through the west window, she was the first to obey the joyful signal, and books, paper, pen, ink, and slate, instantly disappeared from her desk.

Clara did not linger on her way home. She even passed the half-way stone with no other notice than a deep sigh. She hurried to her sister's bedside, impatient to make up by every little attention for her unkindness. Helen was asleep. Her face was not pale, but flushed by a burning fever. Her little hands were hot; and, as she tossed restlessly about on her pillow, she would mutter to herself, "Stop, stop!" and then again beg her not to throw her to the fishes.

Clara watched long in agony for her to awake. This she did at last, but it brought no relief to the distressed sister and friends. She did not know them, and continued to talk incoherently about the events of the morning. It was too much for Clara to bear; she retired to her own little room and lonely bed, and wept there. By the first dawn of light she was at her sister's bedside, but there was no alteration. For three days Helen continued in this state. At the close of the third day, Helen gave signs of returning consciousness, recognized her mother, and anxiously inquired for Clara. She had just stepped out, and was immediately told of this. O! how joyful was the summons.

She hastened to her sister, who at her approach looked up and smiled; the flush in her cheek was gone, and her face was deadly pale. Clara was entirely overcome; she could only weep; and as she stooped to kiss her sister's white lips, the child drew her still nearer. It was a long embrace—then her arms moved convulsively and fell by her side—there were a few

struggles—she gasped once or twice—and little Helen never breathed again.

Days, weeks and months rolled on. Time had somewhat healed the wound which grief for the loss of an only sister had made. But it had not power to remove from Clara's heart the memory of her unkindness. She never took the little basket with her dinner to school, nor passed the half-way stone, without a deep sigh, and sometimes a tear of bitter regret. Children who are what Clara was, go and be now what Clara is—mild, amiable, obliging and pleasant to all.

THE PROSE OF THOMAS MOORE.

Moore's prose was as happy as his verse. In *Lalla Rookh* alone he sacrificed his judgment to the seductions of his fancy. The prose of *Lalla Rookh* is spun sugar, and cloyes the palate. Lord Byron, who gloried in the poem, could not endure the interstitial links of narrative, and there are few readers, whose opinions in such matters are worth recording, that do not heartily agree with him. But in the *Lives of Sheridan and Byron*, in the *Travels of an Irish Gentleman in search of a Religion*, and in the *Memoirs of Captain Rock*, sparkling with trenchant wit, and presenting an infinitely more complete bird's-eye view of Irish history than the elaborate work under that name which appears unfinished in the *Cyclopædia*, Moore has left behind him passages of power and eloquence that will long endure amongst the noblest specimens of English prose. "Considered merely as a composition," says Mr. Macaulay, speaking of the *Life of Byron*, "it deserves to be classed among the best specimens of English prose which our age has produced. The style is agreeable, clear, and manly, and when it rises into eloquence, rises without effort or ostentation." This is high praise for a writer whose most conspicuous excellence lay in another and totally different direction, but it is not the highest praise these works deserve. The varied erudition they exhibit, the extensive range of reading and inquiry drawn upon to enforce and illustrate their statements, and the calm and thoughtful judgment, the critical acumen and earnest spirit which everywhere pervade them, bear testimony to a severe mental training, which poets rarely submit to, and which, even when they do, they still more rarely get credit for.

His correspondence was as delightful as his *Rhymes on the Road*, or the most playful of his terse and pointed *satires*, thrown off apparently with ease and facility, and abounding in the happiest touches of wit and sprightliness. His animal spirits ran riot in his little notes, although there were always a certain grace and finish that, from any other hand, would have suggested a suspicion of premeditation. From him this minute and exquisite brilliancy seemed to flash out spontaneously. The very hand-writing, neat, close and pearly, was in itself a part of the charm of these epigrammatic billets. How far hand-writing may ever come to be considered as a safe index to character is a question that may be left to the solution of the philosophers who dedicate themselves expressly to the ethics of

caligraphy; but certainly in Moore's case there was a remarkable affinity between his diamond lines and the bright thoughts and images that lay in them. His small, subtle writing was admirably suited for shutting up essences in. The vehicle was singularly adapted for the uses to which it was put. We could give a thousand instances which, although they suffer by being separated from the context, would at least show what dexterity and finesse, gayety and point he threw into his most trivial correspondence. Thus, speaking of one who had published anonymously a song of his, disfigured somewhat, after the manner in which the gypsies stain and disguise stolen children, he says, "There are some people who will not let well alone, but this gentleman" [we suppress the name] "is one of those who will not even let ill alone." On one occasion, after leaving Ireland, he says, "The people of Dublin, some of them, seemed very sorry to lose me; but I dare say by this time they treat me as the *air* treats the *arrow*, fill up the gap and forget that it ever passed that way." In 1807, at a moment of considerable public difficulty, one ministry went out to make room for a worse; he communicates the fact to his mother in this way: "Fine times, to be sure, for changing ministry, and changing to such fools, too! It is like a sailor stopping to change his shirt in a storm, and after all putting on a very ragged one." Upon the separation of friends, he writes to Miss Godfrey, "I wish such precious souls as yours and mine could be *forwarded* through life with 'this is glass' written on them, as a warning to Fortune not to jolt them too rudely; but if she was not blind she would see that we deserve more care than she takes of us." To the same correspondent he announces the close of the season: "That racking old harridan, *Mother Town*, is at last dead. She expired, after a gentle glare of rouge and gayety, at Lady L. Manners' masquerade, on Friday morning, at 8 o'clock; and her ghost is expected to haunt all the watering places immediately." A fling, in his own best manner, at the Prince Regent, in a letter to Lady Donegal: "The Prince, it is said, is to have a villa on Primrose Hill, and a fine street leading direct to it from Carlton House. This is one of the 'primrose paths of dalliance,' by which Mr. Percival is, I fear, finding his way to the Prince's heart." At another time, telling Lady Donegal how much he misses her, and urging her to come back to England, he says, "The more I narrow my circle of life, the more seriously I want such friends as you in it. The smaller the ring, the sooner a gem is missed out of it." In one of his lively notes to her, he says, "I wrote to you last week, at least I sent a letter directed to you, which, I dare say, like the poor poet's 'Ode to Posterity,' will never be delivered according to its address." It is necessary to feel one's spirits soaring in the buoyant atmosphere of his letters to be able to enter into the airiness of such passages as these: "I suppose you have been amused a good deal by the reports of my marriage to Miss —, the apothecary's daughter. Odds, pills and boluses! Mix my poor Falernian with the sediment of phials and drainings of gallipots! Thirty thousand pounds might, to be sure, *gild the pill* a

little; but it's no such thing; I have nothing to do with either Sal Volatile or Sall —." "I would have sailed with Miss Linwood the other night, only I was afraid she would have given me a *stitch* in my side!" "I was very near being married the other night here at a dance the servants had to commemorate St. Patrick's day. I opened the ball for them with a pretty lace-maker from the village, who was really quite beautiful, and seemed to break hearts around her as fast as an Irishman would have broken heads. So you see I can be gay." These are mere scintillations which afford us no better idea of the sustained vivacity of Moore's correspondence than one might form of the heat of a fire from the sparks. But readers familiar with his style will be able to estimate the gayety of his letters even from these particles.

HINTS ABOUT FEMALE EDUCATION.

BY MRS. L. M. CHILD.

The difficulty is, education does not usually point the female heart to its only true resting-place. That dear English word, "*home*," is not half so powerful a talisman as "*the world*." Instead of the salutary truth, that happiness is in duty, they are taught to consider the two things totally distinct; and that whoever seeks one must sacrifice the other.

The fact is, our girls have no *home* education. When quite young, they are sent to schools where no feminine employments, no domestic habits, can be learned; and there they continue till they "come out" into the world. After this, few find any time to arrange, and make use of, the mass of elementary knowledge they have acquired; and fewer still have either leisure or taste for the inelegant, every-day duties of life. Thus prepared, they enter upon matrimony. Those early habits, which would have made domestic care a light and easy task, have never been taught, for fear it would interrupt their happiness; and the result is that, when cares come, as come they must, they find them misery. I am convinced that indifference and dislike between husband and wife, are more frequently occasioned by this great error in education, than by any other cause.

The bride is awakened from her delightful dream, in which carpets, vases, sofas, white gloves, and pearl ear-rings are oddly jumbled up with her lover's looks and promises. Perhaps she would be surprised if she knew exactly how much of the fascination of being engaged was owing to the aforesaid inanimate concern. Be that as it will, she is awakened by the unpleasant conviction that cares devolve upon her. And what effect does this produce upon her character? The holy and tender influences of domestic love render self-denial and exertion a bliss! No! They would have done so had she been properly educated; but now she gives way to unavailing fretfulness and repining; and her husband is at first pained, and finally disgusted, by hearing, "I never knew what care was when I lived in my father's house." "If I were to

live my life over again, I would remain single as long as I could, without the risk of being an old maid." How injudicious, how short sighted is the policy which thus mars the whole happiness of life, in order to make a few brief years more gay and brilliant! I have known many instances of domestic ruin and discord produced by this mistaken indulgence of mothers. *I never knew but one where the victim had moral courage enough to change all her early habits.* She was a young, pretty, and very amiable girl, but brought up to be perfectly useless; a rag baby would, to all intents and purposes, have been as efficient a partner. She married a young lawyer, without property, but with good and increasing practice. She meant to be a good wife, but she did not know how. Her wastefulness involved him in debt. He did not reproach, though he tried to convince and instruct her. She loved him; and, weeping, replied, "I try to do the best I can; but, when I lived at home, mother always took care of every thing." Finally, poverty came upon him "like an armed man," and he went into a remote town in the Western States to teach school. His wife folded her hands and cried, while he, weary and discouraged, actually came home from school to cook his own supper. At last his patience, and her real love for him, impelled her to exertion. She promised to learn to be useful, if he would teach her. And she did learn! And the change in her habits gradually wrought such a change in her husband's fortune, that she might bring her daughters up in idleness, had not experience taught her that economy, like grammar, is a very tiresome study, after we are twenty years old.

CHILDREN OF THE PAST AND PRESENT AGES.

Verily, this is a great country, and a wonderful age. We are rushing on so rapidly, and luxuriantly, and recklessly! True, we have many steamboat explosions and railway accidents: but what of that? Nobody can beat us in speed. And then look at our children, how quickly they grow up. They are scarcely out of their cradles, before they become young gentlemen and ladies. And at an age when our ancestors thought proper to confine their sons and daughters to pinafores, short hair, and the spelling book, ours are puffing their Havanas, whirling in the midnight dance, and reading Don Juan and the Mysteries of Paris. We have, also, in these latter days a new commandment; and, unlike the old ones—which by the way have become so obsolete, that we have forgotten almost all about them—it is kept with all our hearts, and all our souls, and all our might. It is this:—"Parents, obey your children in all things, for that is right."

Therefore, we strive, by night and by day, to gratify every whim and caprice of their selfish and unreasonable natures.

People of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries thought that a child of a year old should be taught to *mind*; that the word *obedience* comprised almost all that he need to learn in the first years of his life; to do, or not to do, a thing

simply because father or mother said so, without hesitation, or a reason being given: that thus correct habits would be early and easily formed, and would probably be retained through life. They very absurdly thought that a child could not reason as soon as he could talk, but said that, when he arrived at the years of understanding, which they placed somewhere beyond the first decade, he might be made to comprehend the why and wherefore of many things: and a respect for his superiors having been established, and a deference to their judgment, the youth would more readily be led in the right way.

To this end they governed their households with a strong will and an unwavering purpose, instituting rewards and punishments, which were impartially and unflinchingly bestowed, and they sometimes went so far as to take the advice of that old tyrant, Solomon, and administer "the rod of correction!" O, it is enough to make one shudder to think of it. We are altogether too refined for anything like that. Watching our little ones every moment with the greatest care, if perchance one should fall and hurt his nose, or his toes, we do not say to him, "That is a trifle: jump up, be a man, and don't cry;" but we take him up ourselves, and sympathize with him, till he fancies he has been greatly injured, and will henceforth be likely to magnify every slight accident he meets with: but then he will know us to be tender-hearted and compassionate, which is something, and will run to us for consolation, if it comes only in the shape of a lump of sugar.

As to applying "the rod of correction," literally, whipping a child with a stick, we could not so outrage our own sensibilities, much less degrade him, and lessen his self-respect, *whatever* he may have done. We can mildly expostulate with him, but if he still persists in a wrong course, why we think we have done our duty, and ought to be free from blame in the matter.

Strange to say, there are some, even in these days, who tell us that this course is quite wrong, and originated in a wicked self-indulgence on our parts. That we do not chastise our children, because we feel that the doing of it would pain us more than it would them, and we do not exact respect and obedience, simply because we think it too much trouble.

They say we are responsible for the conduct of our children through life: that they will ever deport themselves as they have been taught to do when young, and they quote the words of an old fashioned writer, "As the twig is bent, the tree's inclined;" but we let all this pass by us as the idle wind, only wishing that these croakers had been born at the right time, that is, in the year of grace, 1720.

We have said that the old commandments were almost obsolete, but there is one precept which yet influences us—"Let each esteem the other better than himself." Consequently, at all times and places, we give our children the preference. At the table, they are waited upon the first, and the one that clamors the loudest is the soonest gratified. In the social circle, whoever we may be conversing with, if our child begins to talk, we give him our undivided attention.

We will give up a seat if he fancies it; or a book, and in every particular surrender our wishes to his. Thus we endeavor to make him happy, and if by it he becomes very selfish it is not our fault, as we set him an example of self-denial. But we do not believe in that twig and tree story, and think that however exacting and unreasonable they may now be, they will know and do better of themselves, when they grow older. This is the easiest way of getting along with them, and we have no fear but that they will make as good men and women as did our great-great-grand-parents.

We cultivate their self-respect by never punishing, but always praising and preferring them. If we ever do refuse them anything, we invariably grant it after they have coaxed and teased awhile, thus encouraging perseverance; and their independence is developed in a thousand different ways. We were highly amused, the other day, to hear a boy, of twelve years of age, whose mother was entreating him to stay in the house one evening in the week, roundly assert that he "cared nothing for *her*, and would do as he pleased, *any hour*."

We train them so that with a good stock of impudence, that "open sesame" to credit and renown, they may push their way through the world with the stoutest and boldest. The future sovereigns of our country, each one of whom may be the President, we allow them to practice early, by governing at home. Surely, our system is a decided improvement upon that of the past ages.

HORTENSIA.

ANECDOTE OF COMMODORE MORGAN.

A back number of the "Spirit," says a correspondent of that excellent paper, brought to my mind an anecdote of Commodore Morgan, while off Naples, receiving a visit of the King: after which a sailor informed him that "One of them 'ere Kings had fallen down the hatchway."

Whether the following is true, I know not; I dare say that it is as true as the foregoing. However, it is good enough to be true. The Commodore's vessel had been in the harbor of Naples but a few days, when a court ball was given, to which the Commodore alone was invited. Morgan waited on our Charge d'Affaires, and through him addressed a note to the Lord Chamberlain, or some such functionary of the King's household (I'm not versed in royal terms,) stating "that it had been the custom elsewhere to invite the other officers of a national vessel, and he hoped that His Majesty would grant invitations to the other officers," &c., &c. His Majesty, through the Lord Chamberlain, replied, "That it was not the custom in Naples to invite any but the commanding officer of a vessel of war," &c.

Our Charge thought the Commodore read this haughty reply with admirable calmness, and, that after the first flush of indignation, he thought no more about it.

The officers knew that the Commodore had tried to get their invitations for them, and seeing our representative come over the vessel's side,

naturally enough concluded that this visit bore some reference to the object of their desires. They watched eagerly for some indication of success or failure, and soon read the latter on Mr. —'s face. As for the Commodore, he turned to them and calmly said—

"No invitations, gentlemen!"

The Commodore's temper did not appear at all ruffled, which caused some remark on the quarter-deck; and the middies, up to all sorts of mischief themselves, going upon the adage of "set a thief to catch a thief," thought they could detect something of that style in the countenance of their superior. That night they held a meeting, "for the purpose of investigating what meaning should or ought to be attached to sundry and various twinklings noticeable in the visual organs of Commodore Morgan, U. S. N."

After various pros and cons, Midshipman — gave the very satisfactory elucidation of the mystery. "that the starboard and larboard rollings of old Morgan's eyes, like empty casks in the Bay of Biscay, evidently mean that something was in the wind, and that in his, Midshipman —'s opinion, this assembly ought to 'square its crochets yards,' and look out for squalls."

The ball came off, but Morgan stayed away.

Three days after this ball was the birthday of the Neapolitan King. According to custom, the various vessels in the harbor were decked in their gayest colors, while the men-of-war fired salutes at sunrise, noon and sunset, with one single exception, however, and the exception was the Commodore's vessel.

As the story goes, there has been, for a long time, a custom for the King to ride out on the hill, at sunset, as a token of his appreciation of this respect paid him by the foreign flags.

The hill, as everybody knows, completely overlooks the splendid bay. The king, according to custom, went there with a large attendance, and his pride was gratified as he gazed upon the various vessels now firing the sunset salute.

On looking more closely, he noticed one large vessel, which by its silence appeared to care very little whether it was the King's birthday or his funeral. He could just see over her lofty bulwarks the stacked bayonets of the marines, tinged with the last rays of the setting sun, and the forms of the two sentinels, as they slowly passed each other on the deck. Only this told that she was a national vessel; her ports were closed, and, besides the sentinels, not a single soul was visible. The monarch's eye ran from the deck to the masthead. A kiss of wind just then flung out the lazy flag, and showed to his astounded gaze the stars and stripes.

In a much worse humor than when he started from his palace, the King returned, and sent for Mr. —, who was as much confounded as the King. He sprang into the boat, and ordered to be pulled to the frigate. As he was about to step on board, the sentinel warned him off.

"Cannot you see who I am? I'm Mr. —, the Charge d'Affaires at Naples."

"Can't help it, sir; if you were the President of the United States, you shouldn't step on board this vessel this day. Such are my orders."

It was talking to no purpose—the marine was

inflexible, and Mr. — was obliged to return in no very enviable state of mind. The next morning early he came on board, and in answer to his question the Commodore only desired that he should be brought before the King. The King received him in court,

"Gathering his brows like wintry storm,
Nursing his wrath to keep it warm!"

As a matter of course the courtiers followed suit to whatever card the king led.

"Commodore Morgan, I wish to know if your nation desired that you show to me that disrespect which I observed yesterday?"

"May I ask your Majesty," said the Commodore, "how I have been wanting in respect towards your Majesty?"

"Yesterday was my birthday, and, of all the vessels in port, yours alone did not deign to fire salutes."

"Ah, sir!" replied Morgan, "pardon my republican manners. We have no kings in America, and it is not the custom to fire salutes upon our President's birthday."

The King bit his lips, and having waved his hand towards the Commodore, the latter took the hint, and "backed out."

There was another court ball, and, singular as it may appear, all the American officers were invited.

There was another fete day, too. All the vessels "belched forth their flame," but the Yankee Paixhans out-thundered them all.

A BROADWAY SHOP REVERIE.

Forty dollars for a pocket-handkerchief! My dear woman, you need a straight jacket, even though you may be the fortunate owner of a dropsical purse.

I won't allude to the legitimate use of a pocket-handkerchief. I won't speak of the sad hearts that "forty dollars" in the hands of some philanthropist might lighten; I won't speak of the "crows' feet" that will be pencilled on your fair face, when your laundress carelessly sticks the point of her remorseless smoothing iron through the flimsy fabric, or the constant espionage you must keep over your treasure in omnibuses, or when promenading; but I will ask you how many of the lords of creation, for whose especial benefit you array yourself, will know whether that cobweb rag fluttering in your hand, cost forty dollars or forty cents?

Pout if you like, and toss your head, and say that you "don't dress to please the gentlemen;" I don't hesitate to tell you (at this distance from your finger nails) that is a downright — mistake! and that the enormous sums most women expend for articles, the cost of which few, save shop-keepers and butterfly feminines, know, is both astounding and ridiculous.

True, you have the sublime gratification of flourishing your forty-dollar handkerchief, of sporting your twenty-dollar "Honiton collar," or of flaunting your thousand-dollar shawl, before the envious and admiring eyes of some weak sister, who has made the possible possession of the articles in question a profound and life-time study; you may pass, too, along the crowded

paré, laboring under the hallucination that every passer-by appreciates your dry-goods value. *Not a bit of it.* Yonder is a group of gentlemen. You pass them in your promenade; they glance carelessly at your *tout-ensemble*, but their eyes rest admiringly on a figure close behind you. It will chagrin you to learn that this locomotive load-stone has on a seventy-five cent hat, of simple straw—a dress of lawn, one shilling per yard—a twenty-five cent collar, and a shawl of the most unpretending price and fabric.

All these items you take in at a glance, as you turn upon her your aristocratic eye of feminine criticism to extract, if possible, the talismanic secret of her magnetism. What is it? Let me tell you. Nature, wilful dame, has an aristocracy of her own, and in one of her independent freaks has so daintily fashioned your rival's limbs that the meanest garb could not *mar* a grace, nor the costliest fabric *add* one. Compassionating her slender purse, nature has also added an artistic eye, which accepts or rejects fabrics and colors with unerring taste; hence her apparel is always well chosen and harmonious, producing the *effect* of a rich toilet at the cost of a "mere song;" and as she sweeps majestically past, one understands why Dr. Johnson pronounced a woman to be "perfectly dressed when one could never remember what she wore."

Now, I grant you, it is very provoking to be eclipsed by a star *without a name*—moving out of the sphere of "upper-ten"-dom—a woman who never wore a "camel's hair shawl," or owned a diamond in her life; after the expense you have incurred, too, and the fees you have paid to Madame Pompadour and Stewart for the first choice of their Parisian fooleries. It is harrowing to the sensibilities. I appreciate the awkwardness of your position; still, my compassion jogs my invention vainly for a remedy—unless, indeed, you consent to crush such democratic presumption by *labelling* the astounding price of the dry goods upon your aristocratic back.

—N. Y. Journal.

FANNY FERN.

A MOTHER'S TRIALS.

I always read with interest anything that is calculated to encourage mothers, or to impart instruction or advice with regard to the duties devolving upon them. And it is my wish to be personally benefitted by such instruction. But, notwithstanding this, I almost invariably think, when anything of the kind comes under my notice, of the old adage: "It is easier to preach than it is to practice."

At the present time we hear much about the trials of mothers, with careless, negligent, bad servants, together with those which of course a mother must experience, if she has the care of her children. But there is a class of mothers who are seldom troubled with bad servants, who have not only the care of the family, but the work of the household to perform; who are toiling, day after day, and esteem it a privilege, if in the enjoyment of health. But they, too, are subject to pain and disease like others, and need our sympathy, and at times they have it, but are they not too much overlooked? There is Mrs. S., for

instance, the mother of five children. Her husband is a mechanic, and respected by his neighbors, but his income is not sufficient, with strict economy, to admit of keeping a servant. We will just glance at one day in her experience, (and not a washing-day either.) The husband has arisen early in the morning, and says, "Come, Mary, I want my breakfast: I must be at the shop by such a time, you know." Mrs. S. leaves her bed, weary, having scarcely slept an hour at a time through the night, on account of the children. She steps quietly out of the room for fear of disturbing the baby, and she sets herself about preparing the breakfast. Directly, she hears the little one, for Kate has been hugging her little brother till she has made him cry, and he is not to be coaxed to lie any longer, but up he must get, and the mother must have him in her arms. The meal is on the table at last, and Mr. S. eats, and, after a few words to the children, who by this time are up, he is away to the shop. The others are to be dressed, after which Mrs. S. calls them round the table, and waits upon them as well as she can, with the baby in her arms, and some of us can imagine how little she would eat herself in such circumstances. Time passes, and the older ones must go to school. They are washed, and brushed, but just at this moment Willie happens to think that the teacher said that he must have a new book, and Sarah has broken her slate, and little Jane wants a pencil to mark with. The mother, with a promise to each, sees them start for school. She now scarcely knows what to do first; the house must be put in order, and the dinner made ready. The husband comes home at the usual hour, and, when seated at the table, the promise made to the children, in the morning, is mentioned. Mr. S. says, "Well, really, there is something wanting all the while." The mother thinks it best to get the articles, but he is soon away again, and they are forgotten. She feels after dinner that she needs rest, but who will see to the little ones, and so she toils on till night.

Willie and his sisters return from school. They have their supper, and, after hearing them say their prayers, and seeing them in bed, the mother, with a pain in the head, and weary, and care-worn, seats herself by the cradle to repair a coat for her husband, who, by-the-by, is in a neighboring store, talking and smoking his cigar, with his associates. The clock has struck ten, and Mrs. S. goes to see if all is right with the children, as is her practice before she retires. She finds one breathing hard, and with a hoarse cough; she fears the croup. There is no time to be lost, and she immediately goes to dosing and bathing the child, with but little prospect of rest for her weary limbs, or her aching head. Who will not say that this mother needs sympathy? Yes, and she has it: there is a "friend that sticketh closer than a brother," and she can go to Him, and pour out her heart before Him, and ask for wisdom to direct, and strength to perform whatever is before her.

Then, there is the wife of the intemperate man, who has her peculiar trials, and the widow, who has to support herself and children by her own industry. There are hundreds of mothers,

in these different classes, who think no one cares for them, and who feel at times discouraged by reason of the roughness of the way. But, faint not, dear mothers; bear with patience these trials, for if we are the children of God, "heirs of God, and joint heirs with Jesus Christ,"

"Our troubles and our trials here,
Will only make us richer there,
When we arrive at home."

—*Mother's Journal and Family Visitant.*

NAPOLEON AND MASKED BALLS.

Great as was Napoleon's repugnance to masked balls, he was induced to attend one of them: when, for the first and last time in his imperial life, he is said to have participated in the dance. He had ordered ten different dresses to be taken to the apartment designed for him, but in each disguise he was detected. Several of his marshals often amused themselves with a good laugh at his utter failure in his attempt to unplay the emperor.

"Do you know," said Napoleon, when rallied on the subject, "that I was regularly discovered by a *jeune dame*, who seemed to be an accomplished intrigant; and yet, would you believe it, with all my efforts, I could not recognize the flirt."

Josephine was present during this conversation, and, unable to constrain herself any longer, fell to laughing immoderately. Thus the discovery at last came out that she had been the *jeune dame* herself.

During the carnival of that winter, the masked balls at the opera were frequented by all the upper classes, and were particularly amusing. Josephine was very anxious to have Napoleon see one, but he would not go.

"Then I shall go without you, *mon ami*," replied the Empress.

"Do as you like," was the response, as the Emperor rose from the breakfast table.

At the appointed time, Josephine left for the ball; but the very moment she had set out, her husband sent for one of the *femmes de chambres* to learn exactly how she was dressed. With a game to play, the Emperor resolved to do his part well; so, with Duroc, another officer, and his own favorite valet, all completely masked, he entered a carriage, and arm-in-arm entered the ball-room. Napoleon was that night to have the name of Auguste, Duroc was to be Francois, &c. They made the tour of the apartments, and not a person resembling Josephine was visible. He was about leaving, when a mask approached, and rallied him with so much wit, that he had to stop for a reply; but he was somewhat embarrassed, which, being perceived by the mask, harder repartees fell thick and fast. The crowd mingled in the giddy and electric movements of the *bal masqué*, but at every turn this mask whispered low in his ear a state secret of little importance in itself, but startling to Napoleon. At length, he exclaimed, after one of those whispers—

"*Comment diable! Who are you?*"

And thus he was tormented for nearly an hour, till he could endure it no longer, when he withdrew in disdain and disgust. When he entered

the palace that night, he learned that Josephine had some time before retired to her room. As they met next morning, Napoleon said—

"So you were not at the ball last night?"

"Indeed I was."

"But I assure you I was there."

"And you, *mon ami*," with a half-suppressed smile she continued, "What were you about all the evening?"

"I was in my cabinet," said Napoleon.

"Oh, Auguste!" replied the Empress, with an arch gesture.

The whole secret was out; Josephine had donned a costume, of which her *femme de chambre* knew nothing, and Napoleon enjoyed and repeated the joke a thousand times. It were all in vain to hope that her husband, in any costume, could move without having his identity immediately detected by a woman of such keen perceptions as Josephine.

THE BOX OF SUGAR-PLUMS.

My children were made happy by a basket of presents from a city friend. Among other things a box of candy created considerable excitement. Sarah and Emma shouted that they had "never, never seen such funny sugar-plums before." The interest growing louder and more loud, I turned from my writing to learn the cause of it.

"Oh, father," cries Emma, "see these sweet little sugar bottles; full, too. Won't they be pretty for our baby-house? won't they be new?"

"New!" exclaims my son; "nothing new. The boys at school treat with them; they are almost the only sugar-plums the boys buy now. At first, I could not bear them, but they taste good now. Father, they are only brandy-drops."

I took the box up to examine the contents. There were little sugar bottles labelled, "Porter," "Whiskey," "Wine," and bell-shaped candy drops filled with all sorts of liquors, thus put up to evade the law of our State, which forbids the sale of intoxicating drinks.

"And the boys like these kind of sugar-plums, do they, Frank?"

"Yes, sir; they get to like them first-rate, and some of the boys are buying them all the time."

"Do you buy them, Frank?" I asked.

"No, sir, not very often, because I don't have money to spend so: the boys give me some."

"Well, which of you does this box of candy belong to?" I asked, glancing round upon the group.

They looked at each other, and Frank answered—

"To us all, I suppose, as it had no name on it."

"Now, children. I want you to empty this box into the fire." They looked as if it were a tough case, and not one of them moved. "Which of you," I repeated calmly, but firmly, "has confidence enough in your father instantly to obey?"

Frank looked earnestly into my eye for an instant; then seizing the box, he poured its contents upon the glowing coals. The sugar melted, the bottles burst, and such a fume of liquor we never had in our sitting-room before. The children watched the blue flames in silence, until all

were consumed; then they took a long breath, and turned wistfully to me.

"What is our only safe rule about intoxicating drinks?" I asked.

The children again surveyed each other, when Sarah timidly answered—

"Touch not, taste not, handle not."

"Frank, my boy, 'Touch not, taste not, handle not.' Never forget this: never fail to act upon it; never suffer yourself again to be imposed upon by a sugared temptation."

I have felt this matter deeply. My boy, it may be, was acquiring, unknown to me, unknown even to himself, an appetite that might ruin him for this world and drag him to perdition hereafter. Is there not a fearful responsibility resting upon both the maker and seller of these well-named "Devil's sugar-plums?" — *Maine Paper.*

THE PARSEES.

For the sake of those of our readers who are little versant in Oriental matters, we advert to the circumstance that, after the Mohammedan conquest of Persia, in the seventh century, a small number of the fire-worshippers betook themselves to the Khorasan mountains, or the scarcely less dreary deserts of their own country; whence, about half a century afterwards, a company of them sailed for the western coasts of Hindostan, obtained leave to form settlements under the rajahs of the country, and acquired the appellation of Parsees. The first Englishman whose attention they appear to have excited was Mr. Lord, who, above 220 years ago, published a short account of the community, as he became acquainted with them at Surat, and gained a knowledge of their religion through one of their priests. According to his information, the duties of the laity, as prescribed in the *Zend-avesta*, appear to be almost wholly of a moral character, and nowise remarkable. The clergy, who are divided into two orders, are obliged to observe a greater degree of holiness. A priest of the higher class is enjoined never to touch any person of any strange religion whatever, or even a layman of his own; if he do so, he must thoroughly wash himself before approaching Deity in prayer. He must perform with his own hand whatever is necessary for his own life—such as setting the herbs in his garden, sowing the seed in his field, and dressing his victuals; and this, both in testimony of his humility, and for the preservation of his sanctity. He is obliged to consecrate to charitable uses all the overplus of his large revenues, after supplying the wants of a reclude and austere life. He is forbidden to make known the divine revelations he receives in the visions of the night; and, above all, he is enjoined to keep up an ever-living fire, kindled from that which Zerdusht brought from Heaven with the book of the law; which fire is to endure till fire shall come to destroy the world. To provide, however, for the possibility of this fire-suffering extinction, or of its being impossible, under some circumstances, to obtain a communication from it, the Parsees are allowed to compose one of various mixtures, when necessary—and the greater the

number of sources the better: seven at least are indispensable. The most celebrated one in India, which had been kept alive for above 200 years before Mr. Lord's time, had been composed, first, of fire produced by the striking of a steel; secondly, of that made by rubbing two pieces of wood together; thirdly, of that occasioned by lightning; fourthly, of wild fire, which had laid hold of something combustible; fifthly, of ordinary artificial fire, kindled in coals or wood; sixthly, of that used by the Hindoos in the burning of their dead; and seventhly, of that obtained from the beams of the sun, by means of burning-glasses. The most remarkable of the usages connected with this religion may be thus briefly described:—

When the Parsees assemble for worship in the temple or fire-house, they stand round the fire at the distance of eleven or twelve feet from it, and the priest utters a speech, to the effect that, as fire is the virtue and excellence of Deity, it must be worshipped as part of Him; and that all things resembling it, as the sun and moon, which proceeded from it, are to be loved; and they pray that they may be forgiven if, in the ordinary uses of this element, they should either spill water on it, or supply it with any fuel unworthy of its purity, or commit any other irreverence or abuse, in the necessary employment of it for the wants of their common life.

As soon as a child is born, the priest is sent for; and, on his arrival, he ascertains the precise moment when the birth took place, calculates the nativity according to astrological rules, and names the infant. Some time afterwards the child is brought to the temple, when the priest takes pure water, and puts it into the bark of a tree which grows at Yezd, in Persia, and which, they say, receives no shadow from the sun. Out of this he pours the water on the child, praying that it may thus be cleansed from the pollutions of its parents. At seven years of age the child is again taken to the temple, to receive religious instructions; and as soon as he knows the required prayers perfectly by heart, he is directed to repeat them over the fire, his mouth and nostrils being covered with a cloth, lest his sinful breath should pollute it. After prayers he is required to drink water, chew a pomegranate leaf, and wash himself in a tank, when he is considered inwardly and outwardly clean, and the priest invests him with the linen sadra, or sacred shirt, and the girdle of camel's hair, woven by his own hand. He then prays over him, that he may continue a faithful follower of the religion of which these garments are the badge. All which being duly transacted, the child is held a confirmed Parsee.

According to a more recent author, the Parsees are now far from remaining so peculiar a people as they were two hundred years ago. They have spread from their original settlements in Western Hindostan into various parts of the East; and, like the Jews in their dispersion, have retained certain of their ancient usages, which, as well as their physical constitution, mark them as a distinct race; while they devote themselves to commercial pursuits with such keenness, that they are known as eager and unscrupulous money-

makers, much more than as zealous fire-worshippers. They seem to have attached themselves peculiarly to the Europeans, who are now in the ascendant. The Parsee has not only been the best sutler to the British forces in Scinde, Afghanistan, and Lahore, but he is generally the messenger at the different military stations throughout the presidency of Bombay: he is found likewise in some localities of Bengal and Madras, and in the British consular ports of China. He endeavors by all means to obtain for his sons an education in the English language, which many of them speak and write with remarkable facility. The government offices, the banks, the merchants' counting-houses, and the attorneys' offices, are crowded with clerks of this race.—*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.*

MODELS FOR MODERN MINSTRELS.

"Ego mira poemata pango:
Occupet extremum scabies; mihi turpe relinquitur,
Et quod non didici, sane nescire fateri." — HORACE.

"I can write admirable poetry! A murrain take the hind-foot; I am ashamed to be outdone and to confess myself to be ignorant of what I have never learned."

There is no article, of which there is more in the market, in this day of almost infinite production, than Original Poetry. The total neglect, with which it is treated by all persons of learning and taste, seems in no way to cool the ardor of these enthusiastic children of rhyme. They, doubtless, think themselves "born poets," yet they furnish sad evidence that they are very distantly, if at all, related to the Muses. They seem, however, determined to sing themselves into notice, like begging ballad-singers in crowded cities.

But who has not read of "The poet's eye in a fine phrenzy rolling," from which it would appear that the best efforts of the very best poets are called into being under the influence of a species of madness; and the only difference we can see between Sappho, of ancient, and "Lizzie Linwood," of modern, days, judging from their respective strains, is in the fact that the phrenzy of the former may, with some show of justice, be called *fine*, whilst that of the latter must, most undoubtedly, be pronounced *miserable* phrenzy. What physician, alas, can minister any wholesome or effectual remedy to so wide-spread and deep-rooted a malady? What mechanic can undertake to mend a cracked vessel, made of indifferent clay? Human skill must fail. And as long as the almost numberless pages of our papers and journals are open to what these *poor* authors think fit to call "original poetry," and neither editor nor critic thinks fit to lay on the rod of correction and instruction, so long will public taste suffer, and our national literature be classed with the very lowest articles of home production. I wonder if it has ever entered into the minds of these scribblers that to write poetry, or even prose, well, natural genius and taste are absolute requisites; that even these are but original elements; the raw materials which, without that mental culture which is the result of a good, sound and judicious education, can at best bear but wild and tasteless fruit. The annals of our highest and noblest standard literature bear me

out in these remarks; nor is it likely that any one who has well considered the subject, will attempt to controvert them. To excel in any business, trade, or profession, time, thought, and continuous practice are necessary, whether a man stands at the counter, the bench or the bar, and the history of authors and their works enables us at once to see that nothing has come down to us from the past, that now challenges our admiration, which has not been written by those possessed of the prerequisites upon which we have laid no unnecessary stress. Let the present and the past of poetical literature be placed in juxtaposition, and what do we find? The one reminds us of the effort of an intellectual giant, the other of the puny and abortive labor of a sickly dwarf dying of consumption! Horace, in his day, directed those who would excel in that high art, of which he was himself so great a master, to make it their constant business to study the Greek models, as well as the standard works of their own nation, to study much, write slowly, and be in no great haste to give anything to the world before time for sound criticism and mature thought had strengthened the conviction of the author that his work would live. One of the most popular of the Roman poets, even at the present day, exclaimed, at the conclusion of what he considered his great work, with the prophetic inspiration of a great poet:—

"The work is finish'd, which dreads not the rage
Of tempests, fire, or sword, or wasting age;
Come soon or late, death's undetermined day,
This mortal being only can decay;
My nobler part, my fame, shall reach the skies;
And to late times with blooming honors rise.
Whate'er the unbounded Roman power obeys,
All climes and nations shall record my praise:
If 'tis allow'd to poets to divine,
One half of round eternity is mine."

What noble enthusiasm is here! What well-grounded hope of literary fame, where profound scholarship, and sublime philosophy, and towering genius, have laid the foundation for the poet's monument! Now, with such facts before us, it seems somewhat strange that vast mines of learned lore should be within our daily reach, the greater portion of which, if not, indeed, all, is wholly unknown to seven-eighths of newspaper and journal readers, and that not one paper or periodical in a thousand should ever cull a gem from so vast a heap, as a model for young aspirants, or to gratify the taste of those who may be satisfied to feast their minds upon the wealth hoarded by others! It seems, therefore, but reasonable to suppose that the journal which would open its pages to proper selections from our standard literature, ancient and modern, would do great and good service to both these classes. It would hold up a mirror to the young poet, burning for lays, in which a look now and then may prove to him the truth of the words,

"Spiret idem; sudet multum, frustra que laboret ausus idem."

He might hope easily to do the same, but, having tried, he would sweat much and labor in vain, and afford to the latter much pleasure which they can find neither time or facilities to seek for themselves.

As a beginning, we give the following, which

seem to our taste exquisitely beautiful and simple of their kind, and we may say that our best advice to the young composer of talent is—*study the best models, and aim at ease and simplicity.* To meet all tastes, two are selected from the works of the poets of the middle of the sixteenth century, and two from those of a poet still living:—

THE SOUL'S ERRAND.

Go, soul, the body's guest,
Upon a thankless errand!
Fear not to touch the best,
The truth shall be thy warrant;
Go, since I needs must die,
And give the world the lie.

Go tell the court it glows,
And shines like rotten wood;
Go tell the church it shows
What's good, and doth no good:
If church and court reply
Then give them both the lie.

Tell potentates they live
Acting by other's actions,
Not lov'd, unless they give,
Not strong, but by their factions.
If potentates reply,
Give potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition
That rule affairs of state,
Their purpose is ambition,
Their practice only hate.
And if they once reply,
Give them all the lie.

Tell wit how much it wrangles
In tickle points of niceness;
Tell wisdom she entangles
Herself in overwiseness,
And when they do reply,
Straight give them both the lie.

Tell physic of her boldness,
Tell skill it is pretension,
Tell charity of coldness,
Tell law it is contention.
And as they do reply,
So give them still the lie.

Tell fortune of her blindness,
Tell nature of decay,
Tell friendship of unkindness,
Tell justice of delay.
And if they will reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell arts they have no soundness,
But vary by esteeming,
Tell schools they want profoundness
And stand too much on seeming.
If arts and schools reply,
Give arts and schools the lie.

So when thou hast as I
Commanded thee, done blabbing:
Although to give the lie,
Deserves no less than stabbing,
Yet stab at thee who will,
No stab the soul can kill.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

Words are easy, like the wind;
Faithful friends are hard to find.
Every man will be thy friend
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend:

But, if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want.
If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call;
And with such-like flattering,
"Pity but he were a king."
If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him they will entice;
But if fortune once do frown,
Then farewell his great renown:
They that fawn'd on him before,
Use his company no more.
He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need;
If thou sorrow he will weep,
If thou wake, he cannot sleep:
Thus, of every grief in heart,
He, with thee, doth bear a part.
These are certain signs to know
Faithful friend from flattering foe.

THE SNOW.

An old man sadly said,
"Here's the snow
That fell the years that's fled?
Where's the snow?"
As fruitless were the task
Of many a joy to ask,
As the snow.

The hope of airy birth,
Like the snow,
Is stained on reaching earth,
Like the snow:
While 'tis sparkling in the ray
'Tis melting fast away,
Like the snow.

A cold, deceitful thing
Is the snow;
Though it come on dovelike wing—
The false snow!
'Tis but rain disguis'd appears;
And our hopes are frozen tears—
Like the snow.

FORGIVE, BUT DON'T FORGET.

I'm going, Jessie, far from thee,
To distant lands beyond the sea;
I would not, Jessie, leave thee now,
With anger's cloud upon thy brow.
Remember that thy mirthful friend
Might sometimes *pique*, but ne'er *offend*;
What mirthful friend is sad the while,
Oh, Jessie, give a parting smile.

Ah! why should friendship harshly chide
Our little faults on either side?
From friend we love, we bear with those
As thorns are pardon'd from the rose:—
The honey bee, on busy wing,
Producing sweets—yet bears a sting—
The purest gold most needs alloy,
And sorrow is the nurse of joy.

Then, oh! forgive me, ere I part,
And if some corner in thy heart
For absent friend, a place might be,
Ah, keep that little place for me!
"Forgive—forget" we're wisely told,
Is held a maxim good and old,
But half the maxim's yet,
Then, oh, *forgive*, but *don't forget*!

GAMMA.

MRS. DENISON.

[Mrs. Mary A. Denison, whose recent volume of "Home Pictures" is attracting so much attention, we regard as one of our best delineators of social and domestic scenes. There is truth to nature in nearly everything she writes; and often a tenderness and pathos that overcome the feelings irresistibly. Witness the following, from the Olive Branch. A poor widow and her daughter are toiling hard, early and late, amid self-denial and privation, to pay off debts incurred by the husband and father. The daughter, with twenty dollars in her purse, goes to the house of a rich creditor, in order to tender him the sum in part payment, when this scene transpires:—]

"Softly her feet sunk in the luxurious hall-carpet. Statuary in bronze and marble lined all the way to the stair-case. The splendor of the room into which she was ushered, seemed to her inexperienced sight too beautiful for actual use, and he who came in with his kindly glance and handsome face, the noblest perfection of manhood she had ever seen.

"Well, young lady," he said, blandly smiling, "to what am I indebted for this pleasure?"

"My father, sir, died in your debt," said Eva, blushing, speaking very low and softly. "By the strictest economy and very hard work, we, my mother and I, have been able to pay all his creditors but yourself. If you will be kind enough to receive the balance of your account in small sums—I am sorry they must be so small, sir—we can in the course of a very few years fully liquidate the debt, and then—a sweet expression lighted up her blue eyes—"we shall have fulfilled my father's dying wish, that every stain might be wiped from his honor." She paused a moment, and said again, falteringly, "My father was very unfortunate, sir, and broken in health for many years; but, oh, sir, he was honorable; he would have paid the last cent if it had left him a beggar."

"Very thoughtful sat Mr. Miner, his dark eyes fastened upon the gentle face before him. After a moment of silence he raised his head, threw back the mass of curling hair that shadowed his handsome brow, and said—

"I remember your father well. I regretted his death. He was a fine fellow, a fine fellow," he added, musingly; "but, my dear young lady, have you the means? do you not embarrass yourself by making these payments?"

"Eva blushed again, and looking up, ingenuously replied, "I am obliged to work, sir, but no labor would be too arduous that might save the memory of such a father from disgrace."

"This she spoke with deep emotion. The rich man turned with a choking in his throat, and tears glittering on his lashes. Eva timidly held out the two gold pieces; he took them, and, bidding her stay a moment, hastily left the room.

"Almost instantly returning, he handed her a sealed note, saying, 'There is the receipt, young lady, and allow me to add that the mother of such a child must be a happy woman. The whole debt, I find, is nine hundred and seventy-five dollars. You will see by my note, what ar-

rangements I have made, and I hope they will be satisfactory.'

"Eva left him with a lighter heart, and a burning cheek at his praise. His manner was so gentle, so fatherly, that she felt he would not impose hard conditions, and it would be a pleasure to pay one so kind and forbearing.

"At last she was home, and, breathlessly sitting at her mother's feet, she opened her letter. Wonder of wonders—a bank-note enclosed; she held it without speaking, or looking at its value.

"Read it," she said, after a moment's bewilderment, placing the letter in her mother's hand—"here are fifty dollars; what can it mean?"

"This," said the sick woman, bursting into tears, "is a receipt in full, releasing you from the payment of your father's debt. Kind, generous man—Heaven will bless him—God will shower mercies upon him. From a grateful heart I call upon the Father to reward him for this act of kindness. Oh, what shall we say, what shall we do to thank him?"

"Mother," said Eva, smiling through her tears, "I felt as if he were an angel of goodness. Oh, they do wrong, who say that all who are wealthy have hard hearts. Mother, can it be possible we are so rich? I wish he knew how very happy he has made us, how much we love and reverence him whenever we think or speak of him, or even hear him spoken of!"

"He has bound two hearts to him for ever," murmured her mother.

"Yes, dear Mr. Miner! little he thought how many comforts we wanted. Now we need not stint the fire; we may buy coal, and have one cheerful blaze, please God. And the tea, and the strip of carpet, the sugar, the little luxuries for you, dear mother; and the time, and a very few books for myself. I declare I'm so thankful, I feel as if I ought to go right back and tell him that we shall love him as long as we live."

"That evening the grate, heaped with Lehigh, gave the little room an air of ruddy comfort. Eva sat near, her curls bound softly back from her pure forehead, inditing a touching letter to their benefactor. Her mother's face, lightened with the loss of carking care, shone with a placid smile, and her every thought was a prayer calling down blessings upon the good rich man.

"In another room, far different from the widow's home, but also bright with the blaze of a genial fire, whose red light made richer the polish of costly furniture, sat the noble merchant.

"Pa, what makes you look so happy?" asked Lina, a beautiful girl, passing her smooth hand over his brow.

"Don't I always look happy, my little Lina?"

"Yes, but you keep shutting your eyes and smiling—so; and her bright face reflected his own. "I think you've had something very nice to-day; what was it?"

"Does my little daughter really want to know what has made her father so happy? Here is my Bible; let her turn to the Acts of the Apostles, 20th chapter, 35th verse, and read it carefully."

"The beautiful child turned reverently the

pages of the Holy Book, and, as she read, she looked up in her father's eyes—

"And to remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said *it is more blessed to give than to receive.*"

"Ah! I know," she said, laying her rosy cheek upon his hand, 'you have been giving something to some poor beggar, as you did last week, and he thanked you, and said, God bless you! and that's what makes you happy.'

"Lina read a confirmation in her father's smile—but he said nothing, only kept repeating to himself the words of the Lord Jesus, '*It is more blessed to give than to receive.*'"

THE FIRST STEP UPWARDS.

The first step of man's ascent upwards originates in a deepened sense of the moral worth and high responsibilities of man's life. The religion of children, as of some uncultivated and simple tribes, consists in a vague wonder and awe, intermingled with a diffusive feeling of gratitude and trust. They are taught, perhaps, to blend the idea of God with that of duty: but the association is not in general very vivid, till sorrow or death, or the consequences of heedless transgression, have awakened the mind to profounder reflection on the destination of humanity. While life flows on—in the main innocent and happy—the moral consciousness is tranquil, but it is not quick and operative. Such, however, can rarely be for any length of time, the condition of a dweller on earth. Sorrows and trials are too thickly spread—misfortune and disappointment reach us through too many avenues—to leave any one many years undisturbed by the importunate question—Why am I here? and what have I to do? An ideal gradually shapes itself before every reflective mind, of man's function and duty, which his actual performances and even his habitual aims fall immeasurably below, and the comparison of which, with the reality, fills him with grief and shame. Perhaps some unwonted deed of passion or evil deepens the feeling of disparity between what he is and what he ought to be—rouses him to a sense of danger—and puts him on efforts that he never made before. Perhaps he is awakened without passing through this ordeal of personal humiliation. He is conscious of powers that have never yet been adequately exerted, or finds himself possessed of opportunities which he has hitherto failed to improve. He looks around on a world languishing in darkness, wrong-doing and woe. Can he linger in sloth and apathy, with no earnest aim or chosen work, while the wrongs and woes of the world make such solemn calls upon him, and opportunities of promoting human welfare are inviting him daily to improve them? His self-reproach may be less for what he has than for what he has not done. But in this upbraiding sense of deficiency lies the hidden source of future strength. By whatever consciousness produced, whether of positive wrong or of defective goodness, and however designated—in this strong and clear persuasion of a moral purpose in existence, and in the resolute sacrifice of all worldly, selfish and carnal impulses that are at war with

it—the first step upwards, the true life of the human soul, has its origin; and no one probably ever attained to eminence in virtue, wisdom or moral excellence, ever rose above the standard morality of his age, or wrought any lasting good for mankind as a philanthropist and a reformer—whose character had not passed through some such crisis as this. For with all states of mind which involve the birth of a new and higher life, the idea of moral obligation, of duty unfulfilled, of responsibility and retribution, is deeply inter-fused. And all these influences or ideas blending into one, and acting with a single impulse on the mind, create the force which bursts the bondage of former habit, and sets the bias of the character in a new direction. The sentiments which possess the soul, on the first experience of this change, are, a grave and earnest sorrowfulness, humiliation, tenderness of heart, fervent aspiration, and moral watchfulness. The soul for the time is broken and cast down, and waits for encouragement to look up and proceed. Such are the sentiments usually accompanying this first stage of a renovated life.

The first stage of a renovated life! Is there not danger of resting in it—of being satisfied with taking this—which is but the first step upwards? It should be remembered that it is but preliminary—but a first step; that it marks transition; that it is but an effervescence of strong emotion, which must be fixed in principle and condensed into habit, or it will evaporate and pass away. The satisfying consciousness of progress and growth in goodness is never reached by those who rest at this first step or stage upwards.

CHIPPINGS OF THOUGHTS.

(1.) The last and highest stage of the religious life is that in which the mind arrives at the blessed consciousness of co-operating with God in the great design of His creation, and of being one in purpose and endeavor with Him. This is the highest height of human duty, privilege and felicity. For it is joy unspeakable in our highest moods and holiest aspirations, to feel that we can co-operate with the Supreme in His high designs, that we can secure the sunshine of His smile, experience the answerings of His love, and to know, that if we keep our minds in this heavenward course, we shall approach Him and become more intimate with Him through eternity. True union with God is the sympathy of our wills, and the co-operation of our endeavors, with the benevolent and glorious tendencies that pervade His works—the finite working with the Infinite—not from mechanical necessity, but with spontaneous reverence and love, to bring forth and realize that ideal of truth and beauty and goodness, which glows and dilates in ever brighter and grander manifestation on the opening vision of all pure and earnest souls, as they climb the upward path towards higher worlds and the invisible throne of God.

(2.) All errors that have had extensive currency among earnest and thoughtful men, are allied to some truth, and were originally designed to correct some excess or meet some want of the

spiritual nature. In the action and re-action which mark the progress of ideas, doctrines mischievous in their remoter consequences may help to qualify too strong a tendency in the opposite direction, and so adjust the final balance of opinion. In pronouncing judgment, therefore, on an individual, it is not fair to allege even the undeniable consequences of his opinions, if we have reason to think that he did not anticipate them. In a man's education and surroundings we can often find the determining impulse of his peculiar opinions.

(3) Man needs many things. He needs bodily sustenance: daily bread, and clothing and shelter. He needs to subdue the earth and to have dominion over it. He needs to turn the forest into utensils, ships and houses. He needs to fabricate, to manufacture, to discover, to invent, to trade, to accumulate. He needs the decencies of a customary appearance and deportment among his fellows. He needs exemption from exhausting and ceaseless labor for the development of his understanding. But he needs other and greater things than these. He needs inward peace. He needs "a conscience void of offence towards God and man." He needs moral courage in every good cause, and a trust in all-controlling wisdom and love, which the fluctuations of the world cannot unseat. He needs to be endeared to his fellows by sentiments of love and deeds disinterested. He needs to be united to them, not by ties of blood, but by ties of love, of mutual blessing and good-will.

A SCHOOL INCIDENT.

In my early years, I attended the public school in Roxbury, Mass. Dr. Nathaniel Prentice was our respected teacher; but his patience, at times, would get nearly exhausted by the infractions of the school-rules by the scholars. On one occasion, in rather a wrathful way, he threatened to punish, with six blows of a heavy ferule, the first boy detected in whispering, and appointed some as detectors. Shortly after, one of these detectors shouted—

"Master, John Zeigler is whispering."

John was called up, and asked if it was a fact—(John, by the way, was a favorite, both of the teacher and his school-mates.)

"Yes," answered John, "I was not aware what I was about. I was intent in working out a sum, and requested the one who sat next to reach me the arithmetic that contained the rule, which I wished to see."

The Doctor regretted his hasty threat, but told John he could not suffer him to escape the punishment, and continued—

"I wish I could avoid it, but I cannot, without a forfeiture of my word, and the consequent loss of my authority. I will," continued he, "leave it to any three scholars you may choose, to say whether or not I omit the punishment."

John said he was agreed to that, and immediately called out G. S., T. D., and D. P. D. The Doctor told them to return a verdict, which they soon did, (after consultation,) as follows:—

"The master's word must be kept inviolate—

John must receive the threatened punishment of six blows of the ferule: but it must be inflicted on volunteer proxies; and we, the arbitrators, will share the punishment by receiving two blows each."

John, who had listened to the verdict, stepped up to the Doctor, and, with outstretched hand, exclaimed—

"Master, here is my hand; they shan't be struck a blow; I will receive the punishment."

The Doctor, under pretence of wiping his face, shielded his eyes, and telling the boys to go to their seats, said he would think of it. I believe he did think of it to his dying day, but the punishment was never inflicted.—*Cin. Times.*

BED CLOTHES.

Three-fourths of the bed covering of our people consists of what are misnamed "comfortables," viz: two calico cloths, with glazed cotton wadding laid between, and quilted in.

The perfection of dress, for day or night, where warmth is the purpose, is that which confines around the body sufficient of its own warmth while it allows escape to the rest. Where the body is allowed to bathe protractedly in its own vapors, we must expect an unhealthy effect upon the skin. Where there is too little ventilating escape, what is called insensible perspiration is checked, and something analogous to fever supervenes. Foul tongue, ill taste and lack of morning appetite betray the error. In all cases the temper suffers, and "my dear, this is execrable coffee," is probably the table greeting.

How much of the rosy health of poor children is due to the air-leaking rooms of their parents; and what a generator of pale faces is a close chamber?

To be healthy and happy, provide your bed with the lightest and most porous blankets. The finer the better. The cheapest in price are the dearest in health. "Comfortables" are uncomfortable and unhealthy. Cotton, if it could be made equally porous, and kept so, we should prefer to wool. The same for daily underclothes. But more than all else, let your chamber be ventilated. Knock in a hole somewhere to give your escaping breath exit, and another to give fresh air to your lungs in the place of what they have expired. So shall you have pleasant dreams at night, and in the morning cheerful rising, sweet breath and good appetite! These blessings combined, will secure to healthful parents a household of bright and rosy-cheeked memorials of rich and fruitful affection.

It is the perfection of human life to combine spiritual with natural uses. Spiritual uses are properly of an interior kind, and consist in a man's preparing his understanding and will for God's purposes. From the spiritual states thus wrought in him during the progress of his regeneration, will spontaneously proceed outward uses, both religious and temporal, as opportunities offer. Until the mind is thus devoted to the Lord, although the uses performed may relate to the Church, they cannot properly be called spiritual uses.

BLACKBERRYING.

See Engraving.

I am a child again, as I look on this pleasant picture. I am far from the noisy town; far from the bustling crowd; and away among the broad open fields and shady woodlands, basket in hand, and heart full of joy as the heart of a singing bird. None knew better than I where the blackberries grew largest and ripest, and none could quicker fill to the brim her basket. What cared I for a torn apron or a few scratches? What cared I if a July sun made my cheeks as brown as a nut? There was health and vigor in every vein and muscle, and joy in my free spirit.

Dear childhood! To me it is pleasant, sometimes, to go back to that sweet season, when life was bright as a summer day, and hope unsaddened by disappointment; when, if tears came now and then, they were dried up quickly in smiles.

Last summer I was in the old place where, years ago, as a child, I chased the butterflies, gathered wild flowers, and picked berries in their season. The ever-advancing step of improvement had done much to remove the old landmarks, and obliterate the signs by which I could know it as the dear spot where, in the early time of life, I sported with the light-winged hours. I felt sad as I looked in vain for the spring that threw up its bright waters in a shady grove, a little way from where the home of my childhood still reared its modest front. The trees—fine old oaks and chestnuts—had fallen beneath the axe of the woodman, and the sun had dried the spring. The plough had followed, and now the golden grain swayed there to the caressing breeze. To the eyes of the farmer, who had ploughed the ground and sowed the seed, that field, all ripe for the hand of the reapers, was a pleasant sight. But beyond that field was a pleasanter sight for me. It was a little dell, along which meandered a quiet stream as in years gone by; so quiet that the softly gliding waters gave not so much as an answering sigh to the wooing zephyrs that came down and kissed its glassy surface. How many a basket of blackberries, large, sweet, and luscious, had this spot yielded me? and there were the thick, tangled bushes still, loaded with fruit as when I was a child. So little change had taken place, that it seemed as if a month had not intervened since, a merry-hearted little girl, I was here with my playmates.

Nothing has ever carried me back so realizingly to life's early spring-time as that visit to the shady dell, in and around which the blackberry bushes grew so thick that a rabbit could hardly make his way between them. And when I left the spot with a basket of fruit, scratched hands, and dress torn in a dozen places, my heart was full of old emotions—I was, in fact, a child again.

I am of opinion that the Bible contains more true sublimity, more exquisite beauty, more pure morality, more important history, and finer strains of poetry and eloquence, than can be collected from all other books, in whatever age or language they have been written.—Sir William Jones.

Vol II.—No. 4.

MATERNAL CARES OF ANIMALS.

Translated from the French.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

I commence by creatures on the lowest step of the social ladder, to ascend afterwards to those whom we look upon as endowed with a greater amount of intelligence. I will not speak here of the polype, among which family affection does not exist, but pass at once to insects, which present singular examples of maternal love. One deposits its eggs on the lips of certain animals, which swallow them, and thus procures for them a nest always warm, a shelter always safe. Another thrusts its dart into the entrails of a living animal, and leaves its eggs there. A third, at the end of autumn, raises the bark of a tree, and in a spot known only to itself and God, deposits an egg. The bark closes over it: winter comes with its snow and cold, but cannot reach the egg behind its rampart. Then spring returns, bringing warmth and fine days; the bark opens again, and then emerges from it—what? A tender and delicious green bud, and the new-born insect finds before it a table ready spread.

If we pass to fishes, we meet with phenomena still more strange. Among the inhabitants of the water is found the *epinoche*, a little fish whose back and belly are armed with hard and sharp awls, which have procured for him the significant name of the cobbler. Here, by a singular exception, it is not the female but the male who provides for the family. About the month of May, the *epinoche* heaps up on the edges of rivers, in the cavities of stones, among roots, straws, blades of grass, reeds, moss, all these pell-mell and without order, in such a manner as to compose a mass of flexible and slender things. Then he thrusts his head into the middle of these, and commences a rotatory motion; the awls with which he is provided, producing the effect of cards or combs, weave around him the substances collected, and, at the expiration of a short time, our fish finds himself in the middle of a solid nest, which resembles a cuff pierced at each end. Leaving this nest by the lower door, the *epinoche* goes in search of a female of the same species, and brings her to deposit her eggs in the nest he has prepared. During this process, he watches at the upper door to prevent his spouse from leaving, for he knows that maternity has no charms for her. When the eggs are deposited, he conducts her to her family, and brings a second, then a third, sometimes even a fourth wife, for the *epinoche* has taken the trouble to construct a nest, and he wishes to pay his expenses. At last, the nest is full, but the eggs are so light that the slightest current would be sufficient to carry them away, and, then, adieu, cares! adieu, hopes of the future! What does the *epinoche*? On each egg he deposits a grain of sand, the current breaks against this obstacle, and the *epinoche* has again preserved those who at a later period are to bear his name. Meanwhile, he has not yet finished. The stagnant water might be fatal to his little family; he, therefore, swims around the nest, agitating his tail and his fins like the paddles of a steam-

boat. Who will say, after this, that the epinoche has not paternal love?

The water-spider, whose scientific name has escaped me, is still more astonishing. It was she who invented the diving-bell, and man has taken the credit of her invention; but it is just to render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's. The spider, we say, constructs a bell of silken threads, which she plunges several inches under water, and then deposits her eggs. But as the air is necessary to them, the mother ascends to the surface, where she takes a long, slow breath; then re-descends beneath the bell, shakes herself and passes her long claws over her thin limbs, as a magnetiser would do over a subject; then globules of air may be seen to detach themselves from her body, and ascend to fix themselves to the sides of the bell, which is soon inflated with oxygen.

In another order of animals, among monkeys, especially the *syamang*, we find the same cares and the same instincts. An inferior variety of the monkey species, the *syamang* manifests previous to his marriage the most hopeless stupidity. Well, when the period of paternity arrives, the *syamang* is no longer the same man—we beg pardon—the same monkey; he is a creature full of instinct and of affection, charming, amiable, divining the wants of his little ones, or anticipating them.

Among serpents, the boa, whom the narratives of travellers have rendered celebrated, piles up its eggs in a pyramidal form, and, to guard them from contact with the exterior air, rolls itself around them, and, from the top of this immense spiral, thrusts its head into the cavity. In the centre of this species of prison, the temperature rises twelve, fifteen, and sometimes twenty, degrees above that of the exterior, which necessarily facilitates the eclosion of the eggs.

But insects, fishes and reptiles must yield to an animal which we pursue with our hatred. I mean the Surinam toad, called the *pipa*. When the *pipa* has laid its eggs, the male takes them and places them on the back of the female. Now these eggs have a corrosive property, which immediately produces beneath them an inflammation, followed by pimples. These open, the egg falls into the cavity, and the thing is done. By degrees, the skin closes, and the female hops about with her children on her back. I am mistaken, they are not yet children, but the sun of Surinam soon transforms them into such. As soon as the eclosion takes place, the inflammation is re-produced, the pimple opens, and the little ones hop out. Has not the *pipa* been twice their mother?

We have arrived at birds, and hasten to repair an injustice. The cuckoo has from time immemorial borne a detestable reputation; it has become the symbol of misfortune, and has been accused of all the crimes committed by black-birds, sparrows and magpies, those lawless and faithless people. It has been said that the cuckoo is an unnatural mother, who, to rid herself of the troubles of maternity, lays her eggs in the nests of other birds. The fact is true, the conclusion is false. It is now known that the bones of the stomach of the cuckoo are so hard that if

she attempted to set upon her eggs she would crush them. In other respects, family affection exists in the same degree with the cuckoo as with other birds. Buffon relates having seen young ones, deposited by their mother in the nest of a linnet, unite their efforts to drive the linnets into a corner of the nest, then raise them with their wings and shoulders, and end by throwing them overboard.

There is also a species of fly which deposits its eggs in the nests of paper-wasps, and in the hives of bees, where we often meet them. But our fly goes farther than the cuckoo; and commences by eating the eggs of the proprietor.

It remains for us to speak of experiments we have ourselves made on a bird, the canary, whose intelligence has been doubted, we know not why. Well, you know that it is customary to suspend in the cages of canaries a bit of fish-bone. The vulgar say it is to sharpen their beaks; but the vulgar are mistaken. It is because this bone contains the carbonate of chalk necessary to the formation of the egg. In fact, calculate the quantity of carbonate of chalk which has disappeared from the bone during the time preceding the laying of the eggs, and you will find the same quantity in the shells. One day, after the little ones were born, and the parents were at every moment putting food into their always insatiable and gaping beaks; one day, I say, I saw the canary making fruitless efforts to attain a bit of the bone beyond its reach, while it seemed to disdain the portion which hung within the cage. The poor thing rose on one leg, aiding itself with its wing and its beak to reach the desired object; but, stopped each time by the bars, fell back and uttered a little cry of vexation and anger. I was astonished at this persistence, and undertook the analysis of the fragment of bone. I found a large quantity of phosphate of chalk. Now you know that the bones of all organic beings are composed of this substance; it was, therefore, to strengthen its little ones that our canary desired so much phosphate, while carbonate was useless to it; and instinct, combined with maternal love, had sufficed to teach the bird what man learns with difficulty by the aid of science.

I have not time to enumerate all classes of animals, and show you the intelligence which maternity supplies to each. Who does not know the tender care which the kangaroo, the pelican, the hen, the dog, birds, &c., take of their little ones? I have chosen to set before you a few examples selected among a thousand in the history of the heart, a few curious and touching pictures, and shall esteem myself happy if I have been able to prove to you that maternal love is the most beautiful and most useful of all sentiments, since it sometimes elevates the brute to a level with the most perfect of the creatures of God.

So live with men as considering always that God sees thee; so pray to God as if every man heard thee: Do nothing which thou wouldst not have God see done. Desire nothing which may either wrong thy profession to ask, or God's honor to grant.—*Henshaw.*

SUNSET AT THE FARM.

BY MRS. L. S. GOODWIN.

White as its sprinkle of wave-washed sand,
Is the low, broad kitchen's oaken floor;
Apple-tree boughs by the porch expand,
Amplly shading the wide-thrown door.

'Mid fruit that the bended branches bear,
For dumplings feath'ry and cream-crust pies,
The brooding home of a redbreast pair
Deep in the emerald centre lies.

First were the youngling pinions tried
To-day in flutterings brief and coy;
The parents this sunset hour divide
'Twixt chirping counsel and singing joy.

Frolicking wild in the sunlight tips,
A snow-white kitten and jet-black dog
Are rolling over the wood-pile chips,
Or catching each from behind a log.

Grand-mamma near in her full-frilled cap,
All intent, sits by the hen-coop low,
Out from a basin stayed on her lap,
Lading the chicks their supper of dough.

Crickets chirp under the door-stone old;
Grasshoppers prate in the knotweed by;
Above, in chariot's airy rolled,
Are the miller, bee, and bottle-fly.

Just where the garden and rye-field edge,
With flaxen hair and in homespun dressed,
Children two, by the gooseberry hedge,
Are hunting the brown hen's secret nest.

With sleeves uprolled, as a housewife skilled,
Smoothly out on the clover beds,
When wrung from tubs at the brook brim filled,
A matron the household linen spreads.

Round rock, through barway, guided with care,
Making athwart the stubble a road,
The stout, red oxen and sleek, white mare
Are nearing the barn with their fragrant load.

With scythe and rake upon shoulders borne,
Their toil-hours marked by the solar beam,
Slowly the hay-makers, heated, worn,
Yet sturdy, cheerful, follow the team.

Kine nigh afield for the milk-maid wait,
But one star-faced, from among them stands
Pushing hard at the massive farm-yard gate,
Twirling her horns with its stronger bands.

Once and again, to her well-known speech,
Answers her young with an eager bound,
His tether straight'ning vainly to reach
The rich-hued milk that's dewing the ground.

Close-muffled shuttles do spiders throw,
Now that the loom in the garret rests,
Over the greensward to and fro,
Weaving a tissue for fairy vests.

Vapors rise from the cedary marsh,
Where frogs are aapep and turtles cry;
And mingle the notes of the nighthawk harsh,
Duskily circling against the sky.

THE CHILD'S WISH.

BY M. LOUISA CHITWOOD.

"If I could live till Spring," she said,
"When the first daisies blow
And meek-eyed flowers soft odors shed,
I'd be content to go.
But, oh! it is so cold a bed,
The grave half full of snow."

She slept—I often wonder now
To what sweet land she stole,
And gather'd love's most precious vow,
From some celestial goal.
For, oh! such peace was on her brow,
The sunlight of the soul.

I know not where she caught the light
That glistened in her eyes;
"But, oh!" said she, "'tis always bright—
'Tis Summer in the skies.
I shall not feel how deep and white
The snow above me lies."

And now the light of early Spring
Casts blossoms on her breast,
And meadow-larks and thrushes sing
Their carols to her rest.
The snows have melted as the wing
Of sunset in the west.

And there are thistles, blue and red,
Half bending o'er her tomb;
And little flowers by dew-drops fed
Just bursting into bloom.
A quiet, little valley bed,
An emerald curtain'd room.

She died, amid the Winter snow,
Of poverty the heir;
White as a lamb she dwells, I know,
Where "little children" are;
For angels sought the cabin low,
And found a sister there.

OH, WATCH YOU WELL BY
DAYLIGHT.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

Oh, watch you well by daylight—
By daylight you may fear,
But keep no watch in darkness—
For angels then are near;
For Heaven the sense bestoweth
Our walking life to keep,
But tender mercy showeth,
To guard us in our sleep.
Then watch you well by daylight,
By daylight you may fear,
But keep no watch in darkness—
For angels then are near.

Oh, watch you well in pleasure—
For pleasure oft betrays,
But keep no watch of sorrow,
When joy withdraws its rays,
For in the hour of sorrow,
As in the darkness drear,
To Heaven entrust the morrow,
For the angels then are near.
Oh, watch you well by daylight—
By daylight you may fear,
But keep no watch in darkness—
The angels then are near.

BAD BOYS.

A WORD FOR PARENTS AND TEACHERS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Incorrigible boy!" exclaimed Mr. Wilkins, addressing a lad who stood before him with flushed face, and eyes resting upon the floor. "Did I not positively forbid this?"

To his father's angry interrogation, the boy answered not.

"Did you hear me, sir?"

Still no answer.

"William!" Mr. Wilkins laid his hand, with a sharp grip, on the boy's shoulder. The latter raised his eyes, that were moist with gathering tears, and fixed them, with an appealing glance, on his father's face.

"Why don't you answer me, say? Didn't I positively forbid your going with those boys?"

"Yes, sir," was faintly answered.

"And yet, after my prohibition, you went, thus acting from a deliberate spirit of disobedience."

Mr. Wilkins was much excited. He was rather a stern man; quick in his conclusions, strong of will, yet not intuitive in his estimates of character. William, his oldest boy, from his proneness to go wrong, had given him a great deal of trouble. To use his own words, he was "almost out of heart with him." His second son, Edward, was altogether a different lad. From his earliest years, he had been mild and obedient. If his parents forbade his going anywhere, the prohibition was never regarded as a hardship. Possessing an innate power to abstract pleasure from ordinary surroundings; content with the present good, whatever it might be; he had little temptation to wander from right paths. How different was the inherited character of William Wilkins. He had a quick mind, and a strong imagination, with covetousness, excitability, and a love of sensual pleasures. Now, it never seemed to occur to his father, that the marked difference between William and his brother Edward, was something for which the former was to be pitied, rather than blamed. He thought of the boy's perverseness as acquired or deliberate; not as the fountain sending forth bitter waters, because it possessed no innate sweetness. Every wrong act was set down as the offspring of a purpose to do wrong, instead of a yielding to temptation. And so, he had no patience with the lad, who, it may be remarked, was a better boy than he had been at the same age.

The father was excited at his child's disobedience, and, rejecting all excuses, punished him with unwonted severity.

The mother's deeper love for her children made her wiser. She better understood the groundwork of William's character; could see farther below the surface. When his father blamed, she only pitied; for she saw that in the boy's mind were often intense struggles with hereditary inclinations; and if he often fell, he sometimes conquered. With Edward, all glided on smoothly as a summer sea; for his impulses were to good rather than to evil. To obey was an instinct of his mind. Often did Mr. Wilkins unwisely hold up

Edward as an example for his oldest son—the effect was to sow seeds of self-righteousness in the breast of the former, and anger towards his brother in that of the latter. Very differently, however, acted the mother. She never repelled her erring boy; but, even when grieved and offended by his worst faults, sought to draw him to her side and win his confidence. When he came weeping to her room, and angry with his father for the punishment inflicted, she said to him in a grieving, not a chiding voice—

"How could you do so, William?"

"I wasn't in any harm, mother," sobbed the boy. "We only went over into Bailey's woods for some nuts."

"Still, you did wrong; for your father positively forbade your going with those boys."

"They're not bad boys, mother."

"That isn't the point, William. Your father's command must be your law. He has his own reasons, and they are good ones, for not wishing you to keep company with these boys. The wrong, on your part, lies in the disobedience."

"Well, I didn't intend to go with them, mother. When father told me not to do so, I meant to obey him. I always mean to obey him, for I know that is right. But sometimes I forget; and sometimes I want to do what he has forbidden so very much that it seems as if I couldn't help going wrong. It was so this morning. Last night I lay awake for a long time, thinking how nice it would be to go to Bailey's woods and get some nuts. It was the first thing I thought about this morning; and after breakfast I asked Edward if he wouldn't go with me. But he's never willing to go anywhere. He's always moping about home, or busied in a book. I didn't want to go by myself, for it isn't pleasant to be all alone in the woods. So, when Mr. Jones' boys came along, and said they were going to gather nuts, it didn't seem as if it would be very wrong to go with them—and so I went."

"It is very wrong to disobey your father, William," said his mother.

"I know it is. But I wish he wouldn't always be telling me not to do this, and not to do that, and not to do the other. I wouldn't go wrong, nor get punished half so often."

"But, if he sees danger in your way, my son, shall he not lift a voice of warning?" The boy did not answer. "There is danger in an association with those boys," said the mother.

"I never saw them do anything so very wrong."

"What would you say of boys who were guilty of robbing orchards and hen-roosts?" A red spot burned instantly on William's face. "Wouldn't you call that very wrong?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Of such wicked acts have these boys been guilty; and into such wicked acts you may be led, my son, if you keep their company."

"Why, mother! Do you think I could be tempted to do such a thing?"

"You are easily tempted, William—too easily; and this is why your father is so strict in his injunctions. If he permits you to keep company with boys who rob orchards and hen-roosts, he has no security that you will not be led astray into commission of the same evils; or, if not ac-

tually guilty of such deeds, that you will be adjudged guilty, because seen in the company of those who commit them."

William looked serious, and stood for some time with his eyes cast upon the floor.

"Why didn't he tell me all this?" he at length asked. "I'm sure, if I'd known they were thieves, I'd never been caught in their company. But that's just the way with father! He's always saying—Don't do this, or don't do that. But never gives a reason."

"Hush, my son. It is not right to speak so of your father."

"But it's true, mother. If he'd told me, when he forbade my going with Mr. Jones' boys, that they had stolen apples, and robbed hen's nests, do you think I'd have been seen in their company? No, indeed. He would have saved me from disobedience and punishment."

Farther remarks, of this tenor, the mother did not permit her boy to make. Their force came upon her mind with almost stunning effect.

At school, William was no favorite with his teachers. Too rarely, indeed, do we find the intellectual endowments, requisite for a teacher, united with those moral qualities that should ever be possessed by those to whom are committed the all-important work of educating the minds of young immortals. Unfortunately for William Wilkins, his teachers were men of no intuitive perceptions of character, and no unselfish regard for the well-being of others. The natural impulses of this wayward boy were reacted upon, in anger, and prejudged as if they were deliberate purposes. Moreover, as he soon acquired the reputation of being a troublesome boy, he was observed more narrowly, and censured and punished more frequently than other lads guilty of like offences. He grew reckless in consequence. His efforts to do right were never met by approval, while his wrong deeds always brought a swift reaction.

Punishments, complaints, and temporary suspensions, marked the progress of his education, bringing with them additional punishments at home. Under such a system, the boy's life was rendered miserable; while, instead of growing better, he was daily growing worse—that is, less hopeful of his own ability to do what was right. Never stimulated, through encouragement, except by his mother—and the little she could do had small power to overcome the adverse influence exerted at almost every point—and soured towards his father and his teachers, he was growing more and more reckless, and really beginning to think himself what his father most unwisely pronounced him—"A boy doomed to disgrace both himself and family."

Such was the state of affairs, when, one day, while a gentleman was in conversation with Mr. Wilkins, William came to him and delivered some message.

"Is this your son?" asked the gentleman.

"Yes, sir, that is my oldest boy," was answered.

"A fine, bright-looking lad!" said the man.

"I only wish he was as good as he looks," replied Mr. Wilkins, in a voice that conveyed quite as disparaging a meaning as his words.

Instantly the countenance of William, which had brightened at the stranger's remark, fell. A few moments afterwards, he was sharply reproved by his father, for turning over some papers on his desk, when, with a flushed and angry brow, he went hastily from the room. The eyes of the stranger followed the retiring form of the boy with an expression of interest. For a few moments he remained thoughtful and silent. In this pause, a lad came in, and delivering a note to Mr. Wilkins, immediately retired. An ejaculation of pain followed the hurried reading of this note.

"More trouble," he said. "That boy worries me beyond all endurance."

"What is the matter?" enquired the gentleman.

"A note from the principal of the school where my son goes. Read it for yourself"—and, with a singular want of parental delicacy and wisdom, he handed to the gentleman the note just received. It read—

"I am again forced to complain of your sons' bad conduct in the school. Unless there is an immediate and decided improvement in his behavior, I shall be obliged, painful as will be the alternative, to request his withdrawal."

"The lad I saw just now is not meant, surely?" remarked the gentleman.

"The same," answered Mr. Wilkins.

"He goes to Mr. Melleville, I see."

"Yes, sir."

"It may be, that the boy is not so much to blame as his teachers," said the gentleman.

"Mr. Melleville's school has the best reputation in the city."

"That doesn't make it the most desirable, however. Your son, I should suppose, from a glance at his face, is a bright, active boy, full of impulse, and not very quick to think of consequences."

"You hit his character pretty well. Add, perverse, and always more inclined to go wrong than right, and you have a fuller description."

"A bad school for such a boy," said the gentleman. "If he were my son, I would remove him at once."

"Why so?"

"There are over two hundred in the school."

"Yes."

"And five teachers."

"I don't know the exact number."

"I do. And each of these teachers gives instruction, in certain branches, daily, to each of those two hundred scholars. Now, it stands to reason, that particular adaptations are out of the question. A certain routine of lessons is all that can possibly be expected. As to having special regard to the peculiarities of temperaments and mental activities in scholars, that is out of the question. Each has to be laid upon a kind of Procrustean bed, and, if too short, stretched to the required dimensions—if too long, shorn of some fair proportions. Only those who happen to be of the right length, escape injustice, and it may be, life-long injury. Does not this strike you on a moment's reflection?"

"I never gave it a thought before," said Mr. Wilkins.

"A boy, such as your son appears to be, can-

not possibly pass through one of these schools, where children are educated by wholesale, without receiving permanent injury. Troublesome boys are always marked in such institutions, and gotten rid of as quickly as possible. Now, these troublesome boys are, usually, those who have the greater force of character; whose hereditary impulses are strongest. If wisely led into the right way, they make our best and most efficient men; but if, through defect of education, they go wrong, the world knows them as its worst enemies. They need the wisest care; the tenderest and most considerate treatment. They do not commit offences so much for a purpose to do wrong, as from hereditary impulses. These impulses, when they appear, should not excite our anger, but our pity. We should do all in our power to give the boy a moral strength to overcome in his daily temptations to wrong; and, when he does wrong, while we censure evil as evil, we should seek to inspire the youthful wrestler with cheerful hopes of final conquest."

"You startle my mind with new views on this subject," said Mr. Wilkins. "A light is breaking in upon me. But, where are teachers to be found who will regard their scholars with a wise and conscientious discrimination? Who will take these active, troublesome boys, and in patience and long suffering, help them to overcome their constitutional perverseness?"

"Such men are to be found," replied the gentleman. "They are not many in number, however. One I do know, to whom I induced my sister to send a lad who was always in trouble at Mr. Melleville's, and who was finally expelled from the school."

"And with what result?" eagerly asked Mr. Wilkins.

"The happiest to be conceived. In less than a week after he entered this new school, which is limited to twelve in number, both he and the teacher understood each other perfectly; and now the utmost confidence and good feeling exist between them. Deliberately, I am sure, my nephew would not, in anything, offend his preceptor. At Mr. Melleville's, he was all the time under censure for disrespect to principal or teachers."

"How was so great a change effected?" enquired Mr. Wilkins.

"By a mild firmness on the part of the teacher in the beginning—an appeal to the boy's self-respect—and such a generous outgoing of good-will towards him, that he could not but feel that his teacher was a true friend and not a tyrant. Affection for the office led this man to become an instructor of youth. Love of children makes him accurate in his perception of their character, and wise in all that appertains to their real good. He never repels them by harsh or angry words; but always so shows them their faults that good resolutions for the future are awakened."

"If I could only get my boy with him," said Mr. Wilkins, "how thankful I would be."

"There is a single vacancy, I believe."

"Is it in the city?"

"No."

"I am sorry for that," replied Mr. Wilkins. "I have always been opposed to sending children away from home."

"Not only a new school, but new domestic influences are often the best for a boy like your son," was answered. "Such a boy does not always find that consideration at home to which he is entitled. His faults are hereditary, and those from whom he inherits them, (pardon my freedom of speech,) are not always the most patient and forbearing. In fact, the reaction upon us, of our own evils, in our children, is particularly annoying. Few parents can endure it."

How deeply rebuked was Mr. Wilkins by these words! A new light was breaking into his mind, by which he saw himself in a new position.

"I ought to be my child's best friend," said he to himself. "I fear that I have been his worst enemy."

How salutary was the change that immediately took place. From Mr. Melleville's school, William was at once removed, and placed under the care of the teacher so strongly recommended.

The boy, when he learned that a new complaint had been made against him by Mr. Melleville, suddenly prepared himself for a sharp rebuke or severe punishment.

"William," said his father to him, "I have a note from your teacher, with renewed complaints."

The tone was not angry, and this created surprise. They boy looked up, half fearfully.

"I think we had better try a new school," added Mr. Wilkins, now speaking with something of cheerfulness in his voice.

William did not reply, but gazed wonderingly at his father.

"How would you like to go to Mr. Barclay?"

"At Westville?"

"Yes."

"Oh, very much," was answered in a quick voice and with a brightening face.

"You have heard of him?"

"Yes, sir. Edward Jones goes there."

"Very well. We will go out there to-morrow, and if Mr. Barclay has a vacancy, I will enter you in his school."

No more was said. Not a reference was made to the past, nor a hope expressed, at the time, for the future. The new life was entered upon in a cheerful spirit, and soon it was plain to all, that the wayward boy had come under the needed influences. He had now help and encouragement, not angry repulse, and worse than useless punishment. He was no longer compelled to adapt himself to all surrounding circumstances; but there was a judicious bending of circumstances to his case; and a wise guardianship over him, looking to the repression of evil and the encouragement of what was good. And so, instead of being warped and twisted through a false external pressure, he grew up into a goodly tree, bearing, in manhood, fair fruit in rich abundance.—*Ladies' Wreath.*

Miravaux was one day accosted by a sturdy beggar, who asked alms of him. "How is this," inquired Miravaux, "that a lusty fellow like you are unemployed?" "Ah!" replied the beggar, looking very piteously at him, "if you did but know how lazy I am!" The reply was so ludicrous and unexpected, that Miravaux gave the varlet a piece of silver.

SIMILITUDES.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

THE VOICE FROM THE CLOSED BLIND.

A tiny voice it was, joyous in its baby-prattling, as the tinkling of a fountain in the first ray of sunrise. Alone and moody, I used to wonder where it came from, until one day, I saw two dimpled fingers pushing rose-leaves through a green window-blind down into the dusty street. I could only guess about the cunning little mouth, always budding into smiles, whence those gay, broken syllables fell like shaken drops of dew; and about the cherub light of the eyes, and the small, plump shape to which the voice belonged.

How much happiness had that little one shut in with itself behind the blind! Home-blessedness and hope, in a warm shower upon the father's earth-parched being; a river of love in the mother's heart, opening back through swaying shadows, into gleams of an immortal source; that baby-voice might show the overflowing of these. Or perhaps it was an orphan, innocently lavish of its present gladness, ignorant of the heart-poverty that commerce with the world would bring.

It was a pleasant little mystery, that voice from the blind, but it suggested a mystery much deeper.

Every soul speaks from behind the screen of sense. The outer world shades the glory of its original home. Hither it comes, singing and prattling like a child in its glad unconsciousness, but all impatient to shake off the white robes of simplicity, and wrap itself in the coarse garments that are worn in the highways and by-ways of life. Then, when it knows the world, a stronger and closer blind is put up, behind which it immures itself, when love, that makes the home charm, has been buried away from its walls.

All our inward intimations of immortality—do they not come to us between the long silences, and weary, noisy rumblings of life's street, like that infant's voice from behind the closed blind?

THE AUTHOR AND THE WAVES.

An author stood upon the beach, watching the coming-in of the tide. One after another, the waves dashed up, each of a different shape and size, and leaving a different echo among the crags. Great bowlders lay heaped together, covered with tangled masses of sea-weed, looking like the heads of a crowd of giants, starting up from the roof of Neptune's palace. The little waves glided among them with a caressing playfulness, scattered shells and bright pebbles around them, and laved the white beach with a soft, brightening flood, that left behind it bright mosses from the sea-caverns, clinging everywhere.

After three or four of these wavelets had kissed the shore, a larger one would come, with a louder dash, and leave its track far behind the rest, on the sunny strand. But the great mirth-wave, surging up with a lion-like roar, overturned here and there a sea-worn rock, then tusks and bones of unknown monsters, upon the beach, with shells of wondrous beauty; but many of these

were shattered in pieces by the violent shock of the waters. The rocks rang again to the sound of the sweeping mirth-wave; but the pleasant wavelets seemed to sigh, as they came up softly and replaced the treasures which it had washed back into the sea.

Now the author had been ready to bury his pen in the sand, while thinking upon those of a loftier and broader genius. In the comparison, he despised his own gifts, as unworthy the using. But, as he gazed, a tide of strength returned to his heart; for he saw that the great waves came seldom, and brought ruin as well as beauty and grandeur to the shore. So he determined to let the mirth-waves of genius roll up unenvied amid admiring wonder, while he fulfilled his own mission—a peaceful billow by which human souls should only be gladdened and refreshed.

WONDERFUL TREES.

Among the remarkable trees in the world, the following, of which we have compiled brief descriptions, are some of the most curious. We take it from the *Journal of Education*:

The Great Chestnut Tree.—On the one side of Mount Etna there is a famous chestnut tree, which is said to be one hundred and ninety-six feet above the surface of the ground. Its enormous trunk is separated into five divisions, which give it the appearance of several trees growing together. In a circular space formed by these large branches, a hut has been erected for the accommodation of those who collect the chestnuts.

The Dwarf Tree.—Captains King and Fitzroy state that they saw a tree on the mountains near Cape Horn, which was only one or two inches high, yet had branches spreading out five feet along the ground.

The Sack Tree.—There is said to be a tree in Bombay called the sack tree, because from it may be stripped very natural sacks, which resemble "felt" in appearance.

The Ivory-nut Tree.—The ivory-nut tree is properly called the Tagua plant, and is common in South America. The tree is one of the numerous family of palms, but belongs to the order designated as screw pine tribe. The natives use the leaves to cover their cottages, and from the nuts make buttons and various other articles. In an early state the nuts contain a sweet milky liquid, which, afterwards assumes a solidity nearly equal to ivory, and will admit of a high polish. It is known as ivory-nut, or vegetable ivory, and has recently been brought into use for various purposes.

The Brazil-nut Tree.—The Brazil-nut tree may justly command the attention of the enthusiastic naturalist. This tree thrives well in the province of Brazil, and immense quantities of its delicious fruit are annually exported to foreign countries. It grows to the height of from fifty to eighty feet, and in appearance is one of the most majestic ornaments of the forest. The fruit, in its natural position, resembles a coconut, being extremely hard, and of about the size of a child's head. Each one of these shells contains from twelve to twenty of the three-

cornered nuts, nicely packed together. And to obtain the nuts, as they appear in market, these shells have to be broken open. During the season of their falling, it is dangerous to enter the groves where they abound, as the force of their descent is sufficient to knock down the strongest man. The natives, however, provide themselves with wooden bucklers, which they hold over their heads while collecting the fruit from the ground. In this manner they are perfectly secure from injury.

The Cannon-ball Tree.—Among the plants of Guinea, one of the most curious is the cannon-ball tree. It grows to the height of sixty feet, and its flowers are remarkable for beauty and fragrance, and contradictory qualities. Its blossoms are of a delicious crimson, appearing in large bunches, and exhaling a rich perfume. The fruit resembles enormous cannon-balls, hence the name. However, some say it has been so called because of the noise which the ball makes in bursting. From the shell, domestic utensils are made, and the contents contain several kinds of acids, besides sugar and gum, and furnish the material for making an excellent drink in sickness. But, singular as it may appear, this pulp, when in a perfectly ripe state, is very filthy, and the odor from it is exceedingly unpleasant.

The Sorrowful Tree.—At Goa, near Bombay, there is a singular vegetable—the sorrowful tree, so called because it only flourishes in the night. At sunset no flowers are to be seen; and yet, half an hour after, it is quite full of them. They yield a sweet smell, but the sun no sooner begins to shine upon them, than some of them fall off, and others close up; and thus it continues flowering in the night all the year.

The Cow Tree.—This tree is native of Venezuela, South America. It grows in rocky situations, high up the mountains. Baron Von Humboldt gives the following description of it:—On the barren flank of a rock grows a tree with dry and leathery leaves; its large, woody roots can scarcely penetrate into the stony soil. For several months in the year, not a single shower moistens its foliage. Its branches appear dead and dried; yet, as soon as the trunk is pierced, there flows from it a sweet and nourishing milk. It is at sunrise that this vegetable fountain is most abundant. The natives are then to be seen hastening from all quarters, furnished with large bowls to receive the milk, which grows yellow and thickens at the surface. Some drain their bowls under the tree, while others carry home the juice to their children; and you might, as the father returned with this milk, fancy you saw the family of a shepherd gathering around and receiving from him the production of his kine. The milk, obtained by incisions made in the trunk, is tolerably thick, free from all acidity, and of an agreeable and balmy smell. It was offered to us in the shell of the calabash tree. We drank a considerable quantity of it in the evening before going to bed, and very early in the morning, without experiencing the slightest injurious effect.

The Bread-Fruit Tree.—This tree is found on the islands in the Pacific Ocean. The trunk

rises to the height of thirty to forty feet, and attains the size of a man's body. The fruit grows to about the size of a child's head. When used for food, it is gathered before it is fully ripe, and baked among ashes, when it becomes a wholesome bread, and in taste somewhat resembles fresh wheaten bread. This is a very useful tree to the natives; for, besides its fruit, its trunk furnishes timber for their houses and canoes; the gum which exudes from it serves as pitch for their vessels, and from the fibres of the inner bark, a cloth is made to cover their persons.

The Upas Tree.—For some ages it was believed that a tree existed in the East Indies which shed a poisoning, blighting and deadly influence upon all animals that reposed under its branches; and that so fatal were its effects, that birds attempting to fly near it, fell to the ground and perished. For several years past, there being no reliable authority that such a tree really existed, it has generally been supposed among the intelligent to be fabulous, and hence termed the "fabulous Upas tree." But, a few years since, a tree was discovered in a peculiar locality in the East Indies, which it is believed gave rise to the wonderful accounts of the Upas tree. In the location where this modern Upas tree was discovered, there is a constant and dense collection of carbonic acid gas; consequently, all animals that come near it, die by breathing the poisonous gas. The cause of such an abundance of gas being collected in the locality of these trees is unknown. A few months since, a tree was discovered on the Isthmus of Darien, which appears to have a similar influence on animal life. The Panama Star says:—"A man named James Linn, being tired, laid down under a tree to sleep, and on waking, found his limbs and body swollen, and death soon followed." Cattle avoid eating and ruminating under this tree.

The Tallow Tree.—This tree is found in China. It is called the tallow tree, because a substance is obtained from it resembling tallow, and which is used for the same purposes. It grows from twenty to forty feet in height.

Lace Bark Tree.—In the West Indies is found a tree, the inner bark of which resembles lace or net-work. This bark is very beautiful, consisting of layers which may be pulled out into a fine white web, three or four feet wide. It is sometimes used for ladies' dresses.

BEGIN RIGHT.

If you are about to do a piece of work, you will be careful to begin right; otherwise, you will have to take it in pieces, and do it over again. If you are going on a journey, you will be careful, at first, to get into the right road; for, if you start wrong, you will be continually going farther and farther out of the way.

Now, you are starting in life, and life is a journey. If you start wrong, as I said, you will be all the time going out of the way. You have a life-work to do; but if you begin it wrong, all your labor will be worse than lost. Not only will you have to do it all over again, but to undo what you have done.

VARIETIES.

Life is most wearisome when it is worst spent.

A man cannot be generally admired, if his merits are above the general comprehension.

General happiness can have no other basis than the universal law of justice and love.

Wanted, an intended bride who is willing to begin housekeeping in the same style in which her parents began.

There is nothing like courage in misfortune; next to faith in God, and in His overruling Providence, a man's faith in himself is his salvation.

The poorest business an honest man can engage in is that of politics for the sake of its reward.

Some lone bachelor editor is guilty of the following: Why is the heart of a lover like the sea serpent? Because it is a secreter (sea creeter) of great sighs (size.)

"Guilty or not guilty?" said a Judge to a native of the Emerald Isle. "Just as your honor plazes. It's not for the likes o' me to dictate to your honor's worship," was the reply.

An Irishman has been heard to observe that the Chinese fowls recently imported into this country, must of necessity be very slow in their movements, since they don't travel by rail, being only "Co(a)chin" China fowls.

"What is the difference between me and a new novel?" inquired a highly-rouged damsel of her beau. "It is this," said he: "a novel is *read* because it is interesting; you are interesting because you are *red*."

"What makes the milk so warm?" said Betty to the milkman, when he brought his pail to the door one morning. "Please mum, the pump-handle's broke, and missus took the water from the biler."

The Merchant's Ledger has made a calculation of the number of persons who have died since the commencement of the Christian era. It sums up the deaths at three billions one hundred and forty millions.

Tom Moore said to Peel, on looking at the picture of an Irish orator: "You can see the very quiver of his lips." "Yes," said Peel, "and the arrow coming out of it." Moore was telling this to one of his countrymen, who answered: "He meant *arrah* coming out of it."

A laughable circumstance took place a short time since. As a soldier was carrying the dinner belonging to his mess from the baker's, one of his companions coming behind him called "Attention!" when this well-discipline soldier dropped his hands, and at the same time the dinner of his unfortunate comrades.

Alice Carey, in a late poem, uses this very beautiful figure:—

— "Even for the dead I will not bind
My soul to grief—death cannot long divide;
For it is not as if the rose had climbed
My garden wall and blossomed on the other side?"

If thou hast a loitering servant, send him on thine errand just before his dinner.

What relation is the door-mat to the scraper? A step *farther*.

A man who retires from business and lives on the interest of his money, may be said to be resting on his *overs*.

Why are the snows of Mount Blanc like a ship-builder? Because they can *avalanche* (have a *launch*) whenever they get ready.

"Have you much fish in your basket?" asked a person of a fisherman who was returning home. "Yes, a good eel," was the rather slippery reply.

Why is water in a ship's hold like a man in prison? Because it wants to be baled (bailed) out.

"You are writing my bill on very rough paper," said a client to his attorney. "Never mind," said the lawyer, "it has to be *filed* before it comes into court."

The latest report of Paris fashions says:—"Bonnetts are very small, and are more worn about the neck than on the head." We suppose shoes will be tied round the ankles before long.

Were the true visage of sin seen at full light, undressed and unpainted, it were impossible, while it so appeared, that any one soul could be in love with it, but would rather flee from it as hideous and abominable.

The greatest pleasure connected with wealth, consists in acquiring it. Two months after a man comes into a fortune, he feels just as prosy and fretful as he did when he worked for "four-and-six" a day.

Great men make mistakes as well as little ones. This was illustrated once by Mr. Calhoun, who took the position that all men are *not* "created free and equal." Said he, "only two *men* were created, and one of these was a *woman*."

Dr. Johnson, when in the fulness of years and knowledge, said:—"I never took up a newspaper without finding something I would have deemed it a loss not to have seen; never without deriving from it instruction and amusement."

The Illustrated News may well express surprise at the taste which finds pleasure in wearing "reptile jewelry." "When we see," remarks the News, "a beautiful young lady with a serpent clasping her arm, we think of the apostle, and wonder why she does not shake it off."

There lately resided in an Ayrshire village a man who proposed, like Leman, to write an etymological dictionary of the English language. Being asked what he understood the word *pathology* to mean, he answered, with readiness and confidence, "Why the art of *road-making* to be sure!"

The attention of transgressors is invited to the following little piece of psalmody:

We had a dream the other night,
When all around was still—
We dreamed we saw a host of folks
Pay up their Printer's bill!

INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES.

SWIFT AND HIS SERVANT.

Dean Swift, while on a journey, and stopping at a tavern, desired his servant John (who, by the way, was as eccentric as his master) to bring him his boots. John brought up the boots in the same state as they were taken off the evening previous.

"Why didn't you polish my boots?" said the Dean.

"There's no use in polishing them," said the man, "for they would soon be dirty again."

"Very true," said the Dean, and he put on the boots. Immediately after, he went down to the landlady, and told her on no account to give his servant any breakfast. The Dean breakfasted and then ordered the horses out. As he was ready to start, John ran to him in a great hurry, and said—

"Mr. Dean, I haven't got my breakfast yet."

"Oh!" replied the witty divine, "there's no use in your breakfasting, for you would soon be hungry again."

John, finding his theory thrown back on himself, submitted to the privation with the same stoicism as did his master with his boots. On they rode, the Dean in front reading his prayer-book, and the man behind at a respectful distance, when they were met by a gentleman, who, after eyeing the Dean very closely, accosted the servant with—

"I say, my man, you and your master seem to be a sober pair; may I ask who you are, and where you are a going?"

"We're going to Heaven," replied John. "My master's praying, and I'm fasting."

The gentleman looked again in wonderment at the master and man, and then rode off.

TOO GOOD TO BE LOST.

At a short distance from the city of Boston, there is now living a white-haired veteran, a soldier of the Revolutionary war, who is ninety-nine years of age—one in whom the fire of patriotism still burns as brightly as it did of yore—and whose eye still sparkles with the vivacity of youth when he relates the events of those days "that tried men's souls." Among the names of those he delighted to honor, was that of Gen. Jackson. That man he greatly revered; he admired the man for his heroism, and honored him for devotion to his country. About the time that Jackson was elected to the Presidency, a party of men belonging to the town in which he resided, made an effigy of Gen. Jackson, and to gratify the malice of their hearts towards him, and the party by whom he was elected, they hung the effigy on a public place called "The Green." A guard of eight men with loaded guns were stationed here to protect the image and the men who were thus endeavoring to dishonor the name of General Jackson.

The old soldier, at that time over seventy years of age, was informed of what was going on, and the threats that were made to shoot any man that should attempt to cut down the image, fired with indignation at the injury offered to Jackson,

he shouldered his axe and went out notwithstanding the remonstrances of his family, who trembled for his safety, accompanied only by his youngest son, who would not let his father go alone on such a dangerous expedition. The firmness of his step—the determination which his whole demeanor expressed—his well-known attachment to his country and to its noble defenders, conspired to speak out his purpose, and the axe on his shoulder needed no comment as he marched boldly up to the mock gallows.

"Halt!" shouted the guard, "advance one step and you are a dead man!" and they levelled their weapons, and pointed them directly at the old veteran.

"Fire, if you will," said he; "I'll cut it down if I die for it."

And down it went—not only down, but hewed up into fragments by the hand of the old soldier. The guard were perfectly astonished—they were awed by the boldness of that aged man with his white hair streaming in the wind as he bent to the task, and they could not harm—but they quailed before the fire of his eye, as he boldly marched off in triumph before them—they had not expected an attack from such a quarter, and it took them by surprise. They would as soon have looked for a ghost among them as for that venerable man whose head was as white as snow. They said that it was nothing but his grey hairs that saved him from personal violence—he was an old soldier, and they could not lay hands on him.

To such men under God we are indebted for liberty! Long may their noble deeds be imitated by their sons, and themselves honored by a nation that reaps the benefit of their labors.—*Springfield Post.*

CAPERS AND ANCHOVIES.

The Boston Journal revives the amusing story which Sheridan used to relate of an Irish officer, who had once belonged to a regiment in Malta, who returned to England on leave of absence, and, according to the custom of travellers, was fond of relating the wonders he had seen. Among other things, he, one day, in a public coffee-room, expatiated on the excellency of living in general among the military at Malta. "But," said he, "as for anchovies, by the powers, there is nothing to be seen like them in the known world;" and he added—"I have seen the anchovies grow upon the trees, with my own eyes, many's the hundred times, and beautiful's the grove of them that the governor has in his garden on the esplanade."

A gentleman present disputed the statement that anchovies grew on trees, which the Irishman with much warmth re-affirmed. The lie passed—a challenge was given—and the upshot of the matter is thus humorously related:—

The Englishman gave his address, and the next day the parties met, attended by their seconds; they fired, and O'Flanagan's shot took effect in the fleshy part of his opponent's thigh, which made the latter jump a foot from the ground, and fall flat upon his back, where he lay a few seconds in agony, kicking his heels.

"You have hit your man, O'Flanagan, that is

certain, I think not dangerously, however, for see what capers he cuts."

"Capers, Capers!" exclaimed the Irishman. "Oh! by the powers, what have I done! what a dreadful mistake!" and, running up to his wounded antagonist, he took his hand, and pressing it eagerly, thus addressed him:—"My dear friend, if you're kilt, I ax yer pardon in this world and in the next, for I made a devil of a mistake; and it was capers that I saw growing upon the trees at Malta, and not anchovies at all."

A SIXPENCE WELL INVESTED.

The other day we saw a bright-eyed little girl, some seven or eight years of age, tripping along the streets with a basket on her arm, apparently sent on some errand. All at once she stopped, and commenced searching for something among the snow and ice.

'Twas evident it was something of value, and that she was in trouble. Her search was eager and nervous—the bright smile had vanished from her face, and tears were running down her cheeks. A gentleman passing at the moment noticed the tribulation of the little creature, and asked her what was the matter.

"O, sir," said she, her little bosom swelling, and tears choking her voice, "O, sir! I've lost my sixpence."

The gentleman took a piece of money from his pocket and called her to him, saying—"Here, dear, don't cry for the lost sixpence; here is another," and placed it in her hand.

"O! dear sir," said she, as she bounded forward, "how I thank you."

Her great grief was removed, the bright smile was restored, the apprehension of a mother's frown for her carelessness was gone, and her little heart beat light again.

Think you that man, as he remembers that pretty face, beaming with gratitude and joy, will ever regret that well-invested sixpence? A whole world of happiness bought for sixpence! How easy a thing it is to shed sunshine on the hearts of those about us.—*Rome Citizen.*

UNCERTAIN PROPERTY.

Two gentlemen in one of the Southern States owned a slave together. He was a valuable servant, a smart, industrious, and wital, a genuine darkey. One of the owners, becoming straightened in circumstances, was obliged to sell his share in Tom. He was accordingly set up at auction. And after some attempt to sell him, Tom made a bid on his own hook, and the auctioneer knocked him off, (or rather half of him) to himself. Tom, evidently very well satisfied with his bargain, stepped down from the auction block, when one of the by-standers accosted him:—

"Tom, what did you buy half of yourself for? the other half belongs to somebody else, and you will be just as much a slave as ever."

"Oh," says Tom, with a grin, "pretty good nigger—thought I'd have an interest in him!"

A short time afterwards, while Tom was sailing in a dory, the boat capsized and sunk, leaving him in a very critical condition. Being a

strong fellow, he struck out for the shore, a long distance off, and after a hard struggle reached it, almost exhausted. He had scarcely gained a foothold, when he met the same person who questioned him at the sale. The first salutation was—

"Come, Tom, now tell me how you came to bid off half of yourself the other day?"

"Well," says Tom, "I have just been thinking while I was out there in the river, what a fool I was to lay out my money on such uncertain property as niggers."

TOO LATE AT CHURCH.

An old clergyman relates:—"I had a servant with a very deceptive name, Samuel Moral, who, as if merely to belie it, was in one respect the most immoral, for he was much given to intoxication. This, of course, brought on other careless habits; and, as I wished to reclaim him, if possible, I long bore with him, and many a lecture I gave him. 'Oh, Samuel, Samuel,' said I to him, very frequently, 'what will become of you?' On one occasion I told him he was making himself a brute, and then only was he roused to reply angrily, 'Brute, sir—no brute at all, sir—was bred and born at T——.' But the incident which would inevitably have upset the equilibrium of your gravity was this. I had given him many a lecture for being too late at church, but still I could not make him punctual. One Sunday, as I was reading the first lesson, which happened to be the third chapter, first book of Samuel, I saw him run in at the church door, ducking down his head that he should not be noticed. He made as much haste as he could up into the gallery; and he had no sooner appeared in the front, thinking of nothing but that he might escape observation, than I came to these words, 'Samuel, Samuel.' I never can forget his attitude, directly facing me. He stood up in an instant, leaned over the railing, with his mouth wide open, and, if some one had not pulled him down instantly by the skirt of his coat, I have no doubt he would have publicly made his excuse."

THE TWO LEGS.

An inexperienced young bride being asked by her cook to choose her dinners during the honeymoon, was anxious that her ignorance should not peep out. She called to mind one dish, and one dish only, and that she knew by name; it was a safe one, and substantial too—"a leg of mutton." So, several days the leg of mutton came obedient to the mistress's order. Perhaps the cook was weary of it; at last she ventured to inquire "Should you not like some other thing to-day, ma'am?"

"Yes, let us have a leg of beef, for change."

ARTIFICIAL MEMORY.

A humorous comment on this system was made by a waiter at an hotel where Feinaigle dined, after having given his lecture on artificial memory. A few minutes after the Professor left the table, the waiter entered with uplifted hands and eyes, exclaiming, "Well, I protest, the memory-man has forgotten his umbrella!"

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

ALISON, THE HISTORIAN AND ESSAYIST.

Sir Archibald Alison has recently added another volume to his already voluminous "History of Europe." He now proposes to continue his history from the fall of Napoleon, in 1815, to the accession of Louis Napoleon in 1852. Of this continuation of his "History of Europe" he has recently published the first volume. In due course of time the attention and patronage of the American public are likely to be solicited to some re-publication of this continuation. Meanwhile, we have had the suggestion made to us that it might be well if the public could be made more generally aware of the prominent characteristics and peculiarities of Alison, both as a historian and an essayist. The readers of his history might thus be better prepared to appreciate his historical productions at their due value, and might be put upon their guard against those erroneous impressions which otherwise they might receive from his pompous declamations and moralizings.

It seems the more desirable that the prominent characteristics of Alison's mind and writings should be more generally known, inasmuch as we find passages from his writings cited by the enemies of our system of free schools, in the papers and documents which the recent discussion of the question of public or sectarian schools has called forth. His opinions on the subject of education are quoted as being of the very highest authority. It may assist in determining what weight of authority is really due to his opinions, and what amount of reliance is to be put upon his historical statements and dogmatizings, if the following remarks of the Edinburgh Review, elicited by the publication of the first volume of his continuation of the History of Europe, should be duly considered.

"Sir Archibald Alison has just published a new 'Book of Fallacies.' Not content with two volumes on population and three volumes of Miscellaneous Essays, filled with ponderous error, and enriched by a formidable outwork of statistics drawn out in defence of indefensible positions, he has commenced the publication of what he is pleased to term a history, but which is mainly a cold *rechauffée* and tedious iteration of theories a hundred times refuted, and now nearly obsolete. While all other men are busy acknowledging past mistakes, learning from experience and observation, and building new conclusions upon new facts, Sir A. Alison is still to be seen fast imbed-

ded in antiquated prepossessions, and clinging with pathetic and desperate fidelity to the skirts of departing misconceptions and the fragments of exploded error. While the cry, even of the clergy, is for more and better schools; while every statesman of every party agrees in proclaiming the necessity and blessing of extended and improved instruction; and while an administration embracing nearly every man whom the country is accustomed to honor and to trust, has announced the furtherance of this great object as among its first aims—Sir A. Alison sets himself with marvellous gallantry to maintain the thesis that crime and education naturally go hand in hand, and that the ratio which they bear to one another is not, as usually supposed, inverse, but direct!

"In selecting such a period as the thirty-seven years of peace which Europe has enjoyed since 1815, the historian has shown a strange misapprehension of the line in which lay his peculiar powers! His *forte* lies in narrative; his deplorable weakness in sagacious induction and philosophical reflection. His first work embraced a period more crowded than any other of equal duration, with startling events, with rapid vicissitudes, with sanguinary battles and brilliant campaigns, with glorious achievements in statesmanship and war. These he described with great spirit, with passable fidelity, and in a flowing and agreeable, though redundant style."

After some remarks upon the very different character of the epoch, the history of which Sir A. has now undertaken to write, the reviewer continues by saying that he "has brought to this massive undertaking little beyond a dogmatism, all the more strange and unbecoming because he differs on nearly every subject of importance with every great thinker of his age; a mind filled with crotchets, enamored of paradoxes, wedded to bubbles long since burst or blown away. The merits of his first work are but faintly discernible in the second, and all its faults are aggravated and confirmed." After mentioning sundry blemishes, the new history is said to be overflown with vapid and grandiose reflections, sometimes impertinent and always trite even to nausea.

SERMONS AND STONES.

Henry Ward Beecher says, "there is a great deal more Gospel in a loaf of bread sometimes, than in an old dry sermon." No one doubts it except those narrow souls who regard the be-

stowal of good advice as a much cheaper way of acquiring the name of a benevolent man than that which requires the abstraction of a coin from the pocket. Besides, the vanity is tickled in the one case. The man of precepts always feels himself elevated above the miserable creature upon whom he is bestowing his charitable truisms. He patronizes him through the means of words, and although he is perfectly aware that "fair words butter no parsnips," he would be quite indignant if his auditor, after being afflicted with a world of good advice, should have the impertinence to avow that he had not received either parsnips or butter.

JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.

The New Yorkers, a most excitable community, have worked themselves up into a very respectable state of enthusiasm, if we are to believe some of their newspapers, on the subject of Jullien's concerts. Among the various accounts thereof which have passed under our notice, we select that of the correspondent of the *Pennsylvania Inquirer*, as being exceedingly pleasant, and sufficiently sarcastic to affect the reader with a measure of contempt for the musical clap-trap of the day, by which so many who merely sport on the surface of society are adroitly made to part with their money:

"Well, Julien has given us his first concert. I have heard it and survive. It was a very grand affair, having no humbug about it, but 'clap-trap' in abundance. You know that Castle Garden has been entirely renovated within, since the Maretzek troupe left it last week. The papers have told all about it. Indeed it would have been impossible for them not to have told all about it, for that seemed to be a trick of Jullien to make folks talk about him and his doings. The whole interior of the Garden is renewed, and looks in the gas-light as if it had been made only yesterday. Not by paint or putty, or such outlandish modes of decoration, but by *book muslin, artificial flowers and gold lace*. All the pillars, and the ceiling, and the fronts of the balcony are hung with *paper muslin*, and flowers are strung in festoons, and twine gracefully, and banners innumerable float from every vacant panel, and portraits and *gilded urns filled with paper flowers*, adorn all corners and bulkheads. Jullien had a *little throne covered with scarlet carpeting, and a golden chair, with scarlet linings and cushion to sit on*.

"A golden seraph is the upright of his stand, and his baton looks like a rod of silver with golden adornments. *His shirt bosom was unap-*

proachable, and his vest, but that outdoes description, and his manner is simply marvellous. As to the music, it took us all by storm. The overture was splendid. The other pieces all capital. The Alpine Echoes glorious. The pot-pouris of English and Irish songs perfectly torrent-like in the way they swept away the judgments of the hearers. Men threw up their hats, ladies *threw away their books in which their lovers had invested a shilling each, in the storm of excitement.* It was all very entertaining, and everybody saw how it was done, and felt that *Jullien was the humbug that it was worth while to see and hear.*"

HUMBUGS, ESPECIALLY MEDICAL.

We have always regarded our own countrymen as the most susceptible to humbug of any people on the face of the earth. Indeed, the United States may be safely pronounced the paradise of quacks and charlatans. Never, perhaps, any where has a richer harvest been reaped by trick or bluster, boasting or chicanery. We have pills that are warranted to cure all diseases. We have ointments that will restore the maim, the halt and the blind. We have syrups that are panaceas for every complaint that frail humanity is heir to, and in short, we have patent or extraordinary humbugs, of every kind and variety, whose patentees by dint of certificates often false; of assertions that bear untruth upon their face; of trumpets only less brazen than their blowers; of bribes and subsidies, the praises of a venal press, and the reckless assertions of agents as unprincipled as their employers, dip deeply into the pockets of the credulous, and accumulate large fortunes. The science of humbug is one which has been rapidly advancing to perfection during these latter days, and its adepts have, in all cases within our knowledge, been peculiarly successful in America. People do so love to be gulled. They like to believe in wonderful cures, in miraculous transformations. To pore over a multitude of artfully manufactured certificates is such a source of real pleasure; while the taking of pills, the administration of panaceas or the application of wonder-working ointments, are magnanimously regarded as public duties with which, as patriotic citizens, they are bound to afflict their body physical.

In the meanwhile, the master-humbugs are gathering in the dollars with a horse-rake—if the teeth could be set close enough—and laughing in their sleeves at the credulity upon which they prosper so gloriously. However, to their credit, be it said, they are exceedingly careful to preserve intact the virtues of the medicines they so highly extol to others by—never taking them themselves.

PERNICIOUS NOVELS.

In the columns of the New York Tribune, there appeared, a few days ago, an interesting description of a visit lately made to the Penitentiary on Blackwell's Island. In the course of an examination of the place and its inmates, the writer—probably Charles L. Brace—held a brief conversation with one of the prisoners, a "Mulberry street boy."

He was an orphan, sixteen years of age, and had lost both of his parents before attaining his tenth year. Of course, he had learned no trade. We asked him:

"What do the 'Mulberry street boys' do after they get their supper?"

"Oh, run about and steal."

"Do the Mulberry street boys of your age ever drink?"

"Yes, sur!"

"Where do they buy it?"

"Oh, at the Dutchmen's stores." (Corner groceries and groggeries.)

"Do you drink whenever you have money?"

"No; only when I feel like drinking."

"Do you ever read?"

"Yes, sometimes."

"What kind of books do you like best?"

"Sea stories. I should like to be a sailor."

"What kind of books do the Mulberry street boys generally like to read?"

"*Novels about thieves and highwaymen!*"

"Go to the theatre?"

"Yes."

"What play do the Mulberry street boys like the best?"

"Jack Sheppard."

"Would they like to be men like Jack Sheppard?"

"Yes, sur! I guess they would."

"Would you like to have been a Jack?"

"I would, before I came here."

The way to meet this evil, and we regret to say it is one which is daily increasing in magnitude, is to vigorously denounce the issue of all books and periodicals which tend to encourage an admiration of crime, or foster the growth of licentiousness. It is worse than idle to talk of elevating the standard of taste while we continue to feed a depraved appetite with the grosser aliment it so eagerly craves. What would be thought of that man who, while advocating temperance, should place within reach of the drunkard, he professedly desired to convert, continual supplies of those liquors which had already brought him to the verge of ruin? How long would it take to elevate the taste of the inebriate under such circumstances? And how long will it take to elevate the intellectual tastes of the masses while we stimulate their evil propensities by fascinating stories of great criminals whose vulgar heroics are of a character they are so well fitted to appreciate? While these works

are suffered to be issued with impunity, crime must increase, and licentiousness abound. Cut off the stimulus to crime, and you abate, if you do not wholly abolish, the evil. When the law prevents a drunkard from obtaining any more liquor, he becomes, perforce, a sober man, and as self-respect most generally returns with soberness, his better tastes soon begin to revolt at his former depraved habits, and he learns to reverence the wisdom of that regulation which, for his own good, takes from him the thing he acknowledges to be hurtful, and makes him a respectable citizen in spite of his earlier proclivities. We believe a similar remedy necessary, in the case of immoral publications. There is nothing like striking at the root of the evil.

THE IRISH EXODUS.

The astonishing decrease in the population of Ireland during the past twelve years, is one of the most remarkable events in modern history. In 1841, Ireland contained more than eight millions of inhabitants; at the present day the population does not exceed six millions. This extraordinary disparity is attributed, in part, to the terrible famine by which the country was desolated a few years since, but mainly to the vast and constantly increasing migration to our own shores. Between 1840 and 1850, the migration was about two per cent. per annum of the whole population; since that time it has increased one-third. If this passion for self-expatriation continues at its present height, one-third of a century will witness Ireland exhausted of its native race. The absorption of a whole nation into our Republic, carries with it an idea of grandeur and power that is almost startling; but there is something ominous in it likewise, if we conceive it possible for this formidable force to be banded together by the ties of nationality, and brought to bear either upon a question affecting religious belief, or in a contest between the two great political parties. We can scarcely imagine, however, that this extraordinary influx will continue for any great length of time.

A rise in workmen's wages, in a country where laborers are becoming comparatively few, would operate as a salutary check, by producing a reaction beneficial to those who remained behind. But if this extraordinary increase of the foreign element among us, is in one sense a subject for sincere congratulation, it becomes on the other hand a source of equal solicitude. The possible evil lies in the easy admission of such large numbers of ignorant and uneducated men to the rights of American citizenship. It seems to us that a thoughtful and well digested revision of our pre-

sent naturalization laws might be productive of much good, and would certainly operate as a check upon many evils which already threaten to vitiate that purity of motive which ought to govern every citizen who is privileged to present his vote at the ballot-box.

COMMON SENSE.

"It is an interesting and valuable piece of information that the ladies of Lord Ellesmere's party wear no jewelry or ornaments of any kind on ordinary occasions, and also wear thick shoes. These may be regarded as the latest London fashions."

All the "interest" and "value" of the above lies in its common sense. Everybody knew before that jewelry never made the gentleman, nor fine clothes the lady; and yet, too many of our citizens prefer the gaudy decorations of the parvenu to that graceful simplicity which is the very essence of good-breeding. Jewelry and ornaments are relics of a barbarian age, when child-like natures delighted in gew-gaws, and saw more value in a pound of blue beads than in the mariner's compass. We care nothing at all whether the dresses of lords and ladies are in the "latest London fashion" or not; but only whether they are judiciously chosen, as proper to the maintainance of physical vigor, and proper to the season and the occasion.

LAWS OF HEALTH.

"Between life and death there is frequently but the thinness of a shoe."

Trite as the above reflection may appear it is a terrible truism, involving a whole catalogue of diseases, orphanage, sorrow, poverty, and a host of other calamities of which the careless world rarely dreams. In a more extended sense, the tenure of our existence may be said to depend upon the simplest of causes, a mere breath of wind, the rolling of a pebble, the direction of a passing cloud, in fact upon every variety of natural change apparently of the most innocuous character. But these are accidents to which humanity is subjected for some wise purpose, and over which we have little or no control. But deaths from natural causes are far less rare than from causes brought on by our own folly, hardness, recklessness, or self-indulgence. The laws of high health demand temperate living, abstemiousness, both in eating and drinking; plain food; an avoidance of all stimulating drinks; early rising and early retiring; daily ablutions of the whole person; daily exercise in the open air for a couple of hours, on foot or horseback; a steady

control of the passions, and intellectual studies which stop considerably short of mental exhaustion. Some of these laws we are constantly violating, either from our condition in life, or for reasons less excusable; but we are suicides to all intents and purposes when we neglect such plain rules as all can readily observe, and upon which a good condition of health mainly depends. The decrees of fashion should never be allowed to set aside the laws of right reason, and sensible persons will always prefer a clumsier appearance of the feet, and coarser if more seasonable and appropriate garments, earlier hours, exercise, and plainer food, to the chances of colds, consumption, physical debility and a premature death.

MOUNT VERNON.

Various propositions have been made public, within a few weeks past, relative to the purchase of the Mount Vernon Estate, a part of which is currently reported to have been sold to an association of private individuals, subject to the action of Congress at its ensuing session. It is very clear that, for reasons into which we have no right to inquire, the pre-ent owner of Mount Vernon is desirous of disposing of it; and as all previous attempt to induce Congress to purchase it for the Nation has resulted in failure, he is perfectly justified in making the best bargain he can with any person willing to accede to his terms. The question now is, whether the people of the United States are willing that the estate upon which "the father of his country" once lived and labored, and the tomb which contains his venerated ashes, shall pass into the hands of strangers who may possibly purchase the property on speculation, with the intention of either compelling Congress, at some future day, to advance largely upon the price for which it can now be bought, or of turning it into a show place, where the sarcophagus enclosing the remains of Washington shall be exhibited to American citizens at so much money per head? We answer no; a thousand times No! If we suffered this desecration to take place, we should justly become the mock and scorn of all nations. Better that the monument we are erecting to his renown on the Capitol should never be completed; better that the late order for an equestrian statue should be annulled; better even strip the Capitol itself of the gracious name it bears, than that we should suffer the ashes of our heroic liberator to be sold like common dust, and his beloved home become divested, by the meanness of a paltry thirst for gain, of all those ennobling associations which now cluster so thrillingly around it.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Mark Hurdlestone. By Mrs. Moodie. Author of "Roughing it in the Bush," &c. New York: Dewitt & Davenport. We scarcely know how to describe this book. Regarded artistically, it betrays evidences of a hand unaccustomed to novel writing; while, as a story, it is singularly full of interest. The great defect of the work arises from the perfect nonchalance with which the authoress deals with her characters and incidents. Personages who were alive and in famous health to-day, are found killed off to-morrow, with all the coolness of a veteran executioner, and with far less than the ordinary amount of preparation. A single line suffices to prepare us for the illness of a character, and the following one announces his death. The thing is done in so summary a manner as to startle one a little at first. We have always hitherto been accustomed to be forewarned; to receive intimations of feeble health, of coughs, of hectic flushes, of premonitory symptoms indicative of a particularly solemn result at some period not distant in the future. But in Mark Hurdlestone these delicate attentions are disregarded altogether. Wherever it is necessary to the interest of the story the man dies, and another succeeds him, with as little emotion as a traveller might evince who settles himself in a chair which another wayfarer has just vacated. So with the incidents; they are introduced with the same unexpectedness, take place just in the very nick of time, and are always found to be of the kind exactly suited to the wants of the moment. In spite, however, of these drawbacks, the book is well written, contains much excellent advice, and is in every way worthy of perusal.

— *Salad for the Solitary. By an Epicure. New York: Lamport, Blakeman & Law. (For sale by Lippincott, Grambo & Co.)* The ingredients of this pleasant salad consist of pleasant excerpts from pleasant books; occasionally a little quaint, but mostly modern, and within reach of the ordinary collector. This volume might have been characterized as an excellent extension of "D'Israeli's Curiosities of Literature," if that veteran had not himself been put under contribution. Its position in the library is among that class which we may denominate "Summer books;" volumes which treat of trifles in a genial manner, sliding in occasionally a quiet suggestive hint, or an easy word or two of instruction or advice. With a literary range less extensive than that of D'Israeli or Leigh Hunt, the author of the present book appears to have aimed at bringing together a considerable portion of those notable facts and fancies, which though easily located by a literary man, form a fresh and palatable salad to the general reader. To such we cannot speak of it too favor-

ably, while to the man of books the essays will commend themselves, even though the illustrative facts should prove familiar.

Home Pictures. By Mrs. Mary Andrews Denison. New York: Harper & Brothers. Without any eleemosynary or interested assistance from the press, without any mysterious intimations, preliminary flourishes, or clap-trap of any kind, but solely by the force of her own talents, Mrs. Denison has succeeded in achieving for herself a literary reputation of which she is eminently deserving. Nearly all the sketches collected in this volume have appeared before in the columns of a periodical, which for some years, Mrs. Denison has assisted in editing. They consist of brief pictures of "Home-Life" in its multifarious phases, and their grand charm lies in their naturalness. Some of them are light and pleasant, others, tender and pathetic. They may be briefly characterized as true womanly expressions of feeling, gentle for the most part, and yet touching withal. It is to the credit of Mrs. Denison that she has not been led, in her briefer sketches, to adopt that bold, saucy, defiant, half-masculine style of phraseology so popular of late. Such dashing, trenchant and sarcastic utterances, attract attention from their novelty; but, at the same time, they endanger the loss of that proper respect which is the truest safeguard against intrusions into the privacy of domestic life.

— *The History of Vermont. Edited by W. H. Carpenter and T. S. Arthur. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co.* This book is one of the series of "Cabinet Histories of the States," now in course of publication by Lippincott, Grambo & Co. The present history, like those which have preceded it, is entirely original, and was written expressly for the series by a gentleman fully capable of accomplishing the work in the best manner. We trust we may say of this undertaking generally, that these histories are carefully written; that they contain, in a portable form, all the principal facts and events connected with the past career of each State; that from their thorough reliableness, they will be found useful as a manual, and we hope not less entertaining as a popular family history.

— *A History of England, from the first invasion by the Romans to the accession of William and Mary. By John Lingard, D. D. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. (For sale by A. Hart.)* This is the second volume of Dr. Lingard's History of England, the character of which has already been recorded in the pages of the Gazette. The work will comprise, when completed, thirteen volumes. Lingard is regarded by competent critics as a writer of marked ability, and his history, while more copious than any which have preceded it, may be pronounced thoroughly reliable on all questions, except such as are liable to be biased by his feelings as a member of the Roman Church.

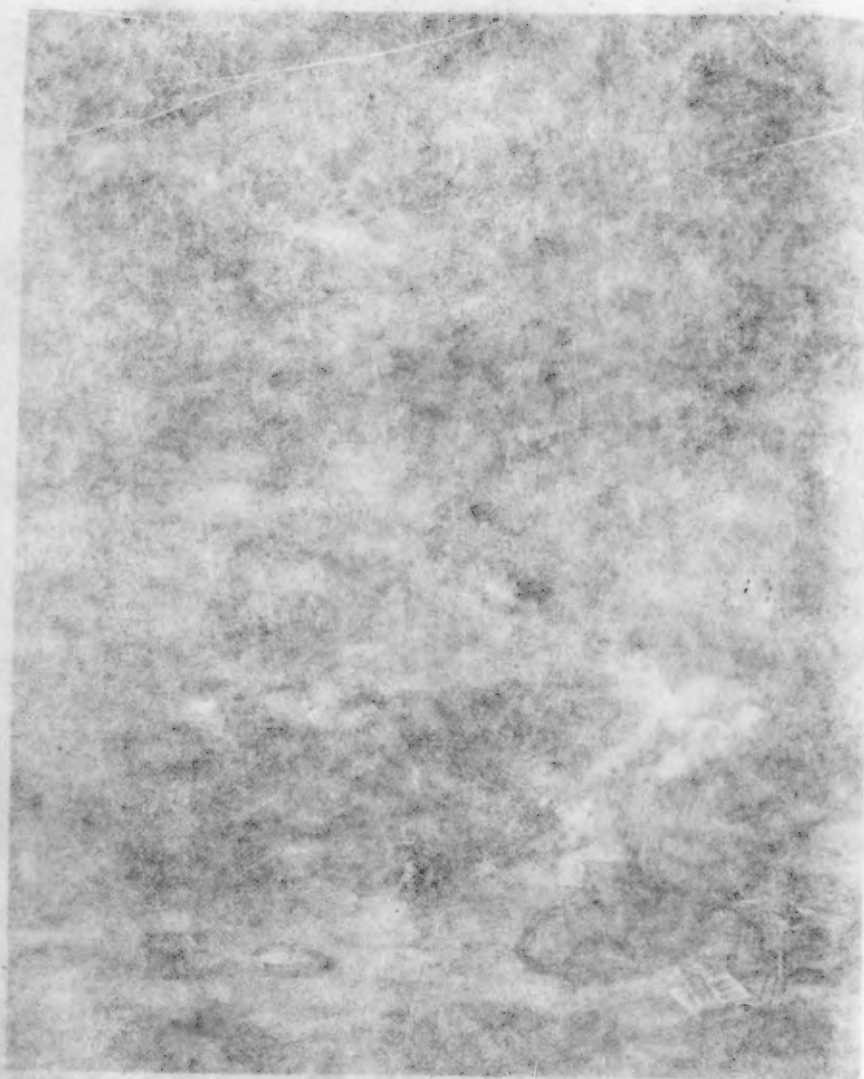


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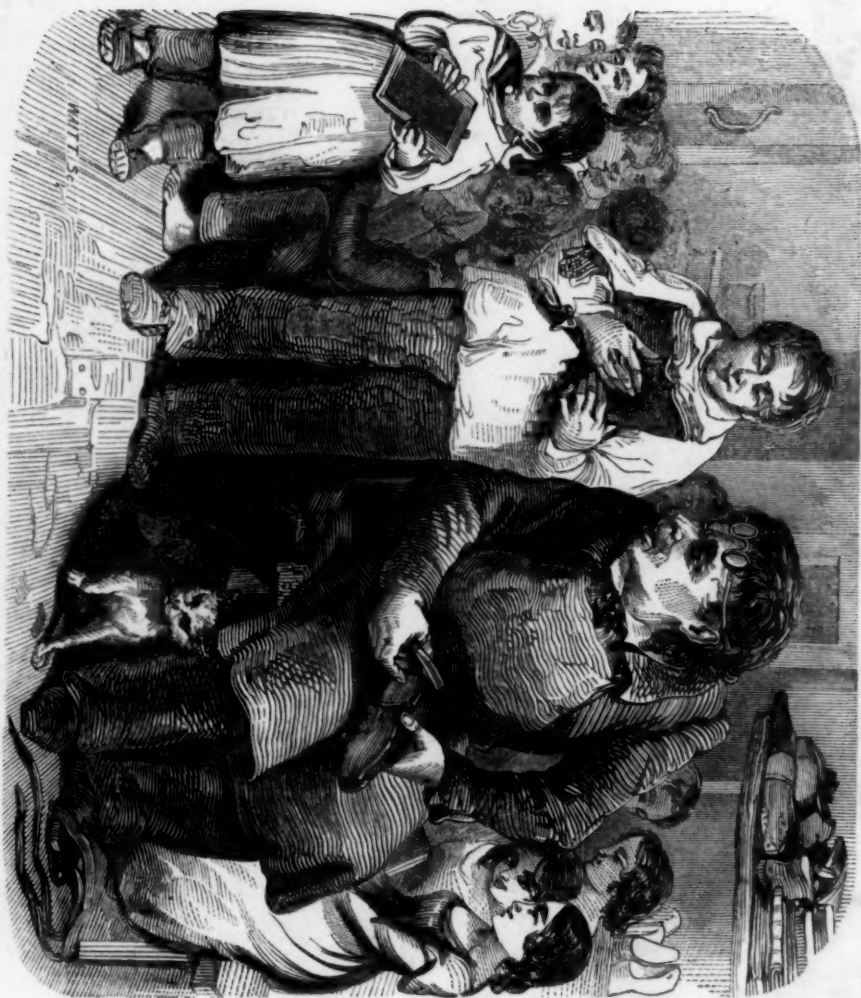
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THE STRAY KITTEN.





THE STRAY KEYS.



JOHN POUNDS AND HIS RAGGED SCHOOL.

See page 336.



THE LOVE-LETTER.

See page 387.